

GROUPS, GHOULS, GORE & A HEAD-ON COLLISION WITH INSANITY



ISSUE
10

GRIM HUMOUR!

Late Springtime 87
Cranium Cracker.
Price: £1.00 or lots
more!

ART: RICH0.87.

THE NUMBER ONE
HIP-HOP FANZINE !!!

FEATURING
(IN BLOOD-THIRSTY COLOUR!!!)
HEAD OF DAVID, BIG BLACK, T.V.T.,
SONIK YOUTH, THE DAMNED, FLUX,
PLAYGROUND, ATV, THE FALL,
GANDY LAUPER, COMICS,
CLAIR OBSCUR, CENSORSHIP, REVIEWS,
GEORGE A. ROMERO AND MORE!!!

Time To

RIP, BURN & REARRANGE Again!

EDITOR/GODLIKE PRESENCE

Richo Humus

EDITOR'S DOGSBODY

Andy Pigswill

EDITOR'S TEA MAKERS

The Lurching Menace
The Toad

LAVATORY CLEANERS AND
OTHER MINIONS

Mick Mercer

Gerald Houghton

Savage Pencil

Paul O'Fuzzhead

Liz O'Cleveland

Budge

Debbi

C.Guile

Alex Bastedo

Steve Drury

Humble Servant

Morbid Old Git

boss.d.r., les. & p.flower

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Richo attempts to beat off an uncontrollable fan!



butche
YOUR OWN
baby
problems

Way overdue, & as a consequence, time has etched its mark here and there, but that's tough, I'm afraid. Like I've said before, deadlines are only made to be broken, and none of us here wear watches anyway. All I hope is that you don't try drowning this effort in a sea of misconception. Naturally, my recently sharpened blade patiently waits, but it does get mundane slicing people up, y'know. Actually, it's a constant surprise that I do still receive complaints about this or that band being featured, after having been at this for some four years now, but then y'have to consider the fact that so many of ya's don't really have much else to do, I guess. If I'm in the right mood, it can be quite amusing, being on the receiving end of such futile missives but, a warning, if I hear so much as one word crawling for a feature with one of the '86 Offspring (That means the Anorak Crop, poo-for-brain!), I'm gonna blow me dear little top. If there's ever been such an outbreak of meaningless, hopeless bands that have succeeded in getting my back up, it's all that Primitives/Gosh/Assistants/and Dragons brigade. Completely uninteresting, regurgitated goth, without the fashion conscience.

Those bands are SO FRAGILE. They stand for absolute nothing. Maybe that's all they want, but all the heralding they get as being the supposed saviours of the current musical climate is enough to make y'wanna put a double-barrel to the nearest bespectacled, anorak-wearing toady student in sight. It wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't, seemingly, hindered the careers of the more outstanding, more genuine, better bands, but all the while everyone was turning to retrogressive bastards, complete with their milkshake recipes, for guidance, the likes of Dave Howard Singers, And Also The Trees, etc., were kept in the shade. Oh, yeah, they received some attention, I know, but certainly NOT ENOUGH. I mean, it's THESE bands that possess the imagination and attitude that can only steer the future right. The only thing the Toady Crop serve are memories, and who the hell wants reminding of the V.U. and the utterly dispicable Orange Juice anyway? As for the continual flow of Buzzcocks similarities, I should think that Shelley, Diggle & co. are near embarrassed beyond recognition. Still, enough of these gripes and onto a note of all & everything that has helped move this issue into the wanton shape it has surely become...

Contributors first, I guess, starting with none other than Mighty Mouser: The definitive enthusiastic & inspirational bugger, and a constant source of... something or other! What's he up to though, that's what we wanna know!

CONT...

fourth dimension

prods. 87.



NB. Comments & opinions expressed in the fanzine aren't necessarily agreed with by the Editor, so poke any intended accusations up y'butthole!!!

Sorry this issue took even longer than intended, to all whom I informed would be out in early April, but I moved into a flat (Still use th'usual address though!) and was also delayed by my stereo being in a repair workshop for about 3 weeks, consequently holding up the last-minute record & tape reviews. Oh well.

A Hole in Your Head
Some Growing Tension
and Negative Thinking



Repent or Bail Out!



Then there's **Kez & Kaz** (sorry!): About the only local friends who have both hearts of gold and lots of money...oops! And...

Emma O'Walls: Kindness all round, and mucho gratitude must be directed her way (& sympathy?) for looking after Andy et moi during our regular visits to the Smoke. The soup & the newspapers are truly appreciated; honestly.

The Lurching Menace: Miserable sod & forever being blamed for everything, which makes it worth having him around, needless to say.

Budge: When he's outta his cage, he's pecking away at all who deserve so, & when he's in it, he's playing baas in nearby woodlands.

Michael Emmalene: Mr. Gothic Tinkerbell himself; forever wanting some money I owe him (ha!) but a groovy guy, all the same.

Steve SML: One of the few honest people around who is prepared to BITE the enemy.

Liz O'Cleveland: An ocean of waffle, & only a first class stamp away.

Debbi: And another, albeit drunken (sometimes), but only an hour or two away...poor lass!

Dylan & Paul: Playground's guitarist & percussion, respectively. Definitely sordid & shady (They have to be or else they'd be in another band!).

Gazza Levermore: A.k.a. Arthur Daley. Well dodgy but worth knowing for his free records!

EDITORIAL CACKOLA

Abbo: For the John Sex 12" alone!

Christopher Curio: Presently keeping the beans upright in the garden, but also a handy periscope at sardine-like gigs.

Steve & Michelle: Dubious music tastes but the only other Herne Bay-ites who're decent enough...

Paul Fuzzhead: Blow away his infatuation with Robert Smith and he's alright. About the only 'Dolphin' regular who has some potential too.

Trudi: Never to be forgotten...

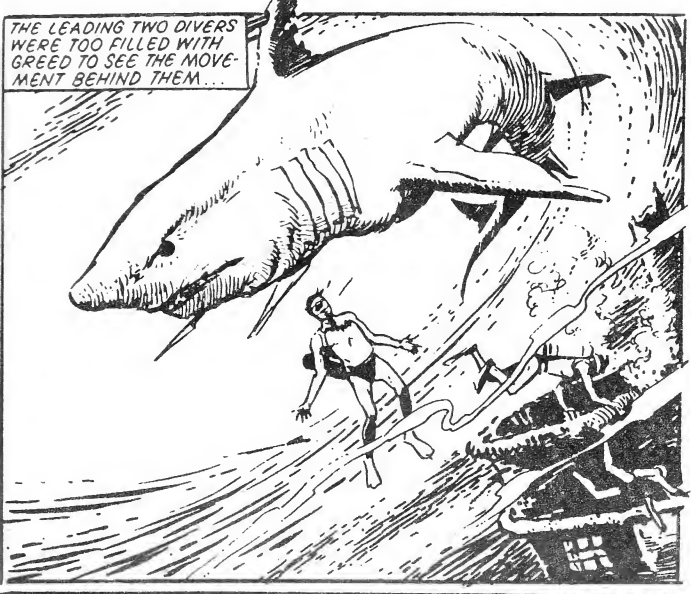
Harv: Trying to forget! (Only jesting, Harvey; put that gun down...life's too short, blah, blah...)

Pat Naylor: Unbelievable, but a sincere lass with a foot behind one of the best record labels EVER!

Pete Noble: The kinda band manager that everyone should have! If Dave Howard isn't playing Wembley soon, there's gonna be trouble...& deservedly so!

Matt: The Playground roadcrew, manager, merchandise salesman, bodyguard & audience all in one!

BO STRANGE Producing yet another fine zine



PICK YOUR KING E.P.

IT'S NO USE DESPISING

A NEW UNKNOWN HORIZON

NOW YOUR SON SET HIS SIGHTS ON THE MOON

Unwanted Wastes

SO PRECIPITOUS A DECISION

HAS CLOUDED YOUR VISION

KIKIRI WANDALS

AND ALTERED THE PITCH OF YOUR TUNE

PLEASE, DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR

TO THE NOISES YOU HEAR

WHILE SAVAGELY YOUR LOVE YOU PRUNE

FOR HE MIGHT REPLACE THE OLD WITH THE MOON

Unhappy

Social Problems

Plague

I SHALL LIQUIDATE ONE EARTHLING AT A TIME... STARTING WITH YOU!

NO! NOT TOM! DON'T...!!

more editorial diarrhoea over th' page...

marred by alcoholism

rotten advice

editorial cont

Jeremy, John & Pat: Collectively known as Atavistic; One of the three ~~xxx~~ good local bands.

Epidemic: Another one.

Marco: The kindest Italian contact yet...The only one, even!

Morbid Old Git: A complete hermit when he's not scribbling away, or thrashing about in The Elephant Men.

Tom Vague: A lone wanderer who needn't be in body to motivate.

Rob Cathexis: Anyone who could have succeeded in converting moi into being a Clair Obscur stalwart has to be ok.

Carl Beaver: Simply for producing a relatively fine affair of a zine. There aren't many, y'know.

Frank: Our German agent (ahem!); spreading our word & keeping our feet warm with bands from his home country.

Max: Ausgang steersman, & far from being the goth that so many bastards claim him/them to be.

Debs: Neu-Psychedelic fans in their entirety.

Karl Blake: Shockheaded Peters' person with whom I owe an apology for somehow forgetting to mention a guitarist's name (which I've forgotten!) on my 'Fatal' compilation tape package.

Gerald H.: A wealth of splatter knowledge at your service, & praiseworthy musical taste to boot.

Dustin Smith: My humble brother. Always worshipping the shrine of Our Divine Robert & dressing in drag a la Tootsie. An oddball.

Honey & Maggie: 'Love & Rockets' characters who have a place in my heart...next to Halo Jones, of course!

Andrea: Complete with cloth ears, a fanzine yet to EXPLODE!

Twizzle: Radio Non person who has had the audacity to air a song of ours on a radio show!

Iain Banks: No words needed here; just read his books, will ya?!

Debbie Harry: The person, with aid of Blondie, who got me into this whole mess in the first place.

Then, finally, there's all the bands and fanzines that are featured, of course...and, no doubt, I'll have forgotten to mention a couple of ya's anyway (But, the rate is now a Tenner anyhow, so no complaints!). Now, with all that bull off me chest, I'll let y'know of the plans intended for ish...Well, it should be out within a coupla months from THIS one, cuz I'm aiming to make the whole thing something of a little more regular happening. Given the support & input, perhaps I'll be able to get an issue out ev'ry two months or so, containing healthier, more up-to-date features. Don't worry though, it's not a friggin'

compromise or what have you, but simply a move that I wanna DO! Maybe the idea will have diluted by the time no. 11. is out; who knows? It's merely the present intention & most likely a passing whim...when the day arrives that I declare GH as being directed in such & such a manner for eternity, should you need worry, ok? With all this said, I suggest you best read this issue accompanied by a tasty soundtrack (Beastie Boys, Dave H. Singers, Butthole Surfers, The Underneath, Badlands, Big Black, Wire, The Swans, Run DMC, Adrenalin OD, The Cure, Ausgang & a splash of Altered Images is the current serving suggestion...) and a tray load of salted Mezcal worms. Then, open your arms and welcome one hell of a headache.

Ciao, me leeches!

Richo

By the by, the only back-issues available are, thankfully, as follows:-

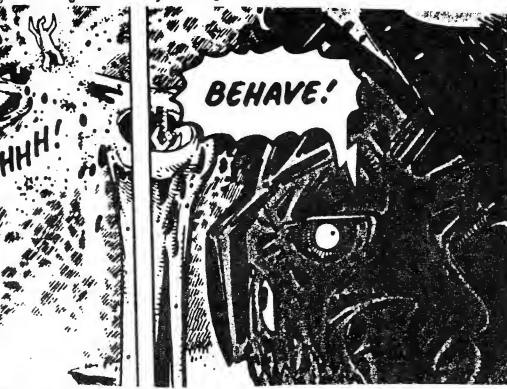
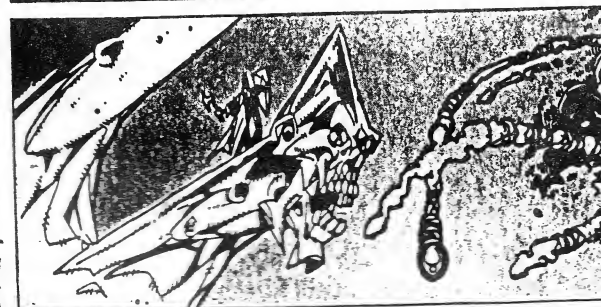
GH.7....(Mega 64 page issue!) Sonik Youth, Nicholas Cavern, Fifteenth, All About Eve, Third Mind, The Fuzztones, Cure, Husker Du, etc, etc. 50p.

GH.8....Ausgang, Dave Howard Singers, Leather Nun, The Ramones, Playground, Shockheaded Peters, etc...Also, with exclusive Ausgang flexidisc too. 50p.

There aren't many left of either, & should y'be at all wondering about numero Neuf...I'm afraid 'twas a compilation tape package (featuring unique material by Sonik Youth, Portion Control, Veil, Ausgang, And Also The Trees, Playground, Stress, etc) that was limited & now fully sold out. This also represented a release on my 'Fourth Dimension Records' label, which has spewed others since, but search elsewhere for details concerning them & the F.Dimension Distribution Service (God, such a busy ferkah, ain't I, huh...huh!).

Don't forget those sae's either, if ordering either of th'back-iss'es...and, do keep any loose money extremely well padded...I never used t'fret, but it would seem that the posties around here haven't been th'same since I didn't give them a tip at Crimble (Weeellll, f'chrissakes, they earn more than mel), so now ye know, hokay?!

IF YOU'RE FED UP OF ANDREAS & SISTERZZ SOUND-ALIKES, TRY ALL THESE BANDS NOW! OK:



sadistic sex pervers

"What the hell has happened THIS YEAR?!? Who has stolen all of the good GIGS? This insalubrious (ha, look that one up) LULL has gotta be SUCKED OUT...NOW! Ok, gigs aren't the only MOTIVATION that this here pen pusher (hee!) needs, but they bloody well HELP! I mean though, is it ME (or all of us here at GH Mansions, in fact) or WHAT? Surely, I'm not reduced down to the level of an annual dose of Sonic Youth & Big Black to keep my INSANITY intact? Yeah, pass that needle, man, gimme some 'BLAST FIRST' fodder...It's the BEST! But is it the ONLY as well? Of course, there's the others such as DAVE HOWARD SINGERS, Ausgang, Very Things, etc. as well, but THESE are well established fix's of STIMULATION! There's gotta be someone out there who AGREES? TELL US! There just HAS to be MORE than spotty student bands? Isn't there?!"

Lurchy Bates, April 87

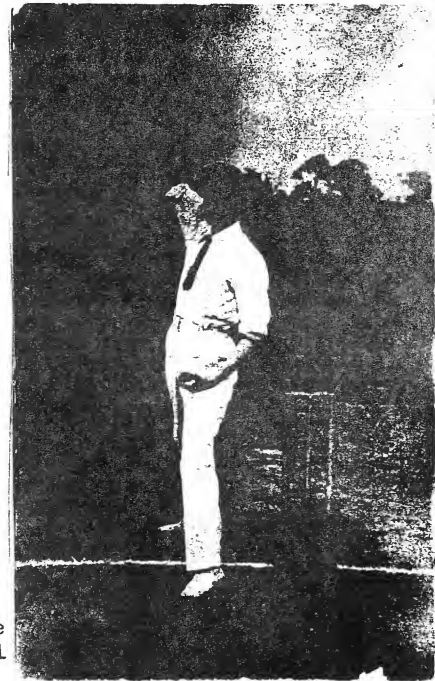
A MORE BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO THIS ISSUE FOR ALL YOU LAZY, MISGUIDED UNFORTUNATES WHO'RE ONLY TOO EAGER TO TRY DISSOLVE OUR EFFORTS AND ACHIEVEMENTS..."WE DON'T NEED YOU, BUT AN OPTICIAN MIGHT." NOW CRAWL AWAY LIKE THE SLIMY BAG OF SCUM THAT Y'ARE.....

flipper DHS big black SCRATCH acid baby men
butts HOD WIRE Ausgang
stupid SONIC YOOF skinny puppy BEASTIES



ooh!

A Pet Shop Boy relaxes...



"Go ahead drunk, rain stopped play."

"You can put this straight in the bin if you want to, Rich!"....A BOOK REVIEW BY MICK MERCER...

"BOWLER, BATSMAN, SPY" by ALLEN SYNGE (ARROW BOOKS, paperback, £1.95)

The plan was simple. Aided & abetted by a radio triggered tape recorder linked to microscopic microphones placed at each crease, the umpire is to throw the match, producing a wholly fictitious 'snick'.

It's a packed ground, the radio commentary team are all aglow & England are batting. Reg Peat, the eagerly bribed official, however, is pissed out of his brains.

Chris Tavare is given out immediately, (the 'snick' plainly audible despite no shot apparently being played), which probably made no difference but then Gower follows him, having missed the ball by a mile. The snick-or rather two snicks could not be denied.

Alan Lamb falls the same way, the snick not heard until he is halfway back to the pavillion & the crowd are certainly suspicious. Viewers of tv (Volume off, in traditional style, with radio turned on) begin phoning the Radio 3 team to ask if they had any idea what the clearly noticable bulge was in the pocket of the wavering official. Brian Johnstone, with a mental ability belying his senior citizen status, is on the ball:

"Everytime the ball is bowled, his hand goes to that pocket. Perhaps he's got a bag of toffees in there."

It is after Randall is given out before even receiving a delivery that the police march out & search the guilty pocket, revealing the adapted walkman. (B.J.: "Perhaps they're asking for a piece of music.")

The plot is complicated. An English defector, a disgraced former cricketer (now quite insane) has convinced top KGB men that England's world standing, when poor, directly affects their morals & their cricket performances. These, in turn, worsen the morale further. So, he argues, it will work vice versa & top agents are mobilised to ensure that the visiting Australian team will beat England 5-0 in the series & take with them the Ashes.

Famed spy-hunter, James Ball, somewhat hampered by his cricket groupie wife, sets out to catch the enemy & save our national game & our national pride. It proves to be a close run thing. With the beautiful Russian agent Stephanie hypnotising the chief selector with her bodily charms and her cogent cricketing knowledge, to the extent that he is talked into fielding a team of no-hopers for the test (losing by an innings & 391 runs), it seems all is lost.

However, Ball fights back! Whilst the same team is fielded again, he has the corrupt Reg Peat re-installed to make certain that no noticable play occurs during all five days because of 'bad light' (this occurring during the clearest spell of weather anyone can recall since the early 1940's!), and eventually fielding a team of 1960's/70's veterans in the final test to reaffirm Britain's 'Bulldog' qualities. He even has to take to the field at one point, impersonating Alan Knott, when it is discovered that a bomb has been activated that could destroy the ground should the stumps be hit.

The 'Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy' spoof contains great surging passages of wit, doses of implied adventure & some blatant rip-offs, beautifully handled, such as Ball's meeting with Molly (Beryl Reid's character in the series), the woman with the headfull of facts, now a cantankerous drunk.

"Dear old Bally, you haven't changed," the woman in the shawl chuckled as he set down half a bottle of Claymore whiskey in front of her, "Still the same mean old bastard!"

Synge sags occasionally with too much reliance of sex & puffed-out, garbled dialogue but it's still a nifty effort overall & easily worthy of attention. Given another couple of books under his belt, with a wider storyline and greater depth in the characters & we'll finally have someone to rival Tom Sharpe.

And now, read on...

MICK MERCER



Ugly face of pop

I will fall at your feet Black Jeezus I will fall at your feet Black Jeezus I will fall

Before tumbling headlong into the Town & Country Club encounter, my mind wanders back to that rather disastrous non-event back in June, where, clambering for support, it recalls the Sonic Youth back up at Bay 63. I seem to remember being quite unenthralled at this witnessing of my first H.O.D. attack upon the nation... However, time has ways of slipping into new clothes, and how silly 'twas of me to probably not account for the fact that the place is quite established in giving bands various grades of dodgy sound from time to time. Head Of David's Bay 63 gig was something of a heartless, uninspiring affair due to the excrement coated mix, and consequently a distinctive lack of response. All the while afterwards, fellow fiendish person, Captain Plop-pants subjected me to bouts of rambling justifications and tortured my already fair mutated ears as to why they were good, yet not good. Of course, in true tradition of any darn sensible blaggard, I didn't listen to what Ploppo had to say, and even to this day, would declare that he was lie-ing at the merest mentioning of the sore subject! Still, that was THEN, and since that day, I found myself being attracted to their first plastic outing with ears glued to the not too well produced but still refreshing sound, and eyes rooted to the rather wonderful sleeve design... er, shades of Whitehouse perhaps?

'Dogbreath' was the title of this miniature, wholesome affair, confining five songs to a 'God' side & naturally, a 'Breath' side. Each one seemingly designed to pulp you up with awesome, grinding, sub-HM territory. Some hints at neu American sounds too, perhaps, but altogether creating an anorak chewing beast of outstanding proportions, and definitely keeping the lug plug trade in business all the while. Overtly excellent sterf poised to bring calamity to Wodderwicks & Nigels everywhere!

A couple months later, we find that the mini-album has done it's bit to all who deserve it and a repressing is in order. Bubbling Blast First Informer, Pat, tells me that they're to be swept onto her land, alongside good buddies Sonic Youth & Big Black, and that the repressed 'Dog-Breath' is to take shape in the guise of a full-length album, taking up the aforementioned on one side, and complemented by the John Peel Sessions on the flip. A copy soon directs itself my way, & before I can imitate Ploppo's Venom poses with cardboard cutout guitar, I find that we're both confronting this foursome who are held the responsible creators & not only that, are heralded to be sweeties who don't mind being called hippies! So, whilst I think about justifying self-confessed hippies being in this fair parchment, the new album (Called, alarmingly, 'LP!') is kicking up some fuss & healthy reviews, and the newly recruited tape recorder is thrown amidst the action prior to yet another chance to see Nick Cave get BLASTed off...

Richo: Has all the press coverage you've had lately worried you?

Rueben: Well, we are not a noise band!

Richo: I was thinking of the Mary Chain, actually...

Rueben: It's a little bit dubious, I think... Too many good reviews... apart from 'Melody Maker'! (Hm, hello Mick!)

Richo: What's behind the idea of re-releasing the mini-album on the one side of the new one, 'LP'? I mean, is it true that that has sold out, because I managed to pick up a copy of it only a couple of days ago...

Dave: Well, there was only about 750 pressed & quite a few went abroad and all that, so it's quite true really.

Rueben: Purely a limited edition!

(At this point Paul Smith enters the dressing room to detail a few technical points to the band which he tells us to erase, before leaving...)

Andy.P.: How come he always manages to walk into our interviews?

Richo: Er... This is our first spontaneous interview for a long time...

Andy.P.: It's our first interview for a long time! Er... What do you think of 'Anorak Bands'?

Sharp: Shambling bands?!

Dave: Well, they've got an audience...

Sharp: What do you think we think of them...?

Dave: Don't like 'em...

Andy.P.: What do you think of their audience then?

Rueben: What do we think of their audience? (Obviously going a bit mutton!)

Sharp: They're really regressive. Not interesting at all...

Rueben: Just new students...

Andy.P.: So, what with all these music papers claiming these bands to be a part of some new movement, are there any bands, do you think, who are doing something original?

Sharp: What, out of the shambling bands?

Andy.P.: No, no, I mean as opposed to them because they're not original.

Rueben: Er, well, bands like Sonic Youth and stuff.

Dave: Mary Chain... (I think Dave's the culprit for this, ts!tski!)

Andy.P.: It's something we were discussing not so long back...

Rueben: Well, yeah, that's what we do because we're so pissed off with what everybody else is doing.

Sharp: We like all these young American bands.

SONIC YOUTH/BIG STICK/HEAD OF DAVID Bay 63, London

Head Of David elicited the feeblest audience response I have ever seen. With the exception of two lone figures headbanging and guitar-miming away at the front, they got nothing. Previews of their stuff on Peel indicated promise, but live, Head Of David's raw assault was like a lethargic Flipper.

HEAD OF DAVID

'Dogbreath' (Blast First BFFS)****
DAVID'S HEAD is sizzling in the microwave. Eyes bulging like ping-pong balls. Temples throbbing with fear. Mouth twisted like a razor scar. He's waiting for that split second when the ugly and the beautiful explode into a red smear. Living in Dudley can do strange things to a person. HOD - far from labourers - are definitely onto something, judging by this debut mini-album which burns with scalp-crawling intensity. At least, that's the impression one gets from the guitar of Eric Jurenovski which sends Tony Iommi shrieking off for a fight with Rowland Howard. Limbs fly in all directions; heavy metal floats like scum in comparison. There really is something brutal about 'Dogbreath' - maybe Dave Cochran's bass, which bludgeons like a club, lifting HOD out of the mud of Birthday Party come-lateries and into another sphere altogether. Up at max volume, even the Swans-ish 'White Bastard' and the cover of Suicide's orbital 'Rocket USA', the two atypical cuts here, feel as though they are tearing the skin off your body. Quite what singer Reuben Burroughs is trying to impale with the pointed stake of his voice I still haven't deciphered, though song titles such as 'Newly Shaven Saint' and 'I Will Fall At Your Feet' are intriguing enough to make me listen more closely. Their pain is my pleasure. The first genuinely visceral British band since the Mary Chain but without the pop hooks. HOD blast first and ask questions later.

Deadly.

JACK BARRON

at Bay / from /osity" /uls. /orse- /no- /ere. /hem



HEAD OF DAVID on Bay 63

ed to this racket. Something Head Of David years ago has suddenly plucked up courage and onto this stage where an audience, ed, breathing in their noise. al of costumed rage erupts one second and as technical gremlins throw a well-aimed ks. Head Of David's silence is as deafening og door slams gracelessly, a DM mashes a foot, somebody coughs, loud. get plugged back in but by then the damage cracked. Unfortunate because real poten- potential that deserves encouraging.

This greasy squeal



OR

PRETTY face OF hope

ha! ha!

ll at your feet Black Jeezus I will fall at your feet Black Jeezus I will fall at your

HEAD OF DAVID

The first genuine
British band since

HEAD OF DAVID Dogbreath (Blast First)

IF ZODIAC Mindwarp had the slightest compunction, if Big Stick turned the guitars UP and the nausea DOWN, if the Shock-Headed Peters dropped the tunes and upped the NOISE quota, then maybe, just maybe

"Dogbreath" is a five-track living testimony of the power a heavy metal guitar can achieve when held in the right hands. Veering on a thin line just the right side of oblivion, Head Of David partake in NOISE of NOISE sake, bludgeoning the listener into a rueful kind of submission where one has to lie down and cry "enough!"

Totally unlistenable and partially awesome, the puritanical sound which could serve aptly as a tonic for one too many orange juices, cleansing out the internal system and breathing fresh distorted smoke-stacked air into the lungs.

"I Will Fall At Your Feet" contains one long screeching line of guitar feedback wrenched out through a noise production unit whilst "Rocket USA" (that old Suicide floorclearer) is ripped asunder under a battery of unrelenting repetition. Showing up The Swans to be the poo-ridden knicker-wetters that they probably are, Head Of David's "Dogbreath" is almost certainly the most extreme noise hardcore record I've even encountered.

The Legend

HEAD OF DAVID

Dogbreath/Godbreath (Blast First)

I am in the habit of taking advance cassettes of review albums out for walks, with my walkman turned up as far as it will go. Head of David have taught me a lesson in that department. I snatched the headphones from my ears as if stung. Then I turned the volume down (to merely "uncomfortably loud") and what I heard excited me quite a bit. Head of David are persuaded to express themselves with noise. They express themselves remarkably well, in case you are disposed to listen, I won't pretend that it's an easy record to listen to, and you may not like what they're expressing, but Head of David fulfil a lot of promises on which other noise merchants have failed.



merchandise

THE BEAT

HEAD OF DAVID

White Blast First

THE exploding slug guitar is an unreliable signpost of the times and Head Of David still have some way to go to avoid bombastic sterility. See-sawing wildly between madness and self-immolation, their rapid-fire attack is a murderously welcome melodic assassination attempt, featuring feedback as rapid curative, plus "vocals" - more your average torture session veering towards the neanderthal.

David's riffs mix in with a bizarrely rocky infatuation which could almost be ascribed to the unrepentant children of Deep Purple on "Newly Shaven Saint" or "White Bastard". Fairly sedate, heavy and droning.

Fortunately these are overshadowed by some more frighteningly intense moments, at their best with something extra burning alongside the grating rhythms. A cool riff, as disarming as goes, in "Fall" accompanies the furious howling, which even becomes delicate - on "Rockets USA" a welcome change amongst the fifth-straw sounds of the numbers "Snuff MC" and "Shadow Hills California". "Lauder Burning X" has jollier war-path drumming and furious guitar as the monolithic monster gradually assumes human form.

They waste their own potential, gaining a fabulous sniping position, only to break the trigger and their howling is never rhythmic. They're a noise machine, a one-way ticket to partial paralysis. No hit singles, only spectacular shingles.

The Sun Gaves show here they come!

WICK MESSER

Andy.P.: Yeah, we were saying this a couple days back, about the only decent bands seem to be coming from over there at the moment... Like Sonic Youth, Big Black...

Richo: Live Skull...

Rueben: Basically, in Britain it's so conservative & that's why these bands are so boring really, & that's why we arrived at the repulsion we make. It's something to stick up people's noses again!

Those people are afraid. Anyone that wears an anorak hasn't got to be a wimp, but they've gotta be afraid... They're just afraid! (I think he's trying to say that they're afraid - Rich)

Andy.P.: One of the things that has been pinned on you is, like, the Heavy Metal tag. All those bands seem really scared of it.

Rueben: But, you play us to any hardcore metal fan & they wouldn't listen to it...

Andy.P.: Oh yeah, we know that, we've been trying that down in Herne Bay!

It's like Heavy Metal that's been twisted about.

Rueben: We're only HM in the fact that we use guitar pedals... In that sense, we are what I would term as 'too' heavy metal. 'Twisted'... that's the impression I get of that term, but certainly not Twisted Sister!

Richo: When did you first get involved with music? Any previous bands or whatever?

Rueben: Deep Purple! (Laughs)

Sharp: I've been playing since we were like kids of 14 or 15.

Richo: Any dodgy bands then? (This is what we wanna know after all, eh?)

Rueben: I think Head Of David's the dodgiest one! (Cop out!)

Andy.P.: What's the best gigs you've ever been to? (Yes, the questions are beginning to run out...)

Rueben: Killing Joke at the Civic Hall, 1983...

Dave: Never seen anything too - (Cut out...)

Rueben: An excellent gig!

Andy.P.: Have you seen them recently?

Rueben: Yeah.

Sharp: Yeah.

Andy.P.: Everybody seems to be slagging them off now.

Rueben: Well, yeah. I mean, we said 1983, but they were starting to get a bit dodgy then. There was something about the atmosphere tho. It was just like really hot!

Sharp: (Reading an old 'Grim Humour' that we've dumped his way) Balaam & The Angel? (Distaste very evident!)

Richo: Er, hrm, yeah!

Rueben: They're the ones that go onstage with all those bloody dusters and that wrapped round them...

Sharp: Pyjama bottoms!

Richo: Bloody hippies!

Rueben: That's a rather prejudiced comment there, eh? (Ooops! - Ed) Bleedin' what, eh? (SOUND OF RICHO GETTING BEATEN UP, IN BACKGROUND)

Andy.P.: Sp, any other good bands then?

Rueben: Yeah, the first time I saw Sonic Youth. That was with Nick Cave.

Richo: What, Hammersmith Palais?

Rueben: No, no... They were on the whole tour, well 5 dates anyway.

Sharp: I think that nearly made me pack in!

Rueben: It made me buy a new set of spanners!

Andy.P.: So, how long have you actually been going as Head Of David?

Rueben: Eighteen months.

Andy.P.: What did you think of your Bay 63 gig?

Dave: We don't talk about it.

Andy.P.: Was that the last gig you'd ever played?

Dave: No, we also did Bristol in June, and Brighton...

Andy.P.: Brighton. Did anyone dance?

HOD in unison: Nooooo! They never dancel

Richo: Bit of a student audience in Brighton, isn't it?

Andy.P.: They put on some brilliant gigs there tho!

Richo: But they're wasted down there!

Andy.P.: It's like when The Swans played there and the volume was literally shaking the place!

Rueben: That can be a problem...

Andy.P.:

When's your next vinyl going to come

out anyway?

Rueben: When's our NEXT release out? We've only just brought something out!

Andy.P.: Yeah, but that's cheating!

SMEARS/I'LL FALL AT YOUR FEET/WHITE BASTARD/ROCKET USA

Dave: There should be some recording for a single around January or March
(Which means it'll be out, if things have gone to schedule, by the
time you read this!)

NOTE: AT THIS POINT IN TRANSCRIBING THE INTERVIEW, I DISCOVER THAT I'VE
BEEN SPELLING 'REUBEN' INCORRECTLY... SO, APOLOGIES TO HIM & ALL THAT.....

Andy.P.: So will you be playing more between now & then?

Reuben: Well, it's like we've always had problems, y'see... and I don't like
the problem.

Richo: You don't feel it's a case of having to work at getting gigs all
over the place then?

Reuben: I dunno really.

Richo: I mean, wouldn't you wanna work at getting to the stage of being a
headline band, where you could have the exact sound you want?

Reuben: We've just never wanted to play a lot, even when we couldn't get
gigs.

Sharp: We have enough trouble, writing songs!

Andy.P.: Is it true that you wanted to cover the whole first Suicide lp?

Reuben: Mmm! We're gonna do it live, different though, but I dunno about
recorded. They're all the same anyway - once you've got that first
album you've got them all!

Dave: We was to get the support with them, but it fell thru. (Some Suicide
matter continues for a short while, until...)

Richo: Have any bands taken interest in you?

Reuben: Apparently, Mick Harvey & Blixa really like it. That's about all!

Dave: Big Stick!

Reuben: Yeah, they said they liked our stuff. I don't know about Sonic
Youth though.

Richo: You haven't actually had any bands getting in touch with you then,
or whatever?

Reuben: Well, no, to be honest, we don't get in touch with anyone ourselves.
Paul does all the work really.

(Paul Smith re-enters the HOD haven...)

oops! SPELLING!

Andy.P.: Er, seeing as someone around here is to do with 'Doublevion', have
you been interested in making videos yet?

Sharp: We've got one! Ha! Ha! It's all in this machine! He can tell you!
(Excitement as he points to a nearby case of recording gear...)

Paul: Oh yesh, we're all into this video business, oh yes!

Andy.P.: Anything sordid? (Typical Pigswill curiosity here!)

Reuben: It's all sordid!

Paul: I'd like to know what you call 'sordid'?

Andy.P.: Well, the sorta thing Rich is intol (Bastard, slipping the truth
out like that!)

Reuben: Well, you probably wouldn't find it sordid, cos it's all like it!

Andy.P.: So, what is it, just for one song, or...

Reuben: Well, it's 'A Day In The Life Of H.O.D.', innit?!

Andy.P.: How much faith do you have in your own musical abilities then?

Sharp: Oooh, loads of faith!

Reuben: We're gonna do a jazz-rock album next!

Andy.P.: Then an aerobics one, eh?!

(Dissolves into various conversations & bouts of silence, where our
'Questionometer' isn't up to scratch... until - once again!)

Andy.P.: Do you prefer playing a larger venue, like this, or smaller places?
Dave: Any place that can get a good sound, basically!

Sharp: Yeah, it's like the problems we get ourselves... I mean, what IS the
problem really. These lads do it every fucken day of the week, so why
shouldn't they be able to produce our sound?

Andy.P.: Soundmen are too lazy!

Sharp: Well, yeah!

Andy.P.: Come on, Rich, your turn to ask a question!

Richo: Awww, I've got brain death! (Ne'er a truer word spoken, huh?!)

Andy.P.: See, what happens is that I ask a question whilst he thinks of the
next one...

Sharp: Well, let's talk about 'Grim Humour' then! How long's it been going?!

Richo: Oh, no... too long! It always ends up like this when we're in in this
predicament! (Which is most of the time, folks!)

Sharp: Well, let's talk about Ben Elton then...

Andy.P.: Oh yeah, he's good... Should be playing our local University soon
too! Thing with that place is that it only puts on about two gigs
a year that are worth going to, & even then it's Julian Cope, & the
annual Christmas Gary Glitter gig!

Name... *Jan Henderson*

ARTIST/BAND... *Head of David*

TITLE/TRACK... *I will fall at your feet*

DATE BROADCAST... *1 August '86*

COMMENTS

BRILLIANT !!!!!

I WOULD/WOULD NOT LIKE TO HEAR IT AGAIN

I WOULD/WOULD NOT CONSIDER BUYING THE RECORD

SEYSSIDE

kHz + 202m

all together now.."Bastard, bastard..." Smears to you too.

HEAD OF DAVID

Dave: He seems to play everywhere at Christmas!
Richo: There's probably about four Gary Glitter's; all clones, that's why!!!
(Mucho laughter, etc. that I can't decipher, apart from Reuben trailing off with something about Gazza's testicles?!!!)
Andy.P.: So, who'd you rather support, Gary Glitter or Ozzy Osbourne?
Reuben & Sharp: Awww, Ozzy Osbourne!!! He was in a favourite band, after all!
Sharp: Great stuff!

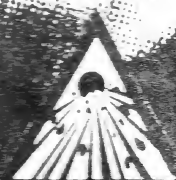
Reuben: Yeah! (Picks up a copy of GH.8. & declares...) Scrap the interview!
Dave: Why's that?
Reuben: "Don't wallow in complacency... set the world on fire... or, more constructively, a hippy!" (Aww, shit!) Hmmmm.....
Richo: Drmmmm....
Reuben: You do realise we actually live in a commune?! Living on brown rice, & surrounded by joss-sticks! So, what does that mean exactly?!
Richo: (Thankfully, having had enough time to work out a snug little justification.... or should that be 'Jostikation'?) Well, it's probably triggered off by our area, actually...
Andy.P.: You've gotta go to Canterbury!
Richo: Yeah, things like that are designed to wind up certain people around our area...
Andy.P.: The hippies around our way have got short spikey hair & wear 'Sex Pistols' t-shirts!
Reuben: Yeah, it depends on what we're calling hippies, I suppose.
Richo: Like Andy says, I'm not simply meaning any person with long hair & a pair of flares (Christ, we've even got a coupla friends who dress like that!), or whatever.
Reuben: It's an attitude.
Andy.P.: We just dislike people who sit around & do nothing but complain, like, "There's no good bands!", or whatever.
Reuben: Yeah, I do hate the idea of the kind you just said really; the ones with the Pistols' t-shirts & that. They haven't progressed at all since '76...
Andy.P.: We're surrounded by them though; it's awful!
Richo: What with Canterbury being a college/university town, it's absolutely crawling with arseholes.
Andy.P.: Yeah, and their idea of a rowdy band is a Rockabilly band! An acoustic one at that!
Reuben: (Now browsing thru a GH5... trying to find more cause for comment, no less!) Mick Mercer, what's he got to do with this?
Richo: Indeed, indeed, what has he gotta do with this? Let's finish! (Actually, I didn't really say this at all, but from here on, the conversation just drifts about, directionless, and soon after, we're witnessing a fine soundcheck....)

HEAD OF DAVID look set to not let themselves fall into any of the traps that line the corridors in which they choose to walk in. They're a good bunch of people, although they seemed a little wary at first, and equally as important, they churn out a good row. Coupled to a decent attitude they, along with a handful of others, are medicine. Bitter & foul at that.... go lap 'em up.

.....Richo.....

'LP'

NOTE: Besides the fact that I may have misquoted people now & then, due to the interwoven Dudley accents present, I oughtta state that drummer, Sharp, has also since left them & been replaced....



RECORDS RECORDS

Listen up, scuzzbags... No complaints about the extensive reviews, ok? And I MEAN IT. What some of you halfwits fail to realise on such issues is that GH is put together exactly how I like to read it. It's wholly pointless to say you don't like this or that, so don't waste my time.

Personally, I simply lurve indulging in billions of record reviews, so there y'have it. If you're not interested in a particular feature, the answer remains fair straight-forward, DON'T READ!

Records, etc. reviewed by a team of schizophrenic butchers. This time, incorporating: -Richo Humus (RH), Mick Mercer (MM), Alex Bastedo (AB), Andy Pigswill (AP), Lurching Menace (LM), The Toad (TT), Boss (Boss),

D.R. (D.R.), & Jeremy

DOG FACED HERMANS 'Unbend' 7" (Demon Radge)

Now this is very odd indeed! It has the sloping, poorly bevelled edge sound which could almost be a poorly recorded Ausgang bootleg, along with thrombosis tidings out of the ancient Bone Orchard stable, although much of that could be the vocals of Marion who might, in a year, give Liz Dealey a run for her money. There's also a neat comparison to be made between a furiously rutting Gang Of Four and early Very Things conflagration. Pesky noise! Worth investigation and rehabilitation. (MM)

JOHN SEX 'Hustle With My Muscle' 12" (Yarla)

A completely typically nauseous disco plod & some lyrics that are a surefire way of ridding your house of any smelly anarcho, bra-burning, hippy companions. The very epitome of groin-blossoming music, but with a smile. (LM)

AUSGANG A GO GO 'Los Descamisados' mini-lp (AUS MLPO02)

Seven songs, with one of them taking up the whole of one side at 45 speed, 'Turn On Tonic'. This is pure heaven, and proves to be the BEST thing they've done ever (and, christ, I thought the last 'King Hell' 12" would be their limit! Shame on me...), incorporating stocky bass, excellent guitar noises throughout, vigorous drumming and Max's now well-controlled, distinctive voice.

The other side, although perhaps tied down to the archetypal Ausound on a couple songs, also proves to be overflowing with new, interesting ideas. A bullet-punk attack with 'Tumbleweed'; Devo-ish, demented dance guitar on 'Wasted Land' (This actually reminds me of The Method Actors, but what the hell, no-one's heard of them anyway!); and another look-in to 'Bad Hand', where some fine, sentiments concerning those dastardly Freemasons are displayed.

This mini-lp is doubtlessly one of the best releases by a British band this year so far, and if you're still failing to recognise their capabilities by that shroud of misconception, then I sincerely hope your remaining life will be forever coated with a Mission soundtrack until you are driven to placing your head under a nearby steamroller. (RH)

STOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES 'The Passenger' (Wonderland)

Smearred with peanut butter they gasp in horror at the twelve inch mix twisting & turning on their deck like some jolly pop romp. Has nobody heard of that aging prat, Iggy Pop, & how he intelligently rubbed broken glass over his battered torso?!!!

Did no-one care about the man who made so many classic records; an all-time legend all those years ago? A complete waste of space these days, yes, but so what? Great times, eh?

Is nothing sacred?

No. It isn't. And don't you forget it.

(MM)

THE UNDERNEATH 'The Imp Of The Perverse' 12" (EI)

Underneath all this impishness is none other than GH favourite, Karl Blake, taking time off from Shockheaded Peters to produce something all of his own. What resulted was an ep consisting mainly of slightly tongue-in-cheek cover versions. Arthur Brown's 'Fire', the poppy 'Have I The Right', and a neo-disco medley of Black Sabbath goodies, each covered in a unique style not a million miles away from SHP. Ends with one original Blake melody, namely 'Short Term Agreement', which tends to lull you into a false sense of security only to suddenly twist into something else... great lyrics as well! (AP)

IMPULSE MANSLAUGHTER Burn one Naked, and Nuke It E.P.

Forget the Metal Farces review, they wouldn't know a good record if came up and burned their Iron Maiden collection, this is smokin' hardcore at 10,000 million miles per hour and it's great. The production isn't over-hot but they can't afford Direct Metal Mastering, right? This record has spirit and intensity and sums up the D.I.Y. hardcore attitude far better than some records I could mention. It's not on Death records either. You can get this straight from the band, mention this review because I want to be on their next 'thanks to' list, ha ha! (Jeremy)

\$2.50 + P+P to Glen/4528 N. Lawndale/Chicago/IL. 60625/USA.

HE SAID 'Pale Feet' 7" (Mute)

More innovative tunes from the Gilbert/Lewis (of Wire) current collaborative offspring. This is light compared to the brilliant 'Only One I' single of two years back, but maintaining standards all the same. Interesting. (RH)

WISEBLOOD 'Stumbo' 12" (K422)

Wiseblood... Jim Foetus/Roli Mosimann... bloody great... enough said? (AP)

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Music From The Dead Zone, Vol. One' lp (Dead Man's Curve)

A mixed bag, this one, containing a track apiece by ten disparate bands from around Europe.

They range from the highly listenable, if derivative rock-isms of Sweden's THE GATHERING (Killing Joke/New Model Army), Britain's own VENUS FLY TRAP (Stooges/Joy Div.) and THE HOLLOW MEN (Fall-ish, in an interesting kind of way), right through to the wilful avant-gardisms of DIE TODLICHE DORIS, TRAX, and to a lesser extent, BENE GESSERT.

Somewhere in between, we have the much touted PHILIP BOA AND THE WOODOO CLUB, who get highly percussive, GAS RATTLE, who get highly tortuous after thirty seconds, & Holland's TRESPASSERS W (The Very Things in clogs).

My favourite song on this album is by TWICE A MAN from Sweden, who get romantic with their synths in a sort of OMD meets David Sylvian way.

As with most compilations of this sort, the quality is variable but it's a worthwhile journey & there is sure to be something here for everyone. (AB)

KREATOR 'Flag Of Hate E.P. (Noise NO047)

Musicianship somewhat improved on this one.

"Flag Of Hate" just roars past, "Take Their Lives" is a more slow-fast type track, showing just how much they have improved musically. They also appear to be one guitarist down (Wulf). "Awakening Of The Gods" plods along a bit, but is probably a lot better live. Mille does all the vocals on this E.P. Passionate but for the most part, unintelligible. (Boss)

Well, this is my favourite Kreator offering - if only it could have been a whole L.P. in the same vein. "Flag Of Hate" track is my fave, but even the mega "Awakening Of The Gods" is good and doesn't bore me like some ultra-long tracks tend to... yes and you still don't get a lyric sheet so I can't tell you anything about the lyrical content although I doubt if it is anything earth-shatteringly original. (D.R.)

CORROSION OF CONFORMITY Technocracy E.P.
(Death 88561-8153-1)

New five-track E.P. that rotates at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ and plays at about 130 m.p.h.-heavier than a black hole. Their first release with Simon Bob Sinister on vocals (ex. Ugly Americans), I think he's got a very good voice, although lacking (at the moment) the originality of Mike Dean. It takes off with the title track (and my personal fave) and continues thrashing about like a barracuda trapped in a goldfish bowl until 'Crawling'-which it very nearly does. As my copy (and Jeremy's) hasn't been supplied with the lyric sheet that's supposed to be included, on the few listens I've had, I haven't ascertained the full gist, so to speak. Although 'Hungry Child' (a re-working from 'Animosity') seems to be of the Let-Down-By-Religion mould. Overall, an excellent release. C.O.C remain a prime example of good hardcore. (BOSS)

THE SOUP DRAGONS 'Head Gone Astray' 7" (Raw IV)
There's probably been two more since this one, but this one broke the mould(y) notions of the 'Buzzcocks rip-off' remarks that they lumbered themselves with. The guitar is too topky but the vocals disport themselves well & the forward line of springy drums & an atmosphere of gyroscopic tingling is hopelessly attractive. I just hope they learn to get dirtier, or we'll get sick of them soon. (MM)

ADRENALIN O.D. Humungousfungusamongus (JUST 5)

The cover (showing my age here) reminds me of a Dickies album - some of the attitude of the Dickies rubs off onto the vinyl as well. A few tracks on this album are a bit like disposable b-sides (Pizza 'n' Beer) but when they kick butt they really er bust your bottom. Stormtroopers Of Death's Parents. I should think they'd be a lot of fun live. Lotsa beer n' bruises! (BOSS)
I was wondering if they really walk around dressed as on the LP cover...but judging by the inner sleeve's collage of pix - we can assume that they don't - phew! Lots of jokey tracks on this LP but they really get down to the "no nonsense" stuff, too. It's good fun music - it doesn't have a lot to say - but who cares? It makes me happy when I listen to it, and I like it lots. For all of us listeners who like to be happy, and smile, and let rip. (D.R.)

FLIPPER 'Public Flipper Ltd' lp (Subterranean)

Live double-doings from this band who pioneered noise in America, & who may or may not be still going. Excellent stuff, tho' the recording quality leaves little to be desired in places. All comes packaged in brilliant fold out 'Flipper On Tour' game as well. (TT)

THE STUPIDS 'Retard Picnic' lp (C.O.R)

Just when I was beginning to think all thrash bands had to be very serious & only have one tuneless song (to be repeated 60 or 70 times), up popped The Stupids, Ipswich's finest, to prove me wrong. Following on in the footsteps of their debut masterpiece comes yet another great album containing great melodies & a good sense of humour. I just dread the day someone tells 'em Ipswich isn't an American State; it'll kill 'em! (AP)

PAULINE MURRAY & THE SAINT 'Hong Kong' 12" (Polestar)
A four track twelve inch with re-done version of 'Body Music' & 'Holocaust' included, but forget that, it's their version of Cale's 'Close Watch' which just pulverises the heart. This one slowly decimates your thoughts. Slow and oozing. Wonderful stuff. (MM)

THE DANNY BOYS 'Day of The Week' 7" (Ugly Man)

Niftily cosy pop with a hugely warm sound, produced like a glow-worm on a devious mission. Acoustic guitars and all that sort of slimily unreliable toss, but dovetailed into something quite gripping. Anyone who records a song called 'Roger Whittaker' is okay by me. Well, more or less. (MM)

PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA 'Signs Of Life' lp (Editions EG/Virgin)
Instrumentally yours in the latest recording from Simon Jeffes and his Penguin Cafe is a classy set of ethnological forgeries that draw heavily on cajun & S.American influences for their inspiration.

Immaculately produced, it is perhaps only the deliberate anonymity of the Orchestra that will stop this record being played to death by Andy Kershaw & earn this members only club their 15 minutes of celebrity. (AB)

THE BABYMEN 'For King Willy' (One Little Indian)

After years, yes, YEARS of anticipating this as being a manic burst of exploding punk activity, it's arrived, driving pounding harpsicord, trumpet fanfares & distorted guitars around the room. Not only this, but The Legend Of The Babyman and claims that their wayward lead-chanter is the true pop of young king William as well! All thus, & a Daily Mirror fiery accusation that they are "a sick punk band" to boot. Where can you go wrong...BUY THIS NOW! (RH)

VERBAL ABUSE Rocks your Liver LP

A well played, well produced stunning debut. I hadn't heard them before (shame on me!) but I wasn't disappointed by their brand of powerful thrash and slower (DOA-ish?) metal. A completely crucial release backed by serious, personal lyrics that never become too trivial or boring. All in all, this is a very good record and deserves more attention than it will probably get, listen to it and blow your cobwebs away! (Jeremy)
S7 Boner Records/PO Box 2081/Berkeley/CA 94702/USA.

MCCARTHY 'Frans Hals' 7" (Pink)

One of the lesser known bands of this new breed & yet they're a fairly lively bunch, like wheel-clamped Wedding Present infatuates. This isn't a song, it's an extended verse (Most of the bands do that & it's crap). A sweetly escalating stomach-ache. Worth hearing, but buying is another matter. (MM)

LYDIA LUNCH 'Hysterie' dbl. lp. (Widowspeak)

Some of her works in between 1976 & 86 represented here. Three sides, one each, taken up by Teenage Jesus & The Jerks, Beirut Slump, & 8-Eyed Spy. The fourth under the moniker, 'Slow Choke' and consisting of her various collaborations with other bands/musicians, such as Rowland S. Howard and Germany's Die Haut. Very nearly a total of 30 tracks, & all remixed & remastered as well. Definite V.F.M here, huh?! Certainly a MUST for all of you lustful Lunch eaters who either have to currently contend with trying to seek out the early stuff, or have to make do with playing those new scratched & generally time-warped oldies...And just as much a recommended purchase to all who're in need of prime motivation. THIS IS THE STUFF! Everything from the incoherent, trashy garage-workings to the more thoughtfully conceived, & more violent. Go holler & slam-dance the nite away. (RH)

THE FRIENDLY FIRES 'Arkansas' 7" (Deadbug)

The title song is plain, deadbeat "I wish we were New Order" material, and although this etches onto the two b-side offerings, they do at least appear to have been spiced up with even poppier additives. Definitely BELOW AVERAGE and the sort of thing we could do without right now. (LM)

THE SLITS/SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/JOY DIVISION/GANG OF FOUR/SPIZZ OIL/STIFF LITTLE FINGERS/UNDERTONES/ BIRTHDAY PARTY/DAMNED 'Peel Sessions' (Strange Fruit)

Ecstasy! Brilliant, the lo-tavem! Just place them against any sickly Mission, Cult, Shop Assistants, or Fuzzbox platter & see what makes the more outstanding impression. Deservedly released classics that stand proud to this very day-believe me. (RH)

KREATOR 'Pleasure to Kill' LP (Noise N0037)

This one was bought for me last Xmas; a very un-Xmas like present. Somebody should have had this put on the soundtrack to Runaway Train. Very un-slow! Some of the Wanky guitar solo's are embarrassing. Unfortunately, Mille & Ventors German accents are quite strong so, at this speed, not all the lyrics are easily understood (lyric sheets are a must!) but you can get the gist of it. Titles like 'The Pestilence', 'Ripping Corpse', 'Under the Guillotine' and 'Riot of Violence' say it all really. (BOSS)

This LP starts off really well and some tracks are real classics ('Pleasure to Kill' & 'Riot of Violence'). You can't understand anything the singers are saying bar the odd word here and there and the refrains...so, yes, a lyric sheet should be included. When you listen to it from end to end side 1 is far better-side 2 gets a bit samey, namely 'Command of the Blade' sounds for all the world like 'Plea-sure-to-kill' with the guitar solo's changed. Still, it's loads better than their first LP (Endless Pain). (D.R.)

VARIOUS 'The Dice Are Rolling' 1p (Play It Again Sam)

A sampler 1p priced the same as the average 12", and with two free dice as well (Whoop! Whoop!). Nine bands all told, ranging from a dire BOLLOCK BROTHERS effort titled 'Harley David', thru many electronics bands, to THE WEATHERMEN, with a previously unreleased 'The Lift', which scolds, rather than scintillates (alike some of their stuff), but appears only half-baked all the same. A, GRUMH and SIGLO XX stand out from the crowd, with more driving, forceful, entries, but the majority of the remainder (LEG, PINK DOTS, DOLE, etc) traipse thru some, too smooth rides. Still, can't complain when they're cheaply priced, can we. Can we? (LM)

TOM VERLAINE 'A Town Called Walker' 7" (Fontana)

Did you see them going positively wet-knickered over this dyspeptic cat on 'The Tube', preening themselves having some ace rare footage of Television...from 1977!!! It was all too chronic for words, Verlaine's strangled-weasel face reminding me all too clearly of the time I went to see them at Hammersmith Odeon in the Amphetamine-fuelled Dayglo Summer of Hate. They were so exciting I actually fell asleep!

Ten years later, Verlaine's back on 'The Tube' and even worse than before, being remarkably witty without any of us realising. This scruffy little tune has nothing going for it but pretentious suggestion. (MM)

PRINCE 'Sign O' The Times' (WEA)

One of the greatest, slimmest, bravest records ever made. (MM)

VARIOUS 'For Your Ears Only' d/lp (Third Mind)

Two slabs for the price of one. The first comprising of standard T.M. bands, the second made up of unreleased tracks by other bands & deleted T.M. dabbings.

On Record One, Bushido, a band who once delivered fine, innovating songs, mellow out into mediocrity, assisted by a sax, with a slightly tinged wine-bar feeling; Attrition offer a rerecorded version of 'Fusillade 111 (Both Barrels)', taken from the magnificent 'Smiling At The Hypergorder Club' lp, & 'Into The Waves', which is a direct cut from the 'Into The Realm...' lp; and Beautiful Pea Green Boat spin a whole web of electronics-based ideas that, fronted by one of the nicest of female voices in ages, prove the Cocteau Twins no longer have a purpose. Just forget that dodgy name. The other three bands, All Singing All Dancing, Credit and Bill Pritchard are swathed with more commercially destined schemes, perhaps in need of polishing in places.

Whilst the first record, B.P.G.B aside, prove that some of the bands have seen better days as far as IMAGINATION goes, it also shows that an independant label doesn't have to be all about spotty students churning out badly driven Velvets riffs. That, toerags, is an encouraging thought, even if half the music isn't your taste really.

Record Two commences with Badland's 'Til The Star's Fall', worth noting for the almost Classical, violin-orientated, song's vocals, complimented by Abbo; before diving into well-crafted dancefloor electronics by Intimate Obsessions; a powerful, heaving effort called 'Aggression' by Frontline Assembly; tormenting synths from Konstruktivists; more Bushido, Attrition, Credit & Bill Pritchard, and others besides.

Overall, the second record is more diverse, less streamlined, than the first, but the whole package of 'assortments' has probably got more than enough for EVERYBODY, and that, coupled to the fact that these two records come for the price of one, with over 100 minutes of music, makes this ESSENTIAL. Buy or die. (RH)

T LA ROCK 'Back To Burn' 7" (10)

For those of you who think that The Beasties & Run DMC are Gods & who know nothing of Salt and Pepa, try this: Cheap as a seven-incher & cunning in it's pummelling vocals & a slithering sledgehammer. Play it as loud as possible. (MM)

J.A.M.S. 'All You Need Is Love' 12"

As I write, this is apparently in jeopardy of being properly released (I picked this one-sided promo up from the Rough Trade shop) because of the illegal use of cut-ups, liberated from MC5, Samantha Fox, etc...but should you chance upon it, or should it still materialise, INDULGE! Absolutely brilliant use of the aforementioned cut-ups to a harsh hip-hop beat & naughty, naughty words (Tsk!). If, like me (at least I admit it), you've caught the Beasties bug, this comes wholeheartedly recommended. Rumour has it that Bill Drummond is behind this as well, so there you have it. (RH)

BEYOND POSSESSION Is Beyond Possession LP

Fear for the life of your stylus, Beyond Possession are here. This will unhinge your jaws. This is very fast. Faster than fast. Neck-brace fast. They are Canadian (there seems to be a lot of good bands coming from that neck of the woods lately-S.N.F.U, Down Syndrome, Voi Vod, Sons of Ishmael...) and have a very original and innovative sound. No lyric sheet is provided so one can only guess at the themes (try 'Dying Fast, I'll never R.I.P...')-the vocals are a total blur! Awesome, intense, inspired. Yeah. (BOSS) DEATH 72168-1.

COURAGE OF LASSIE 'The Temptation To Exist' 1p (Amok Recs. 12-6 Beechwood Ave., Ottawa, Canada K1L 8E4)

An excellent import from this Canadian group, well produced and veering largely towards the darker side of currently in-vogue folk.

Not afraid of openly displaying their influences ('The Rose', and 'Hopes & Fears' are dedicated to Mr. Leonard Cohen), there is also enough originality in Ron Nelson and Mady Shenkel's songwriting to make this a collection well worth getting to know.

For trendy sceptics perhaps put off by the band's name, don't be....the feel of this album isn't a million miles removed from This Mortal Coil's recent output. I wonder how many of the songs on this record will get rediscovered in 15 yrs time? (AB)

BEYOND POSSESSION Tell-Tale Heart E.P

An oldie here, but I only got my copy recently so here goes... 5 tracks of blitzkrieg devastation, with lyrics touching on religion, skating and the title track being based on the Poe horror story of the same name. Good production, original song structures and amazing thrash make this an essential purchase. Buy! (Jeremy)
34 Deluxe/PO Box 883311/S.F/CA 94188/USA

YIBE TRIBE demo cassette

They used to be the rather wonderful Cult Maniax, but that was then & this is now, as they all say. In the whole, I guess these five songs aren't too far removed from the former incarnation's tamer moments really. Perhaps a little more restrained now though, with a couple of songs veering too near standard rock for my liking, but the sparkle's back on 'Matyr John' and 'Are We Better Off Now', which spit out a little more gusto. All of it's enhanced by Big Al's clearer vocals, some nicely added female backing vox, and the clear production. Write to: Big Al, 11 Crockers Court, Taddipott, Torrington, Devon for further details. (LM)

BUTTOLE SURFERS 'Locust Abortion Technician' (B/First)

Yeah, yeah, YEEAAHHHHH!!! 'Blast First Records' deliver the goods again (Isn't that a surprise!!!!) 'Sweat Loaf' opens the lp, kick-started by the best introduction I've heard in AGES! 'Human Cannonball' is akin to a trip into sadomasochism... like blowin' nail bombs in y'face whilst fucking, and 'O Men', from t'other side, is the aural equivalent of a riot (Thanks, Andy!) Eleven songs in all, stemming from the pretty f'ken odd to the manic to the ridiculous. TOTALLY BRILLIANT! Like an OD on a thunderstorm, basically. (RH)

THE APOSTLES 'How Much Longer' lp (Acid Strings)

Wouldn't be so bad if produced well, but it sounds a bit like Crass, don't it? (AP)

ACCUSED Return of Martha Splatterhead LP

Part 17

This is a compilation of their first 12" and some newer tracks. The early tracks are easily recognised by their 'kitchen sink' production. Compare the first track, Martha Splatterhead, with the second, Wrong Side of the Grave. That's not to say the earlier tracks are no good, they are, and, how you say, "main". Good hardcore, and Elaine's voice... she really sticks his throat out! The newer tracks really blur the line between hardcore and metal. Of these, Martha's Revenge is the experimental track as it's somewhat slower and longer than the others. About time they had something new out but, in the meantime, this does not suck! (Boss)
Yes, this is one of those hardcore/metal crossover LPs, although I would say, with its heart in hardcore; if you get my meaning. The singer is gonna have SERIOUS throat problems if he carries on singing like this! He should be on a BBC sound effects LP under the title "Tortured on the Rack"..... Good LP. (D.R.)

KEN KENNEDYS - KTV Jet Off the Air - Live (Hendring Videos.)

Yet another 'live' video, this time featuring the Kennedys at their ongoing best. It tracks spanning their entire career, from as early on as 'Whore Track' right up to date with tracks like 'Hop with the Jetset' and the 'Bedtime for Democracy' LP. Although the picture quality is admittedly good throughout the entire one hour set, the sound does leave something to be desired in places (tho' it never gets too bad) but the video itself does retail for only £15, which is comparatively cheap, and I suppose this compensates for the sound quality. Entertaining, though, at the same time Biafras' lyrics are very hard hitting and straight to the point. Similarly to the Swans video, a must for fans, but I think this one will probably appeal to a much wider audience altogether. (AP)

VARIOUS ARSENAL FANS 'Fight!' (Cathexis)

...for the right, to part ways, heads splitting & ringing from yet another bout deep inside Cathexis land, makers of some of the most brain-draining records.

This is another fabulous compilation which expects you to make some effort in appreciating this

post-David Coleman pop world of ours.

In The Nursery are still being childishly dramatic, Revolting Cocks pulled out the big one, Pink Industry striking out in gentle pop shimmies.

Soviet France remind me of a rainy day in Paddington, Project GK is like getting into a lift, then turning round once in there to find Suicide with you.

Hula drip like taps on velvet & glass, The Young Gods & Shockheaded Peters decapitate the subtler notions in favour of breaking the backs of all concerned; Click Click are fairly funny little doom-burgers, and Clair Obscur repaper the parlour with cobalt cigaretes dangling.

Tickoala? Crowd noises and a bit of mucus. Christmas in a Taiwanese junk shop?

Who knows. You get the whole wilting world slapped around your head everytime you get a Cathexis Record. Makes you wonder why people go on about boring old sleeping bags full of vomit, like Stevo and his totally dispensible Some Old Bra. (MM)

ZODIAC MOTEL 'Sunshine Miner' (Swordfish)

No, no, no, not Mindwar! Come back, and take those ridiculous bearskins off your head.

This is one of the noisiest & most compellingly snotty fun packs you'll find. They should spend their spare time supplying backing vocals & dance routines for The Beasties. They ought to get out and PLAY because we need these BASTARDS, like we need all the best things in life. Guitars cut a swathe through the energy, sweat trickling into patches of perfume. Then someone pokes an icicle up your bum. It makes you jump! (MM)

TOXIK EPHEX 'Punk As Fuck' ep (Green Vomit)

'Fallout Shelter' takes role as lead track, and despite unclear production, is a rousing number, complete with good, chanting chorus. Spirited, and a cut above the average punkoid platter. (RH)

PIANOSAURUS 'Groovy Neighbourhood' lp (New Rose)

All the songs are produced by the use of kiddies toys, but hardly interesting. It'll appeal to people in anoraks... & it's wankers like that that deserve it! (TT)

THE WEATHERMEN 'Ten Deadly Kisses' mini-lp (PIA.Sam)

Mostly, sinister synths-orientated but diluted by some dire daytime radio-type fodder, unfortunately. This, supposedly, unidentified American band ought to decide exactly ~~WHICH~~ which of these two directions they'd really like to take, cuz this platter doesn't work. (RH)

BREAKING CIRCUS 'The Ice Machine' lp (Homestead)

If you silly children have got over your dreaded Sonic Youth infatuations yet & have come to realise that Naked Raygun & Big Black are truly where this growling underbelly is best exposed, then Breaking Circus ought to tickle your ivories. Their last (and first) offering, 'The Very Long Fuse' was a dizzy collection of crackling, subversive pop with sombre overtones, in the lyrical department. This time round they've pulled their heads between their knees & thrash themselves silly in darker confines. I don't mean thrash as in Andy P.'s remarkably poor musical taste, but as in personal punishment. It's a frostily exploding suit of armour, with guitars (and strangely used piano) in tow. It's VAST, yet tiny. You'll see what I mean. (MM)

THE SOUND ASLEEP 'I'm Cold Outside' (Vinyl Solution)

Pop that's not quite Sixties feel, & not quite the current jangly geetar trend, but near. In definite need of a boot to the bum. (LM)

MY BABY'S ARM 'Hung In The Playground' (Kaspar)

An oddity which grows progressively more rocky as you listen to it, in an acceptable way, reminiscent of The Sound at their ~~MM~~ weirdest. Produced by... Ian Penman! Quick nurse, disinfectant! (MM)

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS 'Another Sacred Day' 7" (Egg Plant Records)

In 'The Sotweed Factor' someone rubs the famous eggplant, compressed into a steaming poultice, all over his knob & the thing becomes quite simply out of control.

Now, while Rich wonders where the hell he's going to find an eggplant (And how much they are!-ED), I stare at a press release wondering what the hell is going on.

Apparently, this isn't a normal pop band, which I wouldn't have expected considering the involvement of 'Jung Analyst' Terry anyway, but it is music dictated to the famous medium, Madame Regale. This happened during a series of seances from people believed to be prominent artistic & literary figures of the past, or in this case, Charlotte Bronte, who came up with the b-side 'Mouth Pain', & 'Another Sacred Day' which came from Gary Copper. Both well known for their musical abilities I'd say.

It sounds like The Times. Nicely dozy pop, unable to chart through oldhatness. (MM)

THE CHAIN GANG 'More Than A Pipedream' (Troll Kitchen Records)

Effortlessly pleasant four track twelve inch of supposedly wild Liverpool chaplets with a great conformist guitar sound & a bafflingly good songwriting sense, but someone in the studio pressed the 'silencer' switch & their more raucous elements seem to have been dimmed. Probably brilliant live. (MM)

BOY GEORGE 'Everything I Own' (Virgin)
Fuck off, dickface. (MM)

TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS 'The World We Knew' lp (New Rose)

As cliched as this may well appear, this whole lp is very Blues/Gramps orientated, but several cuts above the average rockabilly-garage-grunge that usually dominates the (sour) taste of the nation's quiffed lobots. I mean, for a start, no lyrics about zombies from outta space and swamplands!!! WOW!!! What with some fine production by the infamous Alex Chilton, this lp is wholeheartedly worth yr. ears, & well worth remaining in my own li'l record collection at that. (LM)

THE TEAR GARDEN 'Centre Bullet' 12" (Play It Again Sam)
It starts off quite uninteresting, but as it goes on... it gets worse. (TT)

MINIMAL COMPACT 'Immigrants Song' 12" (Crammed Discs)
Electronics-based cover of the Led ZzzEP song, geared in totally predictable manner. Average but unadventurous. Besides, Led Zep songs should only be covered by six foot of dirt anyway. (RH)

SACRILEGE B.C Party With God LP

This LP crunches, an absolute thrasher from start to finish with no respite (except for the little shiny bits between each track). Decent production and above-average lyrics (for a metal band) make for an original, if not exemplary, ditty. It carries on where their demo left off and deals in super-fast hardcore metal with, yay!, no slow songs! I couldn't believe how good this was when I first heard it-and it certainly doesn't diminish on repeated plays. Buy! (Jeremy) Alchemy Records.

ANDREW POPPY 'The Amusement' 7" (ZTT)
Arty fucker. (MM)

BAD TUNE MEN 'Jail House Rock' 12" (Nonchalant)

Five songs that catch them in far better light than their 'Do The Swamp' seven-incher of '85 would portray. Overall, an enigmatic approach, with lots of frenzied outbursts and quietened, twiddly keyboard dominated bits all round. You could be misled into believing these as being slightly 'whacky' or being a students idea of a psychobilly band, or what have you, but they're down-to-earth characters really. All I wish, is that they crank up the keyboards to KICK ASS, & make those guitars bleed a little more. And, by the by, don't dare mention Jaz Coleman! (RH)

PYJAMA SUTRA 'All Work Hard' 7" (Plastic Head)

The A-side is complete cack, and the b-side is also (AP)

PORTION CONTROL 'Assault' cass. (For All & None)

Nine songs recorded from the Hilversum gig in Holland, back in '82. If you're already familiar with P/C's own brand of powerful, percussive, electronics and prefer their rawer edge, then this is ideal. Nicely presented cover as well. (See advert for details, elsewhere). (LM)

SLAYER REIGN IN BLOOD LP LOWLP 34

This LP is just brilliant. I'm playing it so much I'm considering buying a second copy. Every track tears away at break-neck power-speed. The production is exceptionally good- it's like you can hear every note from every instrument and Tom Araya's voice is perfect. Never a dull moment from the beginning to the end. I can't recommend this LP enough. Lyrics are included so you can sing along and scare the mother. (D.R.)

It's a crime that this vinyl nightmare has taken so long to be released in this country. Why? Because the student-circuit fixated, Brit-plod-lemonade-anorak-pink-pop droppings that infests the indie (pah!) charts really needs a rude awakening and this is it. 'Reign In Blood' just sears through your brain from beginning to end (you can almost smell burning grey matter). But alas their is only 28 minutes of it. A short sharp shock. Play it over and over and just never get tired of those amazing riffs. Just when you were getting bored with Satan's Hordes et al, they become 'Reborn' to 'Leave you ripped and toooooorrnnn'. (Boss)

PROLOGUE:

When I was, I dunno, about ten years old I guess, some friends (huh!) bundled me into a clothes dryer in this laundrette. They threw in half a dozen half-bricks, payed the toll and away I went. The noise... Jeeesus. What seemed like half an hour later I staggered out covered in blood, sweat and tears and they'd all cleared off- so I had to put the next coin in the slot myself!

THE CURE 'Why Can't I Be You' 12" (Fiction)

Disco, a la Motown, this time round, which apart from Smiffie's brilliantly awful vocals, lacks the usual distinctive Cure trademarks. I'd like to see them move outta this pop shell, & get onto something else because the day they exhaust their ideas is the day they'll no longer be worth anything. This is spicing up the charts as I write, & it's alright from that angle, but otherwise, smarten up, Blobbie boy! (RH)

VOI VOD KILLING TECHNOLOGY LP NOISE NO058

For a totally original metal sound, they don't come any better than Voi Vod. This is their third LP to date and their most accomplished yet. There is no doubt Voi Vod have created a limb of their own to inch-out on. The LP is un-nerving and exciting; almost experimental in a sense, with some very interesting guitar work. This they ably demonstrate live, at last years Electric Ballroom gig for instance, where they easily overshadowed English Dogs and Possessed. Yet again, I gripe about the lack of lyrics- you can't grasp enough from the record to understand the songs, however it is the exceptional music that dominates this LP. So for all it matters, they can be singing about almost anything. (D.R.)

The experience of seeing Voi Vod last November was very pleasant indeed- a great atmosphere and my first stage-dive (snicker). A fore-taste of this album, which was recorded shortly after this gig. Voi Vod just get better and better with each release. Indeed, a much more technical album than the blower 'War And Pain' was, but still retains that raw edge. Their songs have always been of intense interest and far better than the average metal lyrics- sort of nuclear fantasy and, in places, quite peculiar. This might be due to the translation from French-Canadian. Voi Vod's sound is like no other I've heard before. It just blisters and burns along, racing towards some far away goal that none of us can see. (Boss)

WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES 'Hotay Girl' 12" (Product Inc)

Continuing the dirty grind of 'A.L.Asbestos' and 'Catalogue Clothes'. Sorta JJ Burnel-ish bass playing painted over with a buzzsaw. For some reason, it reminds me of the Toca Babies (and what's become of them?), which can't be a bad thing. (RH)

REVOLTING COCKS 'Big Sexy Land' lp (Waxtrax)

From which the 'You Often Forget' 12" has been sliced from. This continues in similar vein...chugging bass, cut-ups, manic voice & excellent percussion. Uncontrollable angry POWER. (LM)

POP WILL EAT ITSELF 'Sweet Sweet Pie' 7" (Chapter 2 2)

Furious! You'll have to get this because this guitar & vibrant vocal storm needs a widespread home. They may look absurd but they sound magnificent. Unless I'm an imbecile of the highest standing, this is their third bastard-like beauty & they're getting more violently essential with every release. God knows what they'll do next. (MM)

BEAUTIFUL PEA GREEN BOAT 'Obsessions' lp (Third Mind)

What happens when my stack-system goes into the repair-workshop, taking with it my only chance of properly hearing cassettes, but Gary passes a pre-release tape of the latest EPB offering onto me. What am I supposed to do? I've heard it in my car stereo, but that's hardly the most comforting of places to try & pay any attention, as any passengers (who've lived!) will tell you. Anyway, from what I can fathom out, this lp is a pleasant concern that rides through a plethora of sounds. Some excellent dance music and to the Yello school of thinking, and some equally thoughtful slides into a more sombre approach, as highlighted on 'Danielle', from Side One. Heather Wright has one of the most alluring voices I've heard, which is rather like a certain Liz Frazer singing in ENGLISH, as opposed to a soggy yawn. Lovely! Ian Williams makes up the other half of this promising duo, & there's Mervyn Wright poking his ear in (Yes, that was a sorry excuse of a pun!) now and then as well.

Fifty minutes of metamorphosis intensity...what more could you possibly want? (RH)

LIZ DEALEY & THE TWENTY SECOND SECT 'The Wailing House/Tell Me Go/(Don't Give Me That' 7" (Unknown?)

Liz Dealey is demented. Her vocals are sock-shredding icicle blasts across an already consumptive set of tunes, some more flushed than others. The snottily obnoxious A-side is like a dentist drill playing lightly around your rectum. Guitars try to whine as much as Liz, the drums say a begrudging hello occasionally, and neighbours rush to be top of the petition. The police are held at bay by repeat playings for several days.

'Tell Me Go' is the steaming, musical, FACE-SMASHER. The guitars chop happily & then a chorus, like a homicidal karate killer let loose in a public school prize day, obliterates virtually everything else you have heard for days. It wipes it all clean! '(Don't) Give Me That', more streamlined, finds Liz reaching out to stir more into the mix than pure cyanide. I wonder what she uses for the vocal chords? Razor blades?

A wonderful experience (Parental guidance recmd.). (MM)

EYELESS IN GAZA 'Kodak Ghosts Run Amok' lp (Cherry Red)

A singles & classic album tracks compilation that is definitely one for the nostalgia buffs to go all gooey-eyed recalling those wonderful teenage lager days & John Peel nights at the turn of the decade.

Always producing melodic yet primitive slices of angry young pop that oozed charm but ultimately perhaps lacked 'chart' ambition. Martyn Bates & Pete Becker seemed happier in concert, staging their own versions of the Nights of The Long Macs for the massed ranks of 'angst in their pants' student brigades. Which is a shame, as I for one would have liked to see them aim at something higher, which this set shows they were perfectly capable of.

With another nail in the vinyl coffin, the cassette version of this album also includes the hard to find '81 'Caught In Flux' lp completely free for your further listening pleasure. (AB)

CRASS 'Best Before 1984' lp (Crass Records)

David Attenborough can be dimly seen in the morning mist that decorates Epping. Behind him we can see dim (some extremely dim), dark characters wandering forlornly around their pea settlement; the proclivity of their runner beans of no great cheer to them. For these people are Crass, all of them incredibly crass. Inedible Crass they are, a long forgotten breed who claimed, somewhat piously, to have 'INVENTED Punk', a similarly long forgotten mutant strain of noise.

They are a timid breed, prone to much display aurally, in a proud defense of their defensive beliefs. They were anarchists and things of great compliance. They became experts in tea-making and not much else, for all their inventiveness. They became fusty, in that irrelevant way of theirs, so hopelessly misjudged in their approach that when the noise had become unpalatable, they realised they hadn't adjusted fast enough, & their partially middle-class lying and posing had left them stranded. The mashing, gnashing sound here should not be smirched in any way by the their current worthlessness, but like a weapon that becomes superseded by something deadlier, it has no place in anyone's world view. It was an extra guide to living rather than just music. It once took the place of a drug. Unfortunately, around the time they released 'Yes Sir, I Will', instead of changing & providing a genuinely NEW AGE music, they wallowed in their own brand, their own trademark. Such gleeful contradictions, from the rebels who sent their children to private schools, sorry, 'special' schools (There's such a difference). One of them even went secretly into the village to eat his pork pies, but that's another, remarkably dull, story.

A colour sleeve. Well, well, well! Photos on the back they must be making one of their poorly conceived 'jokes'. (So misunderstood!). If they're trying to 'play the game', any game, it's too late, but you can bet they're wondering where the next influx of cash is coming from. They might

have to try & get jobs, like everyone else.

Time has ticked by too far for these tics. And that's what they are. Complete fucking parasites.

DESTROY! (MM)

PRIMEVALS 'I Saw My Name (Written On A Tombstone)' 7" (Greasy Pop Records)

Australian, raucous, wonderfully bitter, and an agile taste of better things to come. (MM)

HEIBEL YEAH, EVERYTHING'S GREAT LP

Amazingly enough, folks, I hadn't heard of this lot either and I was swayed into purchase by the pictures of them going mental on the LP cover. Anyway, this is as fast as anything and the metal influences are kept to an absolute minimum (one dodgy riff), production is okay but adequately demonstrates the bands enthusiasm and potential. There are a couple of really irritating lead breaks that would be better off on some teenybop LP but, overall, this is a very strong release from this Dutch quintet and I can't wait for more. On COR, of course. (Jeremy)

£4.50 COR Records/Box 333/37 Stokes Croft/
Bristol/BS2 3PY

L'A'RM STRAIGHT ON VIEW LP

Another totally awesome release, of course, consisting of one side studio, one side live. I think the live side is marginally stronger for catching the bands devastating intensity but this doesn't mean that the studio is poor. Best track is 'No One Can Be That Dumb' for it's sheer velocity, which also appears as their EP, but all the tracks are of a high standard. Absolutely brilliant. (Jeremy)

One Step Ahead/1716 Ocean Ave./Box 5L/
S.F./CA. 94112

SKIN . One Thousand Years . (Product Inc.)

I'm sure most of you will know already, but just incase I'll mention to begin with that Skin are infact Michael Gira and Jarboe from New York band, the Swans. But that's as far as any connections go, because the total onslaught of the Swans has been replaced by something completely different. Instead of the regular guitars/drums, the instrumentation consists of violins, cellos, and pianos, and this, their first release, includes vocals by Jarboe only. Definately just as emotive as the Swans, even if it doesn't require deafening volume to be fully appreciated. I'm not too sure who it's going to appeal to, but it's worth hearing if you get a chance. Future releases are supposedly 'imminent', so we should be hearing a lot more about this band. (AP)

THE WEDDING PRESENT 'My Favourite Dress' 7" (Recommended)

Almost unbelievably, this song allows both drums and bass to share the limelight, with a distinct absence of the expected guitar sandstorms. It's powerful as Hell still, but strangely cute, emphasising their need for variety because 'Every Mother's Son' & 'Never Said', which gyrate on the flip are faster but not as insistent. So there, you hungry buggers. (MM)

'LAST PLAIN' 7" ep (Wounded Knee)

Three bands, DEVIL NATION taking up the leading side, and AN AMAZING MACHINE and SHI-AN REBELS lashed to the other. D.N have two tracks on display, 'Night Dance' being the more outstanding but still in the same stadium-goth-rock destined league as 'Vice & Virtue' before it. They do at least appear to be more level-minded than U2 and The Cult, anyway.

An Amazing Machine, however, are a different kettle of fish altogether, with chunky bass, backing tape incorporation, and unimpressive voice, on their 'Lash The Bleeding Nation', which strikes me of being slightly student-ish.

'Garden of Eden', by the turd band, is a repetitive doldrum lacking in everything but a realm of cliches, as the inspiring title may suggest. (LM)

CHIEFS OF RELIEF 'Weekend' 7" (WEA)

"It's out of sight, it ain't UPTIGHT!" In which messrs Ashman & Greig (BWWow/Antz/Martian Dance), Burman (?) and Cook (a little something called the Sex Pistols) go for one last, painfully serious grab for success; uplifting in a superior Bucks Fizz manner. (MM)

PORTION CONTROL 'Psycho-Bod Saves The World' lp (Dead M's Curve)

Independent electronic albums can be pretty dreary affairs on occasion, but this record injects a much needed splash of colour into the medium, from the front cover inwards.

Musically, an electro-hybrid of SSS, BAD, and UK Subs (with a little Depeche Mode thrown in for good measure), Portion Control have in fact been developing & refining their pop cut-up sound ever since their first record releases back in 1982.

Perhaps wrongly lumped in with the austere vanguard of industrial dance chic that rose briefly in 1983, the Portion's have always held their tongues firmly in their cheek, & that humorous streak comes across on numerous occasions throughout this highly entertaining lp.

A little bird tells me that this group are about to sign a new major deal, which doesn't surprise me, as they have a lot of hitherto untapped commercial potential as well as proven selling ability. Perhaps, under harness, they will also be made to drop the somewhat corny 'guerilla style' sleeve notes, which may well be meant as an integral part of their wacky sense of humour but must put off countless potential newcomers to their music. Don't let it put you off..... (AB)

DISAPPOINTED A FEW PEOPLE 'Dead In Love' lp (P.I.A.Sam)

More electronics, but nice & unhealthy, which makes it all the more worthwhile. Hammer-force rhythms creating a tension that rarely breaks. Brilliant title, too, methinks. File under 'Dangerous'. (RH)

LEGENDARY PINK DOTS 'Island Of Jewels' lp (Play It Again Sam)

I've quite liked some of their material in the past, but this is absolutely dire. This time round, it's a trip down memory lane armed with today's technology to produce some mind-numbingly dull works that do little to turn any Pink Floyd (Early Seventies period) comparisons away. No doubt, pretty enjoyable if being stimulated by psychedelic substances as well, but it's more fun kickin' hippy ass. Much more fun. (LM)

SHREW KINGS 'Green Eyed Kid' 7" (Thin Sliced Recs)

Wellll...it sounds disturbingly close to London Wainright but a bit more poke to it. Loud with neat gunfire midway and roughly thrilling. (MM)

GODS FAVOURITE DOG comp lp (Touch & Go)

Offering: Butthole Surfers, Killdozer, Scratch Acid, Hose, Happy Flowers, & Big Black. Mostly unreleased stuff that I'd recommend to collectors of American NOISE especially, but also to those in need of a tasty introduction to such music as well. Wonderful. (RH)

CONCRETE SOX/HERESY LP MOSH 002

The mark of British Hardcore seems to be it's total and unwavering seriousness. Almost fanatical in it's endeavours to make people 'aware' (a few exceptions- Stupids, Bad Dress Sense and Hellbastard) Concrete Sox are a fair example- this is politics with a capital P. Songs about Socialism/Communism, Americas rape of the Third World and being a bit on the apathetic side of awareness. Taking time off only to slag an old S.O.D. song. Guess which one. Musically better than their previous 'Your Turn Next' LP, with better production (you can now hear the guitar).

Heresy are a faster kettle of fish, altogether. The songs have more of an individual quality- 'Nausea' is just a smidgen too long though. The first three tracks blast out at an amazing pace, but after 'Nausea' it doesn't seem to completely get back on it's feet. John's (ex Concrete Sox drummer) vocals could have been a touch louder as well, but all in all a fine release at a decent price. (Boss)

D.R.I. CROSSOVER DEATH 72201-1

I, personally, think that the crossover started with 'Dealing With It' and has now virtually reached the other side. This album is in my (widely acclaimed) opinion, very metal. Not many short 'uns on this one either. 'Five Year Plan' starts it all off, (I can really relate to this one) and along with 'Put 'E' Games', which have both been previously released on a Death Records compilation, are the best tracks. Then there's the brilliant 'Tear It Down', 'Go Die' (a few barbs there) and 'No Religion'. The whole album is a total blinder from start to lock-groove. Like some massive tank machine with some unknown, but important purpose- thundering along until it finally grinds to a crashing halt with 'Abolition'.

'People run rabid
from the great blast
the beast is upon us
it's here at last'

...and it's called 'Crossover'. (BOSS)
I must first explain that this is BOSS's LP and I am reviewing it at a single listen before he takes it home again and tenderly nestles it to his extensive record collection with a sigh of satisfaction (sorry BOSS). Anyway, I can only write my first impressions on 'Crossover'. OK-Well, the cover is a bit unexciting- a chrome D.R.I. logo on what looks like a stone plinth with two skulls. Inside: lyric sheet with collage of pix.

I didn't find this LP as original as 'Dealing With It' (the last LP) certainly it seems to veer towards a more metal-influenced style (double bass drums, riffy guitars). There are some good tracks, but unfortunately they are in the minority. I mean, it's not bad or anything, I just preferred the hardcore style D.R.I. They were brilliant at that, whereas with this LP they are just not so good at being a bit metal. (D.R.)

(Pigswill's)

BUTTHOLE SURFERS-Locust Abortion Technician lp
DEVO-Men Who Make The Music (bootleg)
BLACK FLAG-Slip It In
FLIPPER-Public Flipper Limited lp
WIRE-Ahead/Snakedrill ep's
PERFECT DAZE-Bubblegum
SLAYER-Reign In Blood lp
ADRENALIN OD-Whisky Hi-Jinks
DEAD KENNEDYS-Frankenchrist lp
JOHN SEX-Hustle With My Muscle 12"
SUICIDAL TENDENCIES-1st lp

(BOSS's)

VOIVOD-Killing Technology lp
VERBAL ABUSE-Rocks Your Lives lp
WIRE-Ahead 12"
SLAYER-Reign In Blood lp
CORROSION OF CONFORMITY-Technocracy lp
D.R.I.-Crossover lp
WISEBLOOD-Dirt Dish lp
LYDIA LUNCH-Hysteria dbl.lp
DARK ANGEL-Darkness Descends lp
THE ANTI GROUP-Sht mini-lp
BAD BRAINS-I Against I lp
SEX PISTOLS-Sweden (dbl.boot) lp
YOUNG GODS-The Irrtum Boys 12" (B-side)
EATER-The Album lp
GOVERNMENT ISSUE-Legless Bull ep

SCRATCH ACID 'Beserker' lp (Fundamental)

Yet more ugly Americans coming to these shores and branding the nation with HOPE. Well, a hope that we'll now, heads bowed in shame, turn to their more imaginative, grease-grimed and gritty approaches, leastways. Six offerings here that come over as a return to the raucous and the sinister, as finely displayed on the first, self-titled mini lp, but limped on the last 'Just Keep Eating', although with a little more sheen. The lyrics are worth a noting as well...Sick words, or sick subject matter? (RH)

RUBELLA BALLET 'If' lp (Ubiquitous)

Whether the world actually needs a R.Ballet lp is definitely debatable, but here it is anyway. Whilst very effective & sprucely energetic in parts, with some finely boned guitar & mobile drums, the occasional fetid blast of their lethargic past, in the form of windblown vocals, lets it down too often to bear. They should stick to singles, it'd be much more pleasant. (MM)

PERFECT DAZE . Bubblegum 7" & 12" . (Vinyl Solution Records.)

Well, as the British weather decides firmly to remain winter for ever more, up pops one of the best Summer records ever, just dying to get played at full volume outside in glorious sunshine whilst you idly your time away on a speeding board (surf or skate!) Perfect Daze idly....Bubblegum is like the Ramones at their carefree best, and are brilliant....wipes shit all over 90% of the current indie releases...buy this record or die the death of a thousand anorak bands! (AP)

REVOLTING COCKS 'You Often Forget' 12" (Waxtrax)

Another collaboration project, this time ensnaring Belgian, Luc Van Acker, a Ministry, a Front 242, and one of The Blackouts. The result is a pulverising, insalubrious dance record, designed to grind those hips beautifully in full, insane manner. Niteclub ATTACK as it should be. (RH)

HURRAH! 'Sweet Sanity' 7" (Arista/Kitchenware)

Hurrah! at their most hopelessly addictive with poppiness & noisiness thrown together like insane lovers. You simply cannot do without it. (MM)

PLAYLISTS

(Jeremy's)

BEYOND POSSESSION-Is Beyond Possession lp
BEYOND POSSESSION-Tell-Tale Heart ep
CORROSION OF CONFORMITY-Technocracy ep
VOIVOD-Killing Technology lp
LARM-Straight On View lp
VERBAL ABUSE-Rocks Your Liver lp
SEPULTRA-Morbid Visions lp
DOWN SYNDROME-ep (again!)
CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER-Convicted lp
HERESY-side of split lp
IMPULSE MANSLAUGHTER-Burn One Naked And Nuke It ep
HEIBEL-Yeah! Everything's Great! lp
INSTED-demo
SLAYER-Reign In Blood lp
LEEWAY-Tracks from 'Live It Live' tape.

(Richo's)

BREAKING CIRCUS-The Ice Machine lp
WISEBLOOD-Stumbo 12"
AUSGANG-Los Descamisados mini-lp
BUTTHOLE SURFERS-Locust Abortion Technician lp
THE SLITS-Peel Sessions 12"
7 SECONDS-The Crew lp
CHROME-The Lyon Concert lp
REVOLTING COCKS-Big Sexy Land lp
BASTARD KESTRELS-demo
BIG BLACK-Atomiser lp
THE CURE-Japanese Dream 12" (B-side)
J.A.M.S.-All You Need Is Love (banned) 12"
FLIPPER-Gone Fishin' lp
BLONDIE-Parallel Lines lp
WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES-Hotsy Girl 12"

THESE ARE THE REMAINS... KNITTED
DARTER BY THEIR RESILIENT
FLESH...

TIPTOE THRU THE MINE FIELD cassette

I was recently given a tape of 25 songs by a new local band called 'Tiptoe Thru The Mine Field'. All songs are very JAMC influenced. Indeed, the only covers on the tape are JAMC tracks. The songs range from the terrible 'Dead', which is little more than a mess of annoying & complacent feedback, through the absurd, such as 'I'm Waiting For The Sheep', a pisstake of The VU's 'Sunday Morning', no less, to more competent tracks such as 'Zone'. This is a much more structured song than most of the others, alike a very good cover of 'In A Hole', in which they change the tune slightly & in my mind, improve the song. Definitely a bag of mixed nuts, this tape, & I think if they stopped using quite so much feedback & got a drummer, rather than simple beatbox, they could have a lot of potential as a very powerful band.

...Paul Fuzzhead...

Write to: Paul Fuzzhead, 7 Clifton Gdns,
Canterbury, Kent. CT2 8DR. He will subsequently
pass on any mail to the band, hokay?!

JIM JIMINEE / COLBERT HAMILTON (BLACK ELVIS 2000) - Marquee.

I think I've already sent Rich a Jim Jiminee review but it was a while ~~ago~~ ago now and the brain isn't what it was (His that is, not mine). But just in case, a band well worth seeing if you don't mind a total absence of black lather, jagged hairstyles and a doomy disposition. Jim Jiminee move and groove, inside suits, and similarly rakish vestments, with a bizarre mixture of sax and keyboards and possibly the finest drummer currently beating his kit senseless in the whole wide land! They manage to convey a frisky feel with a peculiar turn of lyrical phrase when you can hear them. Be prepared to be unprepared.

Colbert is a different kettle of haircream. He tries hard to sell us the updated Elvis look, thrusting his buttocks skywards, molesting the floor and generally acting the prat-part, but I can't see anyone smashing records on tv over this. The rock'n'roll sound lacks authenticity, being overshadowed by a blurring 80's bass and the distractions are too many for us to concentrate on the would-be star in our midst. When the noise is at its crankiest and they're mofe of a band it works best, which only complicates his problem.

The way things stand (feet apart, thighs trembling), there isn't too much point seeing them.

MICK.

vAguE

vague

VAGUE

VAGUE: CONTROL DATA MANUAL.
Issues 18/19. £2.00 plus large sae (about
a 50p stamp) from Tom Vague, 7B, Everling
Rd, Stoke Newington, London. N16.

As any of you suss enough to have got his last 'Psychoterrorist Scrapbook', last time round, will realise, this is not the Vague of old. This is something deeper & thereby not as much fun. Don't think of it as something to dip into for ENTERTAINMENT. Think of it as a lesson, but only to be used as a springboard for further investigations. Tom does the groundwork for you. You have to steal your own diploma.

I think Tom will need to resort to something less brain-squeezing next time or he'll end up in a mental ward somewhere, imagining that the world's problems are on his shoulders. The opening to this new Vague has all the usual guile and charm, it's just when you go through it that you wonder if he's got sandbags round the windows & a peephole in the door. Not to mention Armalite cutlery.

Anyway, you get virtually 150 pages of 'impress your friends' terminology which crosses many (international) borders. Such as.....

PLAGIARISM, VIDEO DROME/Muzak...bending of the mind...Police weaponry...manufacturers check list...hilarious Situationist jokers...

Sex As Commodity...Terrorism & the State, and why does Gadaffi look like Ted Rogers with The Perm That Ate Indianapolis?

Suddenly, conspiracy theories escape from under Tom's bed & wrap themselves around your face like a frightened octopus, with an eye on the hidden organisations and the

Bildeberg Meetings (sure to interest Zodiac Mindwarp fans). Unfortunately, this bit is a trifle boring. (Much snoring).

The Trilateral Commission is better, and of course, Tom slaps the Freemason's wrists (Perry and James excepted), gets overheated with Ripperology again, The Mafia, ILLUMINATI (worth the cover price alone for this), then there's occult roots of Nazism, plenty of convivial anti-American politician work, Monty Cantsin, Ron L Hubbard, Subgenius Cult, Reagan, patently unreadable tosh about The Prisoner, and Subliminals. And you thought the price was a bit high at first. The price is high whatever you do. At least with this you get about a month's worth of depression and intrigue. Tom needs to go to a few gigs I reckon, or he'll turn into an obsessive old hippy. In two Vague issues he's eaten away at more things than your average person does in a lifetime. This alone makes the pages bulge with the old thriller & you get to feel dreadfully hip about things into the bargain. Nothing about Wham's tour of China though. (MM)

Nothing
is
NEW
Everything
is
permiss-
able

The Fall

THE DREAM OF A

The Fall

Some four years ago, a rather naive Pig (let) swill did his first ever proper interview, with, of all groups, the Fall. A rather daunting task, some would say, as Mark hasn't exactly got the best of reputations as far as interviewers are concerned. However, the outcome proved to be far more successful, Mark was very friendly, helpful and informative, and the interview came out pretty well.

Well, four years on, as I've said, and things in the Fall camp have changed a great deal. The two drum line up was dropped long ago, original member Karl Burns left to form his own group, various members have been drafted in and out, and, most notably, Brix has begun to take a far greater role in the group (the original interview had, in fact, coincided with his first London appearance with the band.) On the business side of things, the band also signed with Beggars Banquet, a deal which has effectively made them much more available to the public. Of course, this move was met with cries of 'sell out' from the supposed indie elite, but with their second album for Beggars, the excellent 'This Nations Saving Grace', the Fall successfully quietened all these critics by proving that greater success hadn't totally wired them at all, and that they could still produce some of the harshest music around.

With these changes taken into account, a second Fall interview seemed like an interesting idea, so when the opportunity arose, we jumped at it. The Fall were due to play at Folkestone on a tour up the coast, their forthcoming 'Bend Sinister' tour, so various phone calls were made to arrange another meeting. Again, Mark was very helpful, and friendly, and accompanied by several cans of Special Brew, the interview began....

The recent departure of Karl Burns means that Mark is now the only original member of the band still there, and a lot of people would have it that he runs The Fall as a veritable artistic dictatorship. So, does he really have a monopoly on the material?

"I suppose I could call myself a sort of quality control, like Brix writes a few lines, like 'Godbox' was, most of her lyrics from a totally different song which I picked out and used. It's never occurred to me to get anyone else in for writing. I help out with the music, I can't really play guitar, but I can write on it, like."

"Well, it's like, with an L.P. you've got to evaluate producers, cos when we did the single (LIVING TOO LATE) I just argued with John Leckie all the time cos I didn't like what he was trying to do. I mean, I'm really pleased with it now but when we were recording it I'd wanted it recorded different, and I thought John was trying to get it to sound like something off of 'This Nations Saving Grace'. So, we sorta stopped doing it and started all over again, and argued our way all through it. And we're mates again now!"

Do they still suffer delays between having the material ready to record and actually being able to release it?

"It's still a bit like that, but it's not as restrained as it was. I mean, with Rough Trade, there was a six month gap between having the songs ready and finally getting the L.P. out. I still think that the stuff should get out sooner, but it's not too bad, only like a month or so overdue."

Fall albums tend to display striking contrasts to their predecessors in terms of both material and presentation. Was this due rather to a natural (albeit fast) progression of ideas, sometimes, perhaps, emphasised by recording restrictions rather than any deliberate intentions?

"Well, it's exactly what you just said there, it's what comes first, ain't it. That's why I think our records are good, cos once something becomes routine we go another way, we get fed up of it. I think one L.P. of one style is enough, not that I'm saying you should deliberately throw off everything that you've been working on, which is what some groups do. They'll release four L.P.s of interchangeable stuff, then they'll go crazy and do some outrageous thing like nothing they've done before, and that doesn't work either."

A lot of bands make a fuss about the various restrictions that they have supposedly have to face with their respective record labels, often bewailing the fact that with independent the distribution isn't good enough or that they don't get enough control if they are on a major label. Since the Fall had had a very wide experience of indie labels, did they find it very different to be on a more successful label like Beggars Banquet?

"Well, what does 'independent' mean.... things are just the same, but a bit more efficient.... did you see the thing where they've kicked Beggars Banquet and all their bands out of the indie charts? They're not allowed in the indie charts anymore cos only, like, three quarters of the distribution is independent, and that's just fucking ridiculous. I mean, for instance, The Fall, we still sell through most independent shops.... I like Beggars cos they're half and half, they supply indie shops and they supply proper shops which is the way it ought to be. It sorta makes me

SLANG King

MOUS

LOATHSOME
Victim
REVEALED BY

Oh! Brother
The Fall
GOD-BOX

sick, this thing now is that they just want to eliminate all competition that sells more than 50 records, and that's crazy, it's just gonna stagnate everything. It's putting a lot of bands like us in no mans' land. I was never a big fan of the indie scene; But I think it's bad for bands just starting out more than anything, I think they get a kick out of it, well, I know I did, like, if you were at 29, and someone like Elvis Costello was at 21, y'know, that's good. It was so erratic, it didn't reflect sales but, y'know, you were in the same scene, and that's what's bad about it now. What's the difference between a band that sells 500 and a band that sells 100, y'know, it's very shopkeeper mentality, it could only happen in Britain. If it was the other way around, if E.M.I. ganged up on the fucking independants you'd soon hear about it. The thing I hate about it is that it's destroying itself, now a band has either got the choice of starving to death or signing with a major corporate, that's what they've brought it down to. And most of the labels don't care if the bands are starving to death so long as they get their wage cheques at the end of the week..."

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Why did he think it was that certain members of the music press were content to label The Fall, and Mark himself particularly, as being a fairly awkward band to interview, especially as they do have a pretty good reputation on being responsive to fanzines?

"Well, there's a lot of people who write for a living who have got nothing to say, and who can't 'write'. I mean, if someone's getting, like, £250 a week to write about music, it must be the greatest job going out, and what annoys me about most of 'em is that they know less than me, and that's what annoys them about me, hahaha!!! Y'know, I know these twots were into Genesis and that when I was into the Velvets, and that's something I rub up against.... it depends what they want to talk about. Like, usually, if they're professional, I mean, I can tell you're not professional, y'know, not saying that you're bad at it, but it's like, with professionals, and this is the same with a lot of musicians, they end up talking out of their arses, and you can't just turn around to them and say "Oh, this song is fucking great, twang! "Too many of them are just like old women, they need to know why somethings good, they can't just enjoy it. And I hate it when people start saying "Oooerrrr, you can't play", which is what we always used to get, all these hairies coming up to us in the street saying "Punk rock can't fucking play guitars", so we'd just say, "Yeah, well..."

Since the Fall had started at the same time as the early Manchester punk scene, did he think that it had played an important role in their development?

"We were unconnected really... I'm not going to say that it was a coincidence and we had it all planned anyway cos we didn't, it was just that we were playing cos of that scene, and I can still remember feeling really alienated from it. I mean, the feeling was mutual though, cos punks used to hate us when we played with the Buzzcocks. What I hated at the time was that it wasn't what I thought was 'punk'. I mean, I'm no musical smart brain, but my idea of punk was sorta snotty, cheap sounding bands, and what you got was like The Police, y'know, just rock music speeded up, which really pissed me off no end. It was like The Buzzcocks, it took them ages to get signed up, and everyone else was getting signed up left, right and centre, people like the Vibrators, crappy old cabaret heavy metal bands who'd had their hair cut."

What did he think was more important, for music to be just entertainment, or for bands to try out more experimental ideas?

"It depends what you mean by entertainment. I like to be entertained. Some people find things like Beethoven entertaining. I think it would be a horrible world if there was no, like, Stockhausen, no Fall, or no people who would experiment. I mean, I've said this before, a lot of the problem with music is that it's too fucking easy for a lot of people, like Sigue Sigue Sputnik are actually proving it. It's obviously people like that who only want music as entertainment who treat it like that, and benefit from it. I don't make so called complicated music, I think our music is, like, 40% old fashioned. But theres millions of possibilities with it, and that's what's great about it. Just to go "Oh, we're a band so therefore we need machine B and write lyrics that people remember", they're doing themselves more harm than anybody else, they're cheating themselves. I say good luck to 'em, but it's always those people who'll get at us. I only ever get bitter about it when I get overdraft demands, haha! But most of the time I don't even give it a thought, y'know, so and so got £3 million, I mean, if we got £3 million we'd be dead in a fortnight drinking ourselves stupid!!! The thing about Sigue Sigue Sputnik that I find interesting is, like, in an interview in I.D., they really do take themselves seriously as a cultural force, y'know, the fact that they think that doing the Clockwork Orange bit is really cool, but y'know I was into that when I was 14, every one in my class at school was! I think that's showing their age a bit. And all this about commercials is quite old hat, really. It's just all bits of stuff, like, stackheel shoes and arseless pants, I mean, Michael Clark did that three years ago. It's all hilarious, they take it so seriously. That's what I hated about Frankie Goes To Hollywood, I really hate that sort of intellectual pretension, y'know. It's like, a few old books from a library and anyone with a smattering of reading can pinch bits out of it. They're diluding themselves."

The Fall

How did the gig with the Damned at Finsbury Park (at the time of this interview still a month away) come about?

"We always find it hard to get work in the Summer cos we're banned from all these silly festivals and CND festivals and things like that, and we wanted to play out in the open. I thought it was nice of the Damned to ask us, it was a real surprise. I like the idea of playing in front of a load of punks who hate your guts, y'know, it's quite good.....once in a while, haha! It's sorta more interesting, it's not much fun to do, but sometimes it's a good laugh. I mean, I like doing things when you're not the main band, it sounds silly but it's quite funny. We were gonna get on that Milton Keynes thing, but we bottled out of it. But we thought that would be funny, going on in ~~front~~ front of, like, 9 million Simple Minds fans."

Is there a great deal of unreleased Fall material?

"There's not a great amount, there's just some songs that don't get released cos they're in the wrong place at the wrong time, and there's no room for them. They're usually long songs, like Backdrop was like 18 minutes and Words of expectation was about 10 minutes. I still draw on them a lot, y'know, take lyrics out of them for something else. I think it's great that people still get to know songs like that and are still interested in them."

Is there any pressure from Beggars to get the band to make promotional videos, since Mark has previously been reported as saying that he hated the idea of making them?

"I don't hate doing them, it's just that we've never done a promo video, that's all. I hate the idea that you can't get on T.V. without all that shit, but that doesn't matter too much to us. But, like, when we went to Australia, we were playing in front of loads of people, but we got no mentions on T.V. cos we didn't have any promo videos and the film we gave them they reckoned was substandard. Y'know, they'd give 10 minutes to some dicks who'd just signed a deal for some old Bowie rip off that won't even sell, and you've never seen 'em before or since, and they can't be bothered to even announce our dates cos we ~~ai~~ ain't got a video. That's just fucking stupid."

Have you any interest in writing books.

"I've had a few shots at writing a book, but I think you've got to be pretty old to write a book; really good novels tend to be written by either quite young blokes, y'know, early twenties, or by much more mature people. Also, after about a month of writing a book, surely you must lose your bearings. That's the great thing about writing for a group, y'see, it's not like you're just sat there looking at these fucking words on the paper all the time, when after three months it might be a load of crap, cos you can't really tell until something is finished. Nowadays we're living in an age where a lot of the best selling books are written on word processing machines, and they're not much more than just chunks of information bolted together."



How did the collaboration with contemporary ballet star Michael Clark come about.

"He approached us cos he was a Fall fan.....we've been talking about, well, what he wants to do and what I think would be pretty good is getting both bits, like, us playing live, while they do their thing, on a few one offs. What I'm actually doing now is writing a play, which I'd like the band to do as a musical. There is a theme to it that would fit into about seven or eight songs ~~we~~ we've done, which I won't reveal just yet, cos that might be bad luck, like! But I'd rather put that on this Autumn than go out

and do a long string of concerts. I mean, I'd like to still do concerts, but also try this to get away from it. Not cos it bores me or anything, but just to try something different, y'know, instead of doing an hour show, do an hour musical. It appeals to my sense of humour, nobody would think of us doing it."

At this point, due to unfortunately unavoidable problems, the interview had to be abruptly ended. The following months were to see the release of the 'Domesday Pay Off' trilogy of singles, and the successful album, 'Bend Sinister'. 1986 ended for the band with the eventual staging of Marks' musical, entitled 'Hey Luciani', at London's Riverside Studios. It ran for two weeks and also proved to be a success. ~~XX~~ I haven't got a clue what their plans for 1987 are, but you can rest assured that whatever they come up with will be different and imaginative.

Just so that any one into The Fall who's bought this issue can be sure of getting value for money, I've decided to waste an entire afternoon to write out as complete a Fall discography as I can manage. I'm not going to bother reeling off about all the import versions of various LPs you can buy for extortionate prices in Virgin unless they contain material that is unavailable on domestic British release (e.g. the two import 'live' albums.) Likewise, I'll only mention compilation LPs etc that they appear on if the tracks included are exclusive to that release. This is gonna take me long enough as it is, withing messing about with all that kinda stuff, so no complaints, please!!!

Ahhh, well, here we go, starting with the singles.....

PSYCHO MAFIA / BINGO MASTER / REPETITION : Step Forward Rcds. , 1978.
 IT'S THE NEW THING / VARIOUS TIMES : Step Forward Rcds. , 1978.
 ROCHE RUMBLE / IN MY AREA : Step Forward Rcds. , 1979.
 MERRY JACK / 2nd DARK AGE / PSYKICK DANCEHALL : Step Forward Rcds. , 1980.
this was released in two slightly different picture covers, tho'
I'm not too sure which was the original pressing. The cover
design itself is the same on both, but one is only black and
white, whilst the other also includes some bright yellow shading
on the front picture.
 HOW I WROTE ELASTIC MAN / CITY HOBGOBLINS : Rough Trade , 1980.
 TOTALLY WIRED / PUTTA BLOCK : Rough Trade , 1980.
again, two slightly different picture covers exist for this
release. The original had the centre hole cut out to show the
actual record label, whilst a later re issue did not. The b-side,
it is also worth noting, is subtitled 'Forthcoming none selections
from the next LP', and features, both before and after 'PuttaBlock'
brief live snippets of 'The North Will Rise Again', 'Roche Rumble',
and 'Cary Grants Wedding.'
 LIE DREAM OF A CASINO SOUL / FANTASTIC LIFE : Kamera Rcds. , 1981.
 MARQUIS CHA CHA / ROOM TO LIVE : Kamera Rcds. , 1982 (?)
a bit of a strange one is this. A seven inch single that was
supposed to have been released in 1982, but never actually made
it into proper circulation. According to Mark Smith; 'We were in
Australia, and the record company did a dirty on us and pressed
'em up wrong.....' A few copies did actually get onto the
market a year or so later.....'cos the company went bankrupt
and sold, like, 500, to pay the bill! Both the record cover and
the label state that the b side is 'Papal Visit' when it is in
fact 'Room to Live'. All these tracks were made properly available
on the 'Room to Live' lp.
 LOOK, KNOW / I'M INTO C.B. : Kamera Rcds. , 1982.
 THE MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED / LUDD GANG : Rough Trade , 1983.
 KICKER CONSPIRACY / WINGS / NEW PURITAN / CONTAINER DRIVERS; Rough Trade, 1983
issued as a double single package in a gatefold sleeve, retailing
for £1.99. Both 'New Puritan' and 'Container Drivers' came from
a 1980 John Peel Session.
 OH! BROTHER. / GO! BOX : Beggars Banquet , 1984.
 OH! BROTHER / O! BROTHER / GO! BOX ; 12" of above single.
 CREEP / PAT TRIP DISPENSER : Beggars Banquet , 1984.
 CREEP (remix) / PAT TRIP DISPENSER / CREEP ; 12" of above single.
the 12" of 'Creep' was also available as a limited edition on
'creepy green vinyl', and an even more limited amount also
included a free poster print of the cover artwork.
 DRAYGO'S GUILT / CLEAR OFF! / NO BULBS : Beggars Banquet , 1984.
12" only release, which included a free 7" single (see below).
'Clear Off!' also includes Gavin Friday from the Virgin Prunes
on additional vocals.
 SLANG KING / NO BULBS (short version) ; see above single.
 COULDN'T GET AHEAD / ROLLIN' DANNY ; Beggars Banquet , 1985.
 COULDN'T GET AHEAD / ROLLIN' DANNY / PETTY THIEF LOU ; 12" of above single.
 CRUISERS CREEK / L.A. : Beggars Banquet , 1985.
7" single, but both tracks play at 33rpm.
 CRUISERS CREEK / VIXEN / L.A. : 12" of above single.
 LIVING TOO LATE / HOT AFTERSHAVE BOP / LIVING TOO LONG ; Beggars Banquet, 1986
available only on 12".
 MR PHARMACIST / LUCIFER OVER LANCASHIRE : Beggars Banquet , 1986.
 MR PHARMACIST / LUCIFER OVER LANCASHIRE / AUTOTECH PILOT ; 12" of above single.
 HEY! LUCIANI / ENTITLED ; Beggars Banquet , 1986.
 HEY! LUCIANI / ENTITLED / SHOULDER PADS ; 12" of above single.

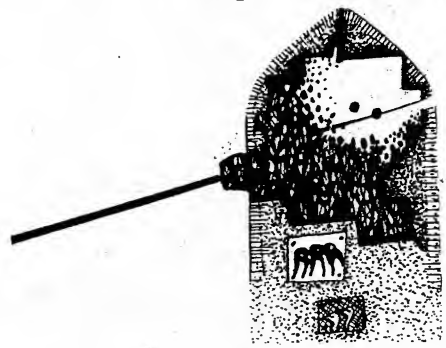
The Fall



Righto, me hearties! Now we go all the way back to the beginning, to do the business on the album front...

LIVE AT THE WITCH TRIALS : Step Forward Rcds. , 1979.
 ...Frightened/Crap Rap 2/Like to Blow/Rebellious Jukebox/No Xmas for John
 ...Quays/Mother Sister/Industrial Estate/Underground Medecin/Two Steps Back/
 ...Live at the Witch Trials/Futures and Pasts/Music Scene.
 DRAGNET : Step Forward Rcds. , 1979.
 ...Psykick Dancehall/A Figure Walks/Printhead/Dice Man/Before the Moon Falls/
 ...Your Heart Out/Muzerewi's Daughter/Flat of Angles/Choc Stock/Spectre vs.
 ...Rector/Put Away.
came with information insert.

The Fall



The Fall



Bingo-Master
Break-Out!

The Fall



LIE DREAM OF A

Cash

S O U

the Fall

FISH N HIPS

A. OLD BROTHER
B. GOD BOX

TOTALS TURNS ; Rough Trade , 1980.

...Intro/Fiery Jack/Roche Rumble/Muzerewi's Daughter/In My Area/Choc Stock/
...Spectre Vs. Rector/Cary Grants' Wedding/That Man/New puritan/No Xmas for
...John Quays.

.....Live album recorded at various Lancastrian locations between
.....October '79 & February 1980.

GROTESQUE(AFTER THE GRAMME) ; Rough Trade , 1980.

...Pay your Rates/English Scheme/New Face in Hell/Cash 'n' Carry-Stop
...Mithering/Container Drivers/Impression of J.Temperance/In the Park/
...WMC,Blob 59/Gramme Friday/The North Will Rise Again.

EARLY YEARS ; Step Forward Rcds. , 1981.

...Repetition3Bingo Masters Breakout/Psycho Mafia/Various Times/It's the
...New Thing/Roche Rumble/In My Area/Dice Man/Psykick Dancehall/Second
...Dark Age/Fiery Jack.

.....retrospective compilation of early Fall material.

SLATES : Rough Trade , 1981.

...Middle Mass/An Older Lover/Frole Art Threat/Fit and Working Again/
...Slates,Slags,etc./Leave the Capital.

.....10" mini album,sold for 'Two Pounds Only'.

LIVE IN LONDON ; Chaos Cassettes ; 1982.

...Crap Rap/English Scheme/New Face in Hell/That Man/? /Male Slags/Gramme
...Friday/Container Drivers/Jawbone & the Air Rifle/In The Park/Sex/Leave
...The Capital/Spectre Vs.Rector/Pay Your Rates/Impression of J.Temperance.
.....Limited edition(4000 only,each numbered) official live cassette.

.....Track listing contains several errors ; 'Crap Rap' is in fact

.....'Middle Mass';the untitled track marked '?' is 'An Older Lover';

.....'Male Slags' is 'Slates';'In the Park' & 'Sex'are actually the

.....same track,for some reason referred to twice.

HEX ENDUCTION HOUR : Kamera Rcds. , 1982.

...The Classical/Jawbone & the Air Rifle/Hip Priest/ Fortress/Deer Park/
...Mere Pseud Mag Editor/WinterPt.One/Winter Pt.Two/Just Step Sideways/
...Who Makes the Nazis/Iceland/And this Day...

ROOM TO LIVE : Kamera Rcds. , 1982.

...Joker Hysterical Face/Marquis Cha Cha/Hard Life in the Country/Room to

...Live/Detective Instinct/Solicitor in Studio/Papal Visit.

.....The Fall themselves were very unhappy with the presentation of

.....this 'album',as they had intended it to be only a cheaply priced

.....12" EP,similar to the 'Slates' mini album,but Kamera went behind

.....their backs,added the two tracks that were supposed to be the

.....'Marquis Cha Cha'single,and marketed it as an album.

A PART OF AMERICA,THEREIN,1981 ; Cottage Rcds./Rough Trade America , 1982.

...The North Will Rise Again/Hip Priest/Totally Wired/Lie Dream of a Casino

...Soul/Cash 'n' Carry/An Older Lover/Deer Park/Winter.

.....Imported live LP,recorded at various locations on the bands 1981

.....American tour.

IN A HOLE. ; Flying Nun Rcds. , 1983.

...Impression of J.Temperance/The Man Whose Head Expanded/Room To Live/
...Hip Priest/Lie Dream of a Casino Soul/Frole Art Threat/Hard Life In the

...Country/The Classical/Mere Pseud Mag Editor/Marquis Cha Cha/Backdrop/
...Fantastic Life/English Scheme/Joker Hysterical Face/No Xmas for John

...Quays/Solicitor in Studio.

.....Another LP that the Fall were not particularly happy with,due to

.....both the(in places)pretty poor quality recording,and also the

.....extortionately high prices it fetched as an import.Recorded live

.....in New Zealand in 1982,and coming in the format of one LP and

.....one EP,the entire package also included a poster,and does have

.....the added bonus that it does include the only available version

.....of the classic 'Backdrop' track.Worth getting if you can find it

.....at a reasonable price.

The Fall

Paul Hanley - KEYBOARDS & DRUMS

WEA TIGHT TORNIQUET TWIST WETPOP AND BRAINY P

Oh! Brother /GOD-BOX

ROUGH
TRADE

a:Totally Wired

The Fall

RT 056

Rough Trade Music
Rough Trade Music
Rough Trade Music

PERVERTED BY LANGUAGE : Rough Trade , 1983.

...Eat Y'self Fitter/Neighbourhood of Infinity/Garden/Hotel Bloedel/Smile/
...I Feel Voxish/Tempo House/Hexen definitive strife knot.

.....came with inside.sleeve.

THE WONDERFUL AND FRIGHTENING WORLD OF THE FALL : Beggars Banquet , 1984.

...Lay of the Land/2 by 4/Copped It/Elves/Slang King/Bug Day/Stephen Song/
...Craigness/Disneys Dream Debased.

.....includes Virgin Prune Gavin Friday on two tracks.

HIP PRIESTS AND KAMERADS : Situation Two Rcds. , 1985.

...Lie Dream of a Casino Soul/The Classical/Fortress/Look,Know/Hip Priest/
...Room to Live/Mere Pseud Mag Editor/Hard Life in the Country/I'm into CR/
...Fantastic Life.

.....retrospective compilation of material originally released on the

.....Kamera label.'Mere Pseud Mag Editor' is a live version of the

.....song.The cassette version of this LP also includel live versions

.....of 'Who Makes the Nazis','Just Step Sideways',and 'And This Day',

.....all live in 1982,and 'Jawbone and the Air Rifle' live in 1981.

THIS NATIONS SAVING GRACE : Beggars Banquet , 1985.
 ...Mansion/Bombast/Barry/What You Need/Spoilt Victorian Child/L.A./Gut of
 ...the Quantifier/My New House/Paintwork/I am Damo Suzuki/ToNkroachment :
 ...Yarbles.
Came in gatefold cover, and included inner sleeve.
 BEND SINISTER : Beggars Banquet , 1986.
 ...R.O.D./Dktr.Faustus/Shoulder Pads 1 /Mr.Pharmacist/Gross Chapel-British
 ...Grenediers/U.S.30's-90's/Bournemouth Runner/Riddler/Shoulder Pads 2.
Came with inner sleeve.Cassette version also included a live
version of 'City Hobgoblins',recorded in 1986.

The Fall

Must also mention videos somewhere.The only two Fall video releases are as follows;

PERVERTED BY LANGUAGE BIS ; IKON FCL , 1983.
 ...Wings/Totally Wired/Kicker Conspiracy/Hex-Strife/Eat Y'self Bitter/The
 ...Confidence of Glaspace/Tempo House/The Man Whose Head Expanded/Smile/
 ...Drago/Hip Priest
compilation video consisting of various live material,'promo'
videos,interviews, and the band generally messing about.Very
entertaining,but don't take too seriously.
 T.V.WIPEOUT : Doublevision , 1984.
compilation video,which features live footage of the Fall('Words
of Expectation',live in 1983),and also a brief interview with
Mark Smith and Kay Carroll.(other bands also on the video include
PTV,Yello,Cabaret Voltaire,and Clock DVA.)

And finally,to end the proceedings,a quick round up of all the various little compilations and curios I can think of.....

SHORT CIRCUIT:LIVE AT THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS ; Virgin , 1978.
IO" Compilation LP,featuring two live tracks by The Fall,totally
unavailble elsewhere,namely 'Stepping Out' and 'Last Orders'.
 FUCKOFF TAPEZINE ONE ; 1978.
features interview with The Fall.
 SKIN AND BONE(compilation cassette) ; 1984.
features interview with Brix Smith and Craig Scanlon of The Fall.
 SPEED TRIALS ; Homestead Rcds. , 1984.
compilation LP,featuring two tracks,'Tempo House' and 'Smile'
both recorded live in New York in 1983.
 BANG ZOOM No.7 (compilation cassette) ; 1985.
features brief interview with Mark Smith,plus a differant version
of 'The Man Whose Head Expanded'.
 FRUITCAKES & FURRY COLLARS ; 1986.
compilation LP only available as a limited mail order only offer
thru Record Mirror magazine.Features a live version of 'L.A.'
recorded in 1986.
 VINYL CONFLICT 2 ; 1986.
7" compilation EP available with a September issue of Melody Maker
magazine,featuring a remix of 'Lucifer Over Lancashire',alongside
other tracks by Zodiac Mindwarp,Hollywood Beyond and Cocteau Twins.
 SHOWCASE ONE ; 1987.
7" compilation EP available with a February issue of Sounds
magazine,featuring the first'mix' of 'Hey!Luciani',as well as other
tracks by The Cult,The Adult Net,and the Go Betweens.

THE FALL

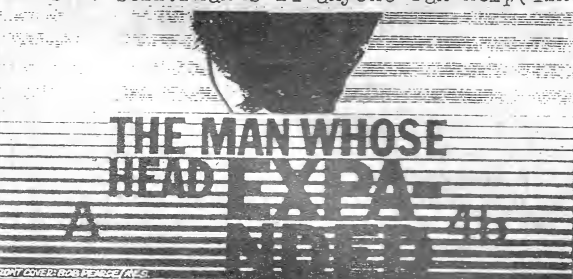
Other oddities worth looking out for include;
 JOHN:THE POSTMAN 'purile' LP ... features spoken 'rap'intro by Mark Smith.
 MARC RILEY 'favourite sister' 7" ... Marc Riley's first solo single,features
all of the Fall(Craig Scanlon,Steve & Paul Hanley)except for
Mark Smith.

ADULT NET 'Incense & Peppermints'EP ... Brix Smith's solo project,which also
includes contributions from other Fall members,in particular
Simon Rogers.This first EP is particularly interesting cos it
includes the onlyexample I know of a cover version of a Fall
song,namely'Rebellious Jukebox',here renamed'Searching fortheNow'

A lyric book,entitled'The Fall Lyrics'(subtle,huh)is also available thru
 'LOUGH PRESS,BERLIN',featuring the lyrics to some thirty odd songs,plus
 various pictures,photos,and other articles.Should cost around a fiver.

N.B. Some listings state that the Fall are featured on a compilation called
 Pillows and Prayers.This is not the compilation that is available thru
 Cherry Red,but was infact a proposed Double cassette package which was never
 actually released,altho' the name itself did eventually get used.

So,that's about it,tho' I will just add that various ex Fall members can
 also be found in groups such as the Blue Orchids,the Passage,the Creepers,and
 Thirst.If anyone knows of any other ~~xxxxxx~~ Fall material that I
 haven't mentioned, and is exclusively available somewhere else,I'd be very
 grateful to hear from you.I'm also after a copy of the Fuckoff tape,if anyone
 wants to sell.Thanks if anyone can help(find my address elsewhere)ANDYTHEPIG.



In Built loser attitu
 Piss taken walkin
 Line 1/2 Time.
 Wore the strip of S
 The kit was provic

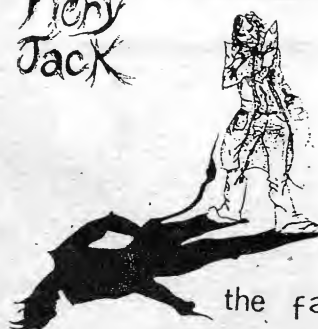


L.A.-Cha

TOR

ed Aimlessness.

Fiery Jack



Kicker

R.R.P.
 £1.99

Conspiracy



WELL, I COULD DO WITH A DRINK-IT'S A WHOLE LOT HOTTER ON THIS AB-WORLD THAN IT IS BACK ON EARTH!



AAAAH! TH-THE WATER... POISON!



ROKER AND HIS CO-PILOT REACHED THE VICTIM...

AWW, THERE'S A LI'L BIT OF A SPACE JUST HERE, SO LEMME TELL YA'S ALL TO



MY GOD! HE'S DEAD!

GO CHECK (YO! DIG THE YANKEE LINGO, HUH?) OUT THE PUBLIC ENEMY LP, ON

'DEF JAM' RECORDS. A DEFINITE PURCHASE TO ALL PEOPLE WHO'RE



THE FILTHY BRUTES! I'LL FIX 'EM...

SUDDENLY WEARIN' BASEBALL CAPS! (LIKE ME!)



THE THING SPAT IN ARCHIE'S FACE!

IT... IT'S DISINTEGRATING!

CALL it filthy LUCRE!

BATFISH BOYS/CHRISTIAN DEATH The Astoria, London

Batfish Boys are big and burly Some hair greasy, some quite curly They'll call it rock, with a capital R The singer's got a beard, covering his bra. They play it loud, grim and grimy but with infectious clout-never slimy It's nothing new, despite being trendy, the 'new rock's' flagpole tattered and bendy. In a year's time, Mindwarp will die, Hair will get shorter & no fool will cry, It's merely a noise, with plenty of bluster, Head times now & then, memories of Custer, One who would willingly step backwards in time & try their record collection in late 60's brine? Christian Death, minus the organ Were spartan and wicked; Their sound one of grating, shaved sticky wickets. An uphill struggle, eventually won When film footage grew grimmer And we met God's old son. In a cross set behind them Jesus suspended, The earlier rumblings were lightened, distended. Christian Death play games With your brain It's a sign of their talent That I'll be seen dead there again.

(MM)

RAZORCUTS / ED KUEPPER / THE CHILLS - Savoy Ballroom.

Well, if it isn't wibbly-wobbly pop time! And some handle it better than others. Razorcuts have a shitey vocalist who isn't trying hard enough and goes way too high. This affects their otherwise gritty sound which doesn't detract from their overtly sweet sounds. They're pretty good, but definitely small time, for all time.

Ed Keupper, ex-Saints before any of us were born - or so it seems - but now a far brighter and more solid citizen. Strangely swelling songs which kick and punch inside your mind. Even the numbers which would appear to have broken down suddenly lash out through the guitar soup like a defiant anaconda. Bloody brilliant.

Di'to The Chills but a dafter bunch whose humorous approach, though in no way 'wacky', they lose out on the chance to grab testicles and squeeze. They entertain, they don't dig in. But they're fun.

MM.

Venus Fly Trap

What happens when four ex-band members collide in Northampton? Answer: VENUS FLY TRAP. Consisting of Tony Booker (x-Cats Collide) on guitar; Alex Novak (x-Religious Overdose, The Tempest, Attrition...and hardly a new name to this here rag at that!) on vocals; Dave Freak (x-Cardinal) on electronic & acoustic percussion & keyboards; and Chris Evans (x-Cats Collide) on bass, and the newest member, to boot. (Well, not literally! - Ed) They formed on Alex's return from London, after a successful stint with Eurocultees, Attrition, completing a Dutch tour and Lp with the band. Musical comparisons have been drawn with the Velvets, Joy Division, Sisters of Mercy, RLYL, Stooges, amongst others, but none of them stick, as the two track demo of 'Morphine' & 'The Catalyst' goes to prove. Since the band's debut in July '86, they have gigged frequently in the UK, including appearances with The DAVE HOWARD SINGERS, JAZZ BUTCHER, Mighty Mighty, and Guana Batz, and also expanded their horizons to video. For thus, 'Morphine' was chosen, so look out for screenings in the UK, USA, and Europe.

RELEASES

'Catalyst' recorded live in Norwich, released Aug. 86 on Evermore Music.

'Morphine' appears on the comp. lp, 'Music From The Dead Zone' on Dead Mans Curve (Run by 'Underground' cap'n, Dave Henderson), available via The Cartel.

'Catalyst' also to be made available in the USA, via New York label, 'Artitude'.

Thus concludes their current range of activities. More details, hopefully in interview form, to be included in the next issue.

In the meantime, and as ever, an order: GET IN TOUCH!

PO BOX 210 NORTHAMPTON NN2 6AU

(By Alex & The Lurching Menace)



IDOLS

YR

KILL

A GIGS BIT

CLAY PEOPLE....Rock Garden

As quiet as the grave, as gentle as the rumour. As boring as the toilet.
(MM)

THE SECT.....Marquee

Dirty & loud, with scuffling in the grooves, bubby-wubby. You could call it punk...in fact, you'd have to call it punk if there's to be any chance of you passing the initiative test. But good, wholesome, tuneful, combustible, thrilling, willing, killing stuff. Punk with a capital S.
(MM)

THE STRANGLERS....Leas Cliff Hall, Folkestone.

Not being a stalwart Strangers fan myself, I thought this should warrant a mention for the fact that I was pleasantly surprised. Naturally, all the songs stumbled into place in expected manner, but with the old mixing in with the new fairly cosily overall, & just slipping into the occasional flow of mediocrity. Despite their being even older old men, the set was delivered in fine energetic manner, stopping quarter-way-thru to deal with a gumboid punk who'd been caught gobbing at them. Dragged on t'stage, de-bagged, DM's thrown into audience, and banana aimed at prostate area by Hugh, before being dragged backstage provided as good a punishment as Lydon's refusing to carry on at a gig last year, besides added entertainment for the masses.

Taken on entertainment level &, as said, The Strangers proved to be surprising. Whilst The Banshees & others continually dive forever deeper into stagnancy, a handful of the '77 glutton prove themselves more noteworthy and interesting than many of today's bands. As long as that reigns, long may they prosper.
(RH)

MR. ALLAN SEX FIEND....The Astoria

When I die I want a P.A. taken into the church & 'New Christian Music' (twelve inch mix) played at top volume. It will be the only way to go. The only way to go tonight was out of your mind, as The Fiends played very few songs compared to what might have been done, but at outrageous, almost punishing length, making masochists of us all. It was BRILLIANT. I wasn't too sure about the giant banana onstage but it looked cute. Yaxi was like a commando on leave, looking as tough as he could (not particularly impressive), a drummer I-know-not-the name-of gave the

whacking edge needed at all the right times, Nik perused the stage & wandered like a wounded caribou, and Chris-who is Alien Sex Fiend, in terms of order-looked as bemused & serious as ever. Together, they cooked bone marrow.

Nik came back at midnight & wanted to start all over again. The security had other ideas & carted him off sharpish. Bastards.
(MM)

THE CARDIACS....Canterbury, Kent Uni.

One of my pet hates is really old turds trying to cash in on a youthful market. When they also direct their approach with 'wackiness' it becomes positively LOATHEFUL. How I wished I'd had a belt of grenades this night. How I wish murder was legal...sometimes.
(RH)

MY TRAIN JOURNEY HOME TODAY-LEICESTER SQUARE TO HEATHROW CENTRAL TERMINAL 1, 2, & 3.

Not much happened really. Flicked thru some abominably bad Then Jerico pics I took at the Marquee last time. (Good one of Buttz in the cloak-room!). Read 'Rox', contemplated my socks, and wore a condom at all times. I've known better journeys.
(MM)



sonik death



BIG BLACK



SEVERE

& NEEDED



INTERVIEWED BY MM...
OVER THERE →

BIG BLACK

THE UGLINESS OF SANITY

JORDAN

you can't think about it, really, because if you do then you go crazy, stark gibbering and pissing in your pants crazy. so you don't think about it, but once in a while you do think about it, and there's all this weird shit going on and you can't believe it can all really be like this. you think of all the bad, bad things you do to yourself out of some weird need. you go places, bad places, to fulfill some growing need, and you do ugly things to yourself and other people not because of the ugliness-well, sometimes because of the ugliness, I guess but usually because there's something else there and you'd do it no matter what. there are people who do. no matter what. they fuck their children, for shit's sake. a whole lot of bus drivers school teachers, cops, storekeepers, housewives, little boys, little girls very little. they play games with it, like very special hide and seek, and very special spin the bottle and very special poker. and every day the little boys have to get up and walk to the bus with the daddy who mouth raped them the night before, and they have to get on the bus with the bus driver who rubbed his shit in their hair, and say "yes ma'am" to the lady who made them lick her the night before, and then they have to go home, you know, where daddy and mommy have been making martinis for the little get together later on, and go hide under the covers where they know they'll be found anyway and day in and day out for the rest of their motherfucking lives and then they grow up and they have babies and like I said, you don't think about it because you go crazy. - Big Black

Fabulous moments, like your appendix, are a day forever and stay with you always, so is it any surprise that I remember my first Big Black record as though it were yesterday? Naturally, I don't, and it wasn't, but somewhere in the middle which began with an invasion of American indie stock (over-rated, over-priced, & over here), Big Black, preceded by fellow Chicago charlatons, Naked Raygun, came as a much needed genetic attack to what was fast becoming a fastbreeder of post-Birthday Party invitations & unseemly thrash-festivals, none of which were particularly invigorating unless you'd heard a few. (When you'd had a few they tend to sound a lot better, but we needn't go into that right now.)

Anyway, suffice to say, for your simple heads, that as Big Black would stick out like rotting digitals here, in the States they must be living incinerators. Disregarding tapes & videos, flexis or WHATEVER, the Big Black records that we can all listen to, seek out, and take out enthusiastically began with the lumpy & less charismatic "Cables" a porcine object with big bones. Not all copies have the intended inserts, like Elizabeth Taylor rotating, disintegrated, in a hammock, but I have since acquired some. They tell a...telling story!

Apocalyptic splatter motif from the drum machine & needle scratching on 'STEELWORKER' ('The only good policeman is a dead one; the only good laws aren't enforced'), skittish experimental dance collisions groaning through 'Live In A Ditch', and the demented 'Dead Billy', mutating their basic sound into a seeping mass. Big Black were disgustingly threatening, robbing the graves of Suicide & scattering their own possessions about inside. At times decidedly boppy, impossibly simple, a weedy voice infests your imagination and I wouldn't say you'd hold a vicar to your temples and prayers. Not yet.

The colorful 'BULLDOZER' & 'RACER X' flew past the unimpressive 'I Can Be Killed', 'The Crack' & 'RIP' by the domination of POWER. The involvement of others; the reptilian organs expanding into a towering inferno which could be used as irrelevant exercise in braining yourself, with a truly noisy experience, as opposed to the sludge we were used to over here. No ardent pop nipples to suck mindlessly upon. Just the reeking underbelly of some soggy wild bear. Or something.

Anyway, fartings, there are monumental moments, particularly 'BULLDOZER's 'Cables' a furious collapsing rhythmic education, where 'Cables' actually sounds more like 'spells' but so what? The first bloom of guitars begins to flash the retid features. A bass creeps in like old age, adding 'maturity' to what could otherwise be a simple power-band robbery. 'The Pigeon Kill' is... 'The Pigeon Kill' (Guns Gen X with Sandy Nelson, caught massaging a screaming pylon and you have

the sound of 'I Hate Texas'. Sometimes you could be forgiven for thinking it's Gary Glitter with the scaffolding removed from under his eye-brows, but that's a little too obscure.

For those unfortunate enough to get the poster in "BULLDOZER" there's even a photo of some old people sitting down. This is the stuff!

"RACER X" in fact looks as slippery as any of them, although the young Leonardo responsible for these designs, one Steve Albini, will insist on hating them all. Their distinctive markings make them easy prey for vultures. Their poisoned intestines redress the balance.

"RACER X" is sandblasting music, but I don't want to talk about that. (If K&S Product were a band they could be like this.) Big Black have hit upon their niche and squashed it! A few chants, squally passages of deception, easy beats for young ideas (and old) and the most beguiling and adventurous guitar partnerships this side of Robert Fripp being accidentally fried onstage; flailing, jerking, sizzling tendons creating a somewhat frantic scratching display. When they sing 'The Ugly American' they are of course singing about themselves.

Never mind their songs anymore, because with the release of their quaint and portly "Il Duce" which isn't so far and away their best thing that everyone needed go so far over the top about it (a distillation of their hip-grinding moments with a scandalously rich guitar line) they have begun to find people writing VERY NICE THINGS about them, somehow turning Robert Palmer on along the way, which might explain his shoddy videos.

The album "ATOMIZER" tends to run it's insolent sharply down your shinbone whenever attention wavers. From the searing intensity of "Jordan, Minnesota", of which much more later, to the live version of 'Cables', Big Black calmly crucify any cynical thoughts anyone could have about their justification of existence. Their bras are too tight, therefore they are.

Recently they slunk off a plane into the welcoming English sunlight, infecting London with their desire for real cigarettes. As I find them ladling pub food onto the table where I sit, I can hardly fail to notice packets of Piccadilly, John Players (sailor's head brand) and wait for it...Capstan Full Strength!!!! I stick to Barratts and look Seedy.

So over there, at eleven o'clock high, sits the David Riley ('Bitch Magnet') their bass player, Steve Albini, the rat-faced fink who stirs up trouble in many American fan-zines ('Forced Exposure' is well worth killing for) and Santiago Durango, a man who looks far from well if you ask me, although he probably blames the midwife. Or the mid-west. The latter pair use six strings as their weapons.

Along with the aforementioned Naked Raygun (and Breaking Circus - if you haven't heard 'The Very Long Fuse' then you...obviously haven't), Big

KEROSENE STRANGETHINGS CABLES

our interests in death, force and domination can change the way we think. make us seek out new forms of "entertainment," ever been in a slaughterhouse?

strange things have seen, strange things I have done.

in small towns, there are few forms of amusement, two prominent ones are easy sex and arson. when the more simple exercises lose their bang, new combinations develop.



Any revenge taken on these people?

Steve: "You don't understand, this was in a small town isolated in the middle of Minnesota."
Dave: "With its own lawyers and its own police."
Steve: "Have you ever read a short story called 'The Lottery'? It's about a small farming community and every year they have a lottery and whoever draws the short straw or whatever is stoned to death by everyone else as a good luck token for the rest of the year and this is very similar to that."

Dave: "You know those horror movies where someone into a small town and there's the 'town secret' it talks about? Everybody is in on it and nobody in the surrounding area knows about it."

Steve: "Jordan Minnesota is like that, an isolated town where a significant part of the adult population got their jollies by screwing each other's kids, and no-one knows how long it's been happening."

(IMPRESSIVE GRIM HUMOUR PUNCHLINES) In this country we have the upper classes; incest taken to a gene genie extreme continually, for CENTURIES! When did you last see a working class person with no chin and floor-length teeth?)

Were there any adolescents who spoke out?

Dave: "Who they gonna go to, the local cop who bummed their little sister the night before?"

Steve: "What was horrific was there was nothing people could do. There was a prosecutor from outside the town that came in and interviewed these children. They all corroborated each other and said well this would happen at this house and these people were involved and they'd do these things to these people; fairly elaborate things, like the nature of the games they'd play before....kids who didn't go to school together, who weren't friends - they were just involved in the same circles and they would all corroborate each other. But because of the way the American judicial system works, if these kids give testimony in court they have to be allowed to be cross examined, so the defence attorney for the first case that was ever brought to trial was really brutal on the kids when he was cross-examining, just really brow-beating these kids and got them so confused that ultimately one of them contradicted himself and as soon as they got one to contradict themselves they had established..."

Dave: "...there was 'reasonable doubt'."

Was it local people on the jury?

Steve: "They had to be, they have to be the peers of the people on trial, but there's another rule that says they have to be ignorant of the case, so they get people in - Have you ever heard of the Jordan Minnesota Child Molestation Case? ..and they'd say, 'No! The prosecution can select away a certain amount of jurors and say I don't want that juror, but the defence has an unlimited amount of rejections for jurors so...it's a very good system in most cases actually because that keeps the prosecutor from stacking the jury, but in a case like this where the population is small and the degree of involvement is so high it actually allows the defence to stack the jury. The only one who ended up looking the villain is the woman who ended up doing the prosecution investigation! The kids were made out to be liars and the local press made this woman out to be an enemy for separating these families, for causing disharmony in the community!!!!!! All these kids weren't looked on as victims but as kids playing a prank..lying children that made up a story."

Weren't they investigated medically?

Steve: "Yeah, but by a local examiner. The local examiner said, 'Well yes, here's a four year old girl with a ruptured hymen and a ruptured anus...yes that's true, from that I cannot necessarily conclude that she was sexually violated.'"

Been horse-riding from an early age.

Steve: "Yeah or her and her brother had fun with a plunger."

Dave: "We also figure they're protecting their own ass. You get a lawyer in an adjoining town with a nice collection of child pornography. Y'know, what's he gonna say...he's scared someone's gonna go through his closet and find his reading material."

Santiago: "The law in America is designed to protect the individual. You can't just barge into someone's house, you got to go through a very lengthy procedure of getting a warrant. If you've got something to hide you're gonna have plenty of time to ~~hid~~ clean it up before anyone comes snooping around."

Dave: "Anything short of a shotgun blast and a scream not necessarily in that order. Then you have reasonable reason to investigate. That's why it's understood you will see cops going in with billy clubs, beating the hell out of people in bars."

Steve: "Cos they get frustrated, they're more satisfied swinging billy clubs and shooting people, then finding circumstances for it later."

Do you get into trouble for singing about it?

Dave: "You get called asshole on the street. (He adopts best sarcastic Mary Poppins voice.) Why don't you off anybody any hope? I think it's horseshit, I don't think an artist owes anybody anything. I don't think we owe anybody to play g-major scales in triplets, to qualify our songs by saying, 'by the way we disagree with the fact that we're singing about', or 'we're kinda being funny about this, this is black humour'."

Steve: "If someone calls me up on the phone - 'I'm gonna kill you, you faggot, you fucking nazi'...okay come on over. I'm willing to be responsible for it. If they wanna confront me with it, fine. I'm perfectly willing to take anybody on, on their own terms."



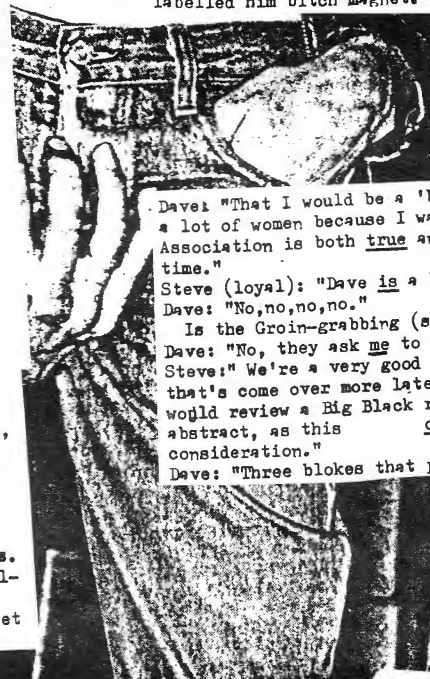
SANTIAGO

Dave: "The only thing I've noticed is people will come up to me... Well, you're just trying to create a problem, you're just taking this volatile little piece of music, throwing it out just to see what happens and the fact is, like, Steve is responsible for most of the lyrics but we know what the lyrics are, we take responsibility for what we do. I mean, we did it."

Steve: "That thing (a walkman), has stopped Does that bother you?"

Dave: "I found first people would confront me about Steve. Steve has the much higher profile from writing for fanzines and all but lately people having been coming up and giving me shit for Big Black rather than giving me shit for Steve and Big Black so I think I'm making progress in integrating myself into the (mumble) that way! So if anybody'll come up and say Steve's an asshole but you're an asshole, I'm very happy that I'm doing my job. I'm in on it!"

I mention the back sleeve of 'Atomizer', which features a weird letter to Dave, where they have labelled him bitch magnet.



ATOMIZER

Dave: "That I would be a 'bitch magnet' and attract a lot of women because I was in The Midnight Funk Association is both true and ludicrous at the same time."

Steve (loyal): "Dave is a bitch magnet in all real time. Dave: 'No, no, no, no.'"

Is the Groin-grabbing (see photo) a party trick?

Dave: "No, they ask me to do it from behind." Steve: "We're a very good natured bunch of guys. I that's come over more lately. It used to be that we would review a Big Black record and review it in an abstract, as this concept that required serious consideration."

Dave: "Three blokes that play guitar!"

BIG BLACK ATOMIZER

Steve: "Since then we've done interviews where it comes out we're actually people. We go out and take a few craps."
Santiago: "Take a lot of craps."
Steve: "Especially in England, the food here is pretty terrible."

(This explains Chicago's nickname, 'The Windy City'.) They occasionally return to my suggestion they could be progressive Ian Curtis. Oh, I knock back the latest drink and mutter something about having to be in a pretty sick mind yourself to enjoy yourself in Chicago.

Dave: "If you listen to a Grass record you get the impression the cities here are surrounded by barbed wire."

Steve: "You think there's a load of old hippies making a mess of it? If you met them you'd laugh yourself silly."

Dave: "I'm sure, I'm sure."
Steve: "There are things about America that deserve to be destroyed."

Santiago: "The fact a band like us can exist..."
Dave: "Make records, be here, be interviewed by you..."
Steve: "Especially you can be in a band and make music that no one can hear, anywhere?"

Dave: "We're like American, white and essentially middle class, middle-class in America is a different notion to here. It would be ridiculous to sing from a black perspective."

Steve: "I can understand that. (Just about.)"
Dave: "Some people think you're desperately perverted. You're not!"
Steve: "The supposed tribute to Mussolini had some meaning, it was serious."

Dave: "It's supposed to be a mockery. I think it's really obvious that the lyrics of the song...we're singing about him like he's an executive with a big office and a big job...what do we have to do, put in black ink?"
Steve: "Mussolini was fascist, but we're not?"

Dave: "Did you know that Winston Churchill said 'I would be a blackbird if I was Italian. There's a statue in Chicago dedicated to Mussolini. No one wants to confront that anymore.'"

Steve: "Churchill's meant to have been a fascist, isn't he?"
Dave: "I expect he was."

Steve: "Mussolini was a bit Hitler. We didn't want to know he couldn't speak Italian and didn't take a lot of shit. Or maybe they were afraid of him. I don't know, he didn't have a clue what was going on."

Dave: "Now there, I find that amusing."

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

Steve: "The touch-tone telephone."
Dave: "Who?"
Steve: "My father. He got screwed out of the patent."
Dave: "My mother likes The Ramones."
Steve: "Doesn't everybody?"
Steve: "No. In America they're like lepers."
Dave: "Over here they're like Nik Kershaw."
Steve: "What?"
Dave: "Nik Kershaw?"
Steve: "Mud?"
Steve: "In America we play the same places as The Ramones. We're not popular."

Steve with his fanzine antics is particular unpopular. Steve: "I get threatened all the time but no-one's following it up. 'Okay, beat me up, do your damndest' and when they realise how foolish they're being they always leave me alone."

Dave: "I've always had a reputation for being caustic, cynical, nasty and self-absorbed, which I guess is so most people's conceptions of Steve. Well, he is. So am I. What irritates me is they give me shit about Steve...they should say it to him. It's like a pebble in your shoe. I give me shit for Steve is ridiculous."

Steve: "Especially when I make myself available."
(But that's another story.)

Dave: "He's printed his phone number in magazines. I've been tempted to give him people."

Santiago: "I never do that."

Dave: "Only disco."

Steve's latest act is a diary of last December, printed in the current 'Forced Exposure' which has him lumbering around with a camera like a vatic wanderer.

anyone he works with appears to be such a fuck-up that everyone he works with would rather have a cigarette, why women would rather have a cigarette and a friend of his being a cunt, he's having child porn, leading everyone to phone him up and ask him to hide his collection.

Santiago: "He's the kind of guy who goes and shoots a thousand arrows in the air and doesn't know where they'll land."

Dave: "Seems rather wasteful."

Dave: "Kinda cool, actually."

This is the time of the show ladies and gentlemen where your interviewer leaves the walkman and tented and requests that these gentle souls tell us about the great descriptions they've had made about them.

Steve: "Where's the logic?"

Santiago: "He's cute."

Dave: "I said him first you bitch!"

Steve: "God, I could swallow that!"

Dave: "Do you see the butt on him? Do you think he would?"

Steve: "I got a letter from a kid saying we were a skate band."

Dave: "Oh, some Industrial Fanzine from California said we were cool because, quote, we were so sexually over"

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

Dave: "The what?"

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Dave: "The what?"

Steve: "The what?"

SANTIAGO

BIG BLACK

dave riley: bass, flyswatters
santiago durango: train guitar, vocals, stranglers impersonation

steve albini: rocket guitar, vocals
roland burgess: burgessness



BIG MONEY STINKING DRUNK FISTS OF LOVE



STEVE

the top, unquote."

Santiago: "Our next door neighbour asks us to turn down our record."

Dave: "My grandmother doesn't want a copy cos it says 'Fuck' on it."

Steve: "Paul Smith (of Blast First) has this to say,"

Paul: "Oh, they're not as good as Big Stick. I don't like their hair."

Passer By: "Look like a bunch of nazis."

I return, and find out about employment. Steve works for some sort of ad agency I presume going by his diary extracts, where he tackles the age old question, what has a hazelnut in every bite? (Squirrel vomit.)

Dave: "I'm ostensibly a film student. I plan to have a degree by the time I'm 52."

Santiago: "I work in a record shop, photocopying."

Steve: "I earn more than enough to support Big Black but I live simply. There's more furniture in this pub that all our apartments put together. We live like monks really."

Gregorian chants fill the air. (Here we go, here we go, here we go....) And yet, Santiago has something going on which is delaying the band, what exactly?

Steve: "He's shaking his legs, he's about to become embarrassed."

Santiago: "Exams, to become a barrister. I spend a lot of time preparing for it. I don't wanna photocopy the rest of my life."

What's the best thing you've bought over here? (See, I know the difference between bought and brought.)

Dave: "A really cool Russian Air Captain's Pin."

Steve: "Looking forward to getting some Doc Martens. We went to see Blur at Dingwalls. That was wild."

My lip curls, and cuts off my head.

Dave: "That's 'The Blur Look'!"

Steve: "We wanna see The Shockheaded Peters. Every time we say that people look at us like 'Ooooouuurrrrrghh, you got a turd in your soup!'"

Well you gotta go sometime. I shall leave you with your contentedly stolen from an American famine where the bastards gently simmering, have got sick of trying to justify their stuff. Well not really, but more or less, sort of thing. Kinda.

Dave: "Forget it. We're racist and sexist and hate minorities."

Steve: "We dominate women."

Dave: "We think of our penises as weapons."

Santiago: "We like to party and do drugs and have sex with local girls who are underage and get them in trouble with their parents. Politically we are conservatives. We're young republicans. And we're all rich kids."

Steve: "Oh, punk rock sucks, it has always sucked. Heavy Metal sucks. It has always sucked."

Dave: "We don't support the scene. I like cops. Cops are there for your well being."

Santiago: "Yeah. To serve and protect."

Dave: "Cops are fair and just."

ALL OVER THE BAR THE POUTING: When Santiago has his certificates up on his wall they will return (over-sex, over-indulgent, & over here!) to blast things wide open. But, like they say, you don't think about it because you start crazy-paving.

our address is p.o. box 442 evanston, il. 60204

EL FINITO



BIG BLACK

"In this country, we have the upper classes; incest taken to a gene-genie extreme continually for CENTURIES! When did you last see a working class person with no chin and floor-length teeth?"



BLAST FIRST

union with mute in !coss N I G H T

THE CLARENDON, HAMMERSMITH

TUESDAY 25TH NOVEMBER 1986

**BIG BLACK
WORLD DOMINATION
3 WISE MEN
HEAD OF DAVID
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8PM - 12PM. ADMITS ONE. £4.00



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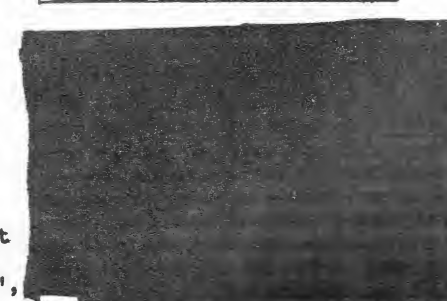
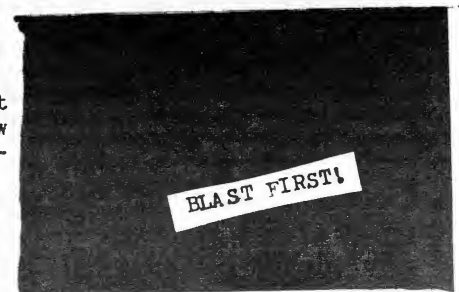
Burnt out! This is how I feel right now, having just survived (by the skin of my teeth...) another two day trip to Smoke City... This time, to witness a Mute/Blast First Records event, mucho thanks to freebie invite (Ah, the joys of being reputable fanzine writers, hmmm!), and to snooze overnight before yet another Ausgang conquest of the renowned 'Timebox'. Well, having made fellow fiend, Pigswill, suffer my (very) feeble attempts at a Jimmy Saville impersonation (Gimme a Bounty bar & a few jars of Pils & you might just get to see this y'self! Mike Yarwood eat ya heart out, I don't think!) on the forward journey, we finally stumble into the Clarendon bar to meet Abbo (Who?) & a friend before hitting the hack packed Klub Foot. And, yeah, christ, were they there... hacks & the suchlike

brimming the place (well, the bar area, leaseways...) to the full. Enough to make you puke. It was plainly obvious by the complete uninterest ploughed into the faces of these (R) souls that free tickets had been the order of the day.

However, having stated that, 'twas quite justified where the first band, Witzerebb, were concerned. I first came to know about this bunch, several weeks previously, where a dubious buncha chaps called Playground blew them into Heaven at Chelmsford. It was then that on arrival 'pon stage, cliched Test Dept/Nazi chic imagery aside, I thought they were fairly resolute at first. Still, two songs on & they proved to be firmly rooted into one idea. Metal bashing, backing tapes, powerful chants, very percussive.... the works! The sort of band you can read like a meter, basically. This Klub Foot nite was to be no different really, apart from the fact that only about 5 people seemed interested in them as opposed to the 50 or so in native Chelmsford. I think they'd be best off staying indoors dancing around to 'Shockwork'. No offence chaps, but NO FUTURE.

Soon after them, bumped into Chris 'Curiosity' & Micky Mouser & exchanged words of wisdom about the next lot, Head of David, and alcohol consumption ensued. Actually, Micky didn't so much exchange words of wisdom as tell Abbo he'd be walking out after two songs! Tsk, tak, & all that... it's all those Cyndi Lauper waxings, methinks! Anyway, fifteen minute interval over with, we were back inside the hall & trying to strut our funky sterf (the lack of atmosphere presented a problem though...) to the mighty H.O.D. once again. The sound caused difficulties though, unfortunately. A band such as these (as with Sonic Youth...) needs & deserves precision sound quality. A spitting p.a. & low volume isn't sufficient. All that does is probably put people off them for all the wrong reasons. Any rate, they battled the odds with gusto and a nice dosage of neatly manicured feedback, taking us thru their tunnel of noise. 'Jack Nicholson', 'Joyride', 'I'll Fall At Your Feet' & 'Snuff Rider' to boot. The set was also notable for the fact that it was to be drummer, Sharp's last ever gig, as we later found out. Reason being that he simply couldn't face playing live, even though stuck behind a drumkit, apparently. Whatever, I hope that both he does well in his future, and that H.O.D. get an equally decent replacement. Well, overall, they went down better than I'd anticipated... I hope the interest carries on piling up.

Another break, more alcohol (Not much tho', being the penniless person that I am!) and more banter and then my third ever World Domination Enterprises encounter. Still looking quite incoherent, this three-piece (which includes a dubious Here & Now connection somewhere...) grab us all by the throats and lead us into some Stooges & '77 crafted NOISE (I love this word; it's so fucken accurate!). Very, very energetic... so much so, in fact, that the vocalist kept missing the microphone with his words (He plays guitar as well), I noticed. Mucha leaping about, indeed. The bassist is a bit of a JJ Burnel tho', but can't complain about that really! In tradition to the other two gigs I've witnessed, they kept their set trimmed down to about 15 minutes before doing about a 20 minute encore! I still find this obvious tongue-in-cheek act amusing, but it might not be long 'til the joke wears thin. Hmm, don't know what more to say... they played 'Asbestos Lead Asbestos' (the debut single & an excellent one at that!) & their latest, second, single (Which I've



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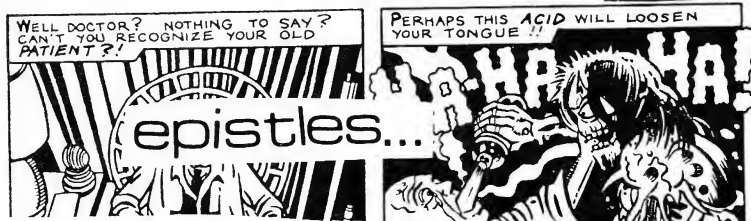
forgotten the name of right now, so tough poo...); they were the first band of the night to pull in rounds of manic dancing; and I'm now fully CONVERTED- Gotta see them again, gotta, gotta!!!

Give or take a band (Well, take a band, & I'm being really nice in not mentioning them once more!), this was a wholly wonderful introduction to the British debut of BIG BLACK. Now, there was a refreshing change here, as it became evident that some people had actually paid to see them (I most certainly would have myself, had the free tickets not come my way, so don't think me a hypocrite or nothing, or else!). Oh god, tell me a way I can describe Big Black without using the words ECSTATIC, MANIC, BRILLBAGS, WONDROUS et al!!! Three recognisable songs and the rest obviously new or old & unrecorded... All were well received though, including me & Captain Plop-pants hitting the dancefloor (Whoa, yeah!)... was that a couple Stupid's going a bit mental as well? I'm certain, but what's that gotta do with Big Black? Another three-piece; one in a Mercer-style choice of headwear; two wearing glasses; and all wearing Dm's (If memory serves correctly...)! Yeah, this is what we need! None of these anorak wearing, spotty, student-types here! BIG BLACK are the business! Again, leaping about all over the place and even a genuine "Thanks!" to all who'd paid to get in (Yeah, but what of us few who didn't but would've done, huh?!). Sincere appreciation is hard to come by, y'know. Well, whilst a huge chap covered us all in his blood down the front (I'll be sending him a bill for new t-shirt!), the drum-machine enforced threesome pounded us all about the place with their piledriving FORCE. Yeah, YEAH... 'Kerosene' and the set closing with an extended version of 'Jordan', culminating with vocalist, Steve Albini, being left on the stage by himself, still armed with guitar & attacking every now & then. A classic ending to what will be one of the most memorable gigs of '86!

After such an event (& I don't use the word lightly!), Piggy & me were left with the delight to get back to Abbo's flat in Kilburn (Him having left a little earlier), assisted by a closing tube service & some pissing rain. Still, got there eventually & collapsed onto a beanbag (man!). The next day was to provide a record hunt, an encounter with Spizz, & the already mentioned Ausgang gig, where, thanks to the last train home, we only saw 1 1/2 songs. I hate B.R.!

.....Richard.....

There must be somewhere we can send our abusive letters



Dear Richard,

Cheers for GH stuff. Well, no.8. has inspired me to get on with NBYS.3. which will be out in about a month. This issue will be different, as there will be less ZigZag/Creation-type slagging, as it's not really worth it. Anyway, GH8 was probably the best yet; the way you did the Ausgang/Dave Howard Singers/etc story ramble was really original & all that kinda bumf.

The Ausgang flexi was good as well. Usually, I can't stand them. I must pay attention, in future.

The only moan is why do you keep faith with The Cure? They've completely lost it, and are now just fucking caricatures of what they once were. Their fans are a load of wankers too, especially here in 'hip' Blackpool. Student Bastards!!

GH9 was really good too. Must dash though, Carl

ENCOURAGING sentiments, indeed, but you foolish of fools! - The Curry are featured for the same reasons as Sonic Youth, Ausgang, Dave Howard Singers, and so on... I'm not interested in their toss-brained 'fans'. Wankers, in all forms, dominate the audience at most gigs, y'should know that by now. By

the by, Mick Mercer awaits your Cyndi comments, anxiously...



MORE ON OPPOSITE PAGE

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BLAST FIRST RECORDS
429 HARROW ROAD
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Chicagos most dangerous export turns up in the UK for THE FIRST TIME EVER when Blast First's latest act BIG BLACK

fly in for a few dates to support the release of their lp ATOMIZER on Blast First (BFFP11). After the visit they bomb Holland, Belgium and Germany and the world holds its breath for HEADACHE

...we have lift off. more filthy depraved news?? GET IN TOUCH !!!

NO. 1. IN A SERIES OF uninteresting FOSSILS.....

janet
& the
iceboRES

LONG AGO, IN THE OLD BATCAVE, A MAN CALLED
ASTBURY SAT DEEPLY SIGHING...
HE WAS WONDERING, WHERE THE FESTIVAL WAS AT...



Dear Richard,

We're a band from Birmingham called CLOSE SHAVE, & WE'RE wondering if there's any chance of getting in your fanzine somehow.

We're all skins & we like to have a laugh & get drunk. We sing about anything we can think of (Obviously don't have a vocalist them!-Rich) & we're a non-politics band. We've done 1 gig at the Hod Carrier in Leamington with SKIN DEEP, Englan's Glory, & British Standard, & we had an ace laugh & went down pretty well.

If you can help us, I'd appreciate it.

Ta very much,

Neil (Bass player)

PS I've sent an sae, in case you need to know anything, any info, pics, etc. Look forward to hearing from ya. I'd appreciate it if you did reply, cuz I've sent off a lot a letters but ain't had much luck in replies. Cheers. 01-01!

AHOY! AHOY! Apologies Neil, but we've not yet opened up our psychiatric's department. In the meantime, I suggest that you don wigs & try 'Artificial Life'.



dear Andy.P.,

Ooh, you're so handsome, I just wanna kiss & hug you every hour of the day! TRULY! I wish you'd just get your own back on all those nasty people you work with on GH. They really make you sound D.U.M.B.! It's not fair! I lurve your podgy li'l dough face and your funny shaped haircut... You little Pilsbury Dough Boy, you!

Tell that Richo & Kerry to stop keep calling you 'Pug' as well, or else I'll deal with 'em!

Lotsa love & things that go bump in the nite, GREZELDA-xxxxxxx

Yes, yes... guess the made-up missive time, folks! (Aww, shucks, and poor Andy was beginning to skip heartbeats as well too!)

Dear Richo,

Hello, sorry it's taken absolutely ages and ages to write back but every time I meant to get round to it... You know what I mean... What a lousy excuse! Anyway, how have you been?

Do you like my new toy? I was so impressed with John Incendiary's one that I persuaded me mum to lend me some money at a very favourable (to me that is!) rate and here we are...

This is the bit where I have to tell you I was not very impressed with Grim Humour 8. It seemed a distinct retrograde step, back to the half-made, 'not there-ness' of the very early issues without the youthful enthusiasm. The joke seemed to be on you and not the readers as used to be the case. The story didn't really work at all, it seemed to be there purely to join the interviews together rather than being there because you really wanted to write a story. The interviews themselves appeared as workmanlike, not done for anymore reason than that's what you do with bands. If you're interviewing bands like The Leather Nun, Sonic Youth,

etc because they stand out from the mundane morass then why were they only asked questions that would be more suited to the Skeletal Family and their ilk? 'Will you be doing a promotional video?' etc. What is this? Artificial Life? (Sorry, that WAS below the belt wasn't it?) Surely the reason Sonic Youth are worthy of our attention and The Mission aren't, is down to a lot more than the fact that Thurston plays a different chord from Wayne's sidekick? It runs a whole lot deeper than that. I don't mean that you should turn GH into the new Vasteland either. Do what you want but do it with more conviction than No 8 showed.

If you want to be a purely music 'zine then you need to put in loads more energy and enthusiasm than it seemed was there this time. Words should be wielded like swords, ablaze with passion and love for the music around you. You seem to do that when you're slugging someone off but not with something you love. There was far more imagination used on the sacred cause of persuading Goths that they do in fact have no brains than on persuading the rest of us that SY have something new that we can use to bring our dreams a little nearer (that after all is what bands (and fanzines for that matter) are for). Things like, 'Each & every one of the following is a river of creativity, inspiration, energy and enthusiasm. FUCK THE REST.' are the stuff but too few and far between.

Enough criticism for the moment (and I hope it was positive criticism) and time for a little bit of praise. Good bits... The great lump at the start (even if it was boring record reviews - why do us types always feel that one of our functions is to help bands sell records?)... Emma's bit... Your using a whole page for a picture (even if it was wasted on the ludicrous Ausgang)... The centrespread (why do fanzines think that they have to fill every available inch with writing, even if they've got nothing to say - the centrespread neatly undermined that particular fallacy)... The use of colour, particularly on the Sonic Youth pages (let's have a colour cover next time)...

Are all the letters you receive at Grim Mansions as inane as the ones you printed? Or as ridiculous as that one about GLJ? Your taking apart of that particular one was probably the highlight of the ish. The very idea that fanzines should remove their (very few) moments of individuality/originality/whatever in order to provide him with new bands to waste his money on because he is too lazy to go out and find them for himself. If he wants to be bored stiff then he can use the NME to find where any particular bunch of timewasters are playing. DOES THIS MAN READ ARTIFICIAL LIFE???

Silly bit... If you say anymore nasty things about the Waterboys or Into A Circle then I shall tell everyone that Playground want to be the new Cult...

Time to go now, hope you think my criticism of No 8 is of some use to you. Get GH back to its old irreverent self instead of the institution it's becoming. Have fun, write soon and please take care of yourself...

...STEVE PALACE...

Oh dear. We're all fighting a losing battle, Steve, dontcha know? Christ, we wanna see the Pop Nation's MONEY and see GH stacked in WH Smiths! Where's the destiny behind the production of a zine that only appeals to a limited amount of converted morons? I mean, a moron's a moron, so we might as well deal out the compromises & strive for something to line our pockets with. Inane letters and 'Artificial Life' comparisons we can cope with... it's worth it!

VIVE LE ROCK

& ROLL

PARIS IS the city

OF the DEAD HERO....

NIGHT-TIME IN THE CITY. A TIME WHEN MOST WOULD BE EATING, DRINKING. BUT NOT ERAMUS, A CREATURE OF THE DARKENED STREETS, WHO WAS...



Dear Richard,

GH.8. was excellent! A lovely big sprawling mess but with a lot of good wee 'pertinent points' such as those about 'Artificial Life', Nervous Choir (vomit!), and ZigZag dying again-about this last; ZZ was like an (unintentional) flagship. It's closing was the blocking of another route into peoples' consciousness-even though a lot of it was dubious-ish, at least it was THERE. I mean, look how little exposure someone like Ausgang get...

Anyway, cheers a lot, Andy, Edinburgh.

P.S. When we do one (a while away yet), I'll send you a demo of our new, as yet unnamed, group.

THANKX Andy, it's good to know that somebody, at least, does notice these little 'pertinent points'. It was a shame about ZZ, but moreso a shame that it probably sunk due to the lack of interest & enthusiasm fired from other parties, and the generally waning musical front. I'm certain that it will rise again, one day, in one form or another, & as long as it's not alike that last aborted attempt (the one that amalgamated with some cruddy, & now forgotten, slice of cack), most people possibly wouldn't deserve it anyway. As for AUSGANG... stick with us, as there'll be more on them next ish. And, yeah, as with anyone, feel free to send those tapes in... They'll either get played to deaf ears, be moulded into ashtrays, or preferably arouse our organs enough to summon your tongues.



...haven't...
HAA OUP...
for two
weeks.

W-WELL, I'LL
BE GLAD TO
GIVE YOU SOME
MONEY FOR
FOOD...



Dear Richard,

Many thanks for the letter & the 'Grim Humours'. I thought they were excellent. I know you shouldn't generalise but I used to be well into 'industrial' type bands & I used to follow 'Blood & Roses' around. The only reason I got into them was because they used to play down the old Crass Anarchy Centres a lot. I like most of the bands you feature (Flowers In The Dustbin are the only one I try & see live & whose records I buy), but none of them seem to do much on the non-musical side. There's nothing wrong with this in itself but I prefer some 'punk' (an irrelevant term these days) bands because those in 'em do things-hunt sabs, etc, etc.

There's more to life than music.

Something that surprised me in your mag was to read about Ausgang, because I'd only heard of them on the leather jackets of goth-types-many of whom were right twats-so it was nice to see that they are actually intelligent people.

Yes, overall, GH was ace, but I don't follow your admiration for 'Vague'.

Anyway, thanks again, Robin, Hitchin.

AHA, now then, can you be certain that the bands we feature don't do anything on the non-musical side??? Just because they don't go spouting on about it doesn't necessarily mean they're not celibate vegetarians who bash toffy-nosed huntsmen at every available moment, does it? Hmm...and what is this about a preference to bands because of what the people within them do outside the band? DODGY...No wonder there's so many 'nacho thrash bands around who possess no imagination whatsoever between them. I agree, however, that music isn't the only thing in life, but it's certainly how I judge bands, and definitely the main thing we're concerned with in these pages. Finally, I'd just like to point out that I've always disliked 'Blood & Roses' & that they have NEVER been featured in GH...do I smell another generalisation or are you going to tell me you read another fanzine by mistake?

Destroy Trends

THE COCTEAU TWINS/DIF JUZ (Florence, The Tenax, 28/10/86)

Florence (or Firenze, as it is widely known) is one hell of a place. Brimming with architectural dreams, historic landmarks & artistic authenticity. It also possesses one of the finest live venues I've ever had the pleasure to visit, in the 1500 capacity Tenax Club.

4AD underdogs, DIF JUZ possess similar qualities to this fine city, mesmeric & dreamlike. If they weren't so musically busy, it could be perfect film music. If only there was a voice. Half an hour of instrumental music crying out for a vocal. With a vocal, DIF JUZ could succeed where DEAD CAN DANCE fail. Nevertheless, they were received well by a not-very-responsive audience, & deservedly so I thought.

THE COCTEAU TWINS. Now there's a name that conjours up all sorts of images. On record they are perfection. Beautiful, sweet music. I'll be frank (Frank who?), I've always liked THE COCTEAU TWINS, but on this live performance...well...they were (hold on...) boring, tiring, pathetic, ridiculous, pretentious, charmless & downright nauseating (pew!).

An hour or so of brand new songs, unfamiliar to anyone (bar, 'Sugar Hiccup') sent most of the audience reeling towards the bar, taking salvage in conversation. It appeared that 99% of the actual music was coming from a rather large tape machine, whilst messrs. Raymonde and Guthrie effortlessly looked at guitars almost bemused as to why there was anything coming out of them. Elizabeth Frazer's a little cutie, I agree, but why was she stood doing nothing for seemingly endless breaks? Yes, for the guitar solos!

I found it all rather sad to be honest. This once fine band have burnt themselves out already. As John Peel once put it, "They seem to have decayed into the bowels of their own beauty." Never was a truer word spoken. And, by the way, was that a tatoo of Siouxsie I saw on Liz Frazer's shoulder??

SPIROS THEODOPOLIS

'I wonder what it's like to be normal'

SPIZZ SEXUAL



The SPIZZ story has been told many times before, but don't think you're gonna get away with not hearing it again, cos yet another chapter is being added. The whole story started some ten years ago at a punk festival in Birmingham, with a duo known as SPIZZOIL. These mutated, after two fine EPs, into a proper grown up band called SPIZZENERGI, who began to release a string of fine records such as Soldier Soldier and the classic There's Captain Kirk, and also insisted on changing their name every year. ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80 and SPIZZLES followed, but the large scale success that everyone a few years earlier had expected didn't materialise, and the band seemingly ended their time with two singles as SPIZZENERGI TWO. A while past and nothing was heard, except that Spizz himself was spending time playing bass for Heaven 17. But such a job as that was never going to be permanent for such a brilliantly natural frontman as Spizz, and so, in late 1984, he returned in his LAST FUTURE SHOW, surrounded by rubber clad dancing girls and clothed in Glitteresque silver and feathers. Of course, in true Spizz fashion, this wasn't to last very long, and various other guises of the Spizzimagination began to launch themselves onto the London club circuit. The most recent incarnation is SPIZZSEXUAL, probably the most permanent so far, but you can only be sure that nothing is certain as far as Spizz is concerned.

After earlier abortive attempts to interview the man himself, we finally succeeded in our plans at the Marquee in what little time he could spare before another excellent gig. We immediately got into his good books by buying him a drink, found a quietish corner of the backstage room, and basically just let his immodest yet natural conversation ramble on in true Superstar fashion. Please note, 'natural' is a word that very neatly sums Spizz up; he is a show off, but never in any horrible, calculated way. His entire character is very extravert, and yet at the same time, both tongue in cheek and sincere. I know this sounds contradictory, but I know what I mean anyway. See him yourself and you'll find out as well. Anyway, as we were, the interview was about to begin, and begin it did, with a somewhat obvious question... is there likely to be any new Spizz vinyl available soon.

Sex and
Art

OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7-11pm
MARQUEE

SPIZZOIL

COL

SPIZZ "Well, sort of, yes. What's happened is, a friend of mine, Nicky Tesco, who used to be in the Members, he's very keen to re-record 'Where's Captain Kirk' and produce it, but he's just gone to Finland singing with some jazzy band, so he won't be back for a while. But there's a publishing company who we've got interested, and we'd want to sell it with three of my new songs. I think 'Where's Captain Kirk' would be a mega hit, especially the way we'd re-record it, so we'd just have to take it around, look at contracts and all that shit, and maybe sometime before next Summer there should be a record out... maybe early Spring if everything goes okay. It will be a ~~xxx~~ 12 inch mega mix super version Eighties dance style version of 'Where's Captain Kirk'... da da da daaaaahhhhh!!! " So, who's in the band now, it's a bit of an elaborate affair, isn't it. SPIZZ "...the line up is..." (accompanied by various exaggerated hand gestures to indicate whereabouts everybody goes on stage...) "...Marcus on guitar" (far left) "Phil on drums..." (at the back) "...Vince on keyboards..." (far right) "...Nick on bass..." (not so far right) "..... Annie and Lisa on backing vocals..." (a bit left of centre) "...and Alison Debbie and Kaz dancing..." (all over the place.) "The basic band is just the music bit, with various added embellishments for your entertainment. And what a great show it is....." Hmmm, modest as ever, but he has got a point. Well, how long will you be sticking with the SpizzSexual name. SPIZZ. "I've learnt the lesson that changing the name too often causes too much confusion, so I want to hold onto 'SpizzSexual' until I can get it out onto vinyl as evidence of the name and how outrageous the show has been. So I'm gonna stick with it until hopefully we get a big hit and the Spizz persona becomes a household name, then we'll be away again. ~~Spizz~~ Spizzoids is the other name that's attracting my attention right now, y'know, like those toys that change from cars into robots, like... they're Japanese, y'see, I'm thinking of the Japanese market already.....



SPIZZLES

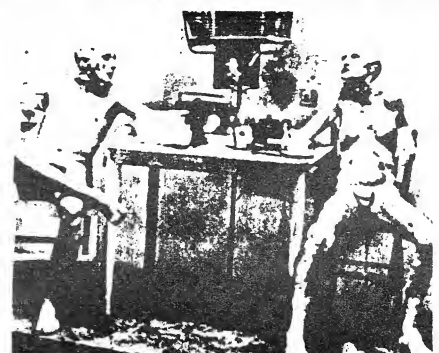
What about the actual material, then. Are you still into changing the style of your presentation regularly.

SPIZZ. "Yeah, like, at the last gig we included the backing singers, at the one before that it was just the band, and at this one we've got backing singers and dancers on stage. No two shows are ever the same. I'm still into the idea of changing things about quickly, like watching adverts on T.V. Its like, one of the new songs, 'I'm on my Own', it starts off gently, moves up to a big chorus, then it's pretty much GO! all the way, and then it's soft at the end. But it's not all dramatic changes, like from didli didli didli to DIDLI DIDLI DIDLI!!! I haven't got it to an artform yet, but I think it's a bit early for that. I don't think the public could take it. I mean, they're quite willing to watch adverts and videos that are FLASH, FLASH/FLASH/FLASH... But I don't think they're ready for the music to change in such a way.... However, when I get to the experimental albums, then I'll be able to do that sort of thing!"

Do you write all the material.

SPIZZ. "Well, the rest of the band write music and try to get me to write lyrics for it, but I prefer the music to be written around the melody of the lyrics. But they said 'Chhhh, come on, Spiiiizzzz!' so I wrote a song for them called 'I'm on my Own' in twenty minutes, and it was great, we love it! It's a very deep, soul searching song. You need some light and shade in a show, cos it's been, like, GO! GO! GO! GO!..... but this ends a bit more sophisticated."

ATHLETICO SPIZZ80



NO ROOM

What bands do you consider to be working on a similar basis to yourself at the moment.

SPIZZ. "Ahhh, well, my old style of performing is definately back in at that moment...errmm, well, I should definately consider myself alongside

SPIZZ/PETROL

by JANET



1989

Pat Benatar, Prince, and Madonna. I'm a real sucker for consumer rock at the moment. Cyndi Lauper, yaaayyy!!! Her new one's great... 'Two of a Kind'... 'The way her voice goes just makes me melt, maaannnn!!! Do a cut out of me going' (makes various erotic gestures with his tongue) 'all over her in the feature!!! Errmm, I suppose my favourites at the moment have to be Spizz, Spizz and Spizz. I love my band. No, I suppose that's cheating. Iggy, now he's great. Everybody's gonna be saying that now that he's coming over again, especially as my ex guitarest, Kevin Armstrong, should be in his band."

Are you interested in video work.

SPIZZ. "Well, we're filming this gig... the Media Messiah will hit anything! Actually, the guys filming it are the Director, Producer and cameraman for this news service for MTV in America, and I'm gonna be their presenter. Y'know, I'll have to give them the gossip, the news, the top ten, interview a few bands... I'll be down the same side of the fence as you laid for a change! But that's still in the pilot stage yet, but hopefully I'll soon be hitting the American media."

FIBRE

thanks B

Produced by SPIZZ

Management: DAVE WOODS LONDON CITY ENTERTAINMENTS 126 ALDERSGATE S LONDON EC1A 4JQ Telephone 01-253-2276

ROUGH TRADE

Recorded at BERRY STREET STUDIOS Engineer DAVE HUNT

202 KENSINGTON PARK ROAD, LONDON, W.11.

SPIZZENERGI2

At this point, a Marquee official enters to get a contract signed, and things digress a bit...

SPIZZ. "Ahhh!!! A contract to sign.... but there's been a few hiccups, hasn't there. There's no monitor engineer, is there, and it clearly states on this contract that there ought to be one. I demand a credit note on my next gig! Hang on, yays the tape whilst the contract is"

".....right, there we are. Now, what were we talking about. Ahh, videos. You don't want to start me off about them all over again, do you. You can make something up about them, and I'll just agree with whatever you say about videos!"

And what of costumes. Spizz stage attire has always been pretty extravagant, and now the whole band seems to be getting in on the act.

SPIZZ. "Well, I clothe the band, 'cos most musicians haven't got a clue, it's only the singers that know where the actions at! So, basically, the whole band go on dressed as me, which is quite nice. In fact, I'd like to get a load of Spizz masks made up for them to wear..."

.....another interruption occurs, as members of support band, The Whiplash Girls, stumble through. After a brief interlude, conversation re commences...



HOT DESERTS

ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80

38

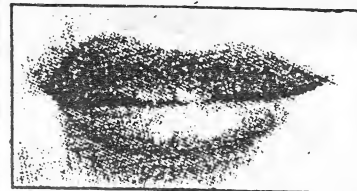




SPOCK'S MISSING
ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80
 voice·acoustic guitar **SPIZZ**
 bass·violin **JIM SOLAR**
 piano **MARK COALFIELD**
 drums **C.P. SNARE**
 electric guitars **SCOTT**

Sex, sex, sex, sex...

near you. **SEX.**

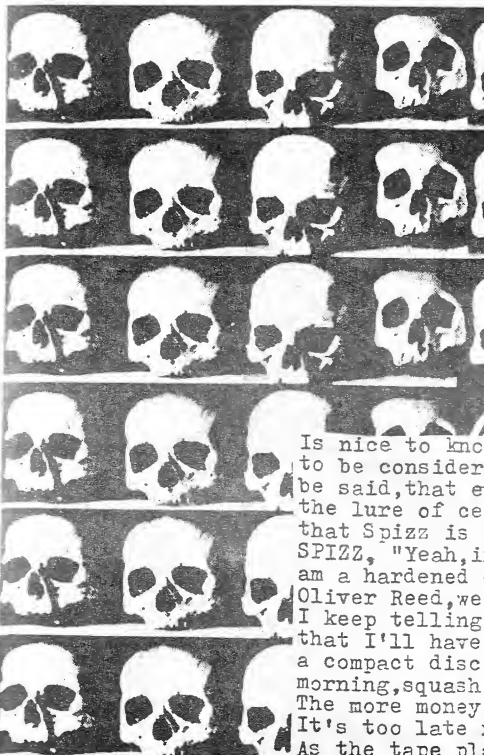


BIOLOGY: THE BLOOD RUSHES INTO THE PENIS. THE PENIS RUSHES INTO THE VAGINA. THE SPERM RUSH UP TO THE EGG

new
sex is forbidden sex

SPIZZ. "Right, who's gonna ask the next question."
 ANDY. "You can, it's your turn, ... for a change!"
 RICH. "No it's not, it's never my turn..."
 ANDY. "Typical, y' lazy sod!"
 SPIZZ. "Well, it's never easy to do an interview backstage before a gig with a superstar of my calibre, I suppose..."
 ANDY. "I know, ... We're dumbstruck!"
 RICH. "...Yeah..."
 ANDY. "Well, he's just dumb, anyway..."
 SPIZZ. "Erm, who pays the wages on this magazine..."
 ANDY. "Well, he gets all the profits!"
 SPIZZ. "So where are you going wrong?"
 RICH. "He does all the work, and I get all the credit!!!"
 SPIZZ. "Cocoo, you swine, you swine!!!" But enough of all this, ask me some more questions..."
 Heads were scratched and the furthest reaches of very minute intellects were explored, and a moment or two later, the men from Grim Humour came up with yet another interrogative masterpiece. What was Spizz doing to get the Press more interested in his current activities...

the SPIZZLES



Spizz. "I actually keep trying to get people from Soundis, Melody Maker and NME down to the gigs... I phone them up and tell them they're on the guest list, but then I usually take them off the guest list before they get here, 'cos it's too high!"
 Was he interested in taking up support slots to other bands so that he could perform to larger audiences.
 SPIZZ. "Well, I teleaxed the manager from the Psychedelic Furs, 'cos I used to know him, so I'm hoping to get a support slot there, but that's a long shot, 'cos you usually have to 'buy on' tours nowadays, and I can't afford to do that. I was gonna ask another of my old friends, Midge Ure, if we could get on any of the Ultravox shows that are coming up, but I think their image is a bit too clean cut and middle aged for my show to be suitable with. We might upset a few people. We're..." (adopts yeeehhaarr!! American accent) "...a wild and craaaaaazeeeee band, right!!! I'd like to get on with Alice Cooper..... we might be playing Chelsea Art School on Hallowe'en. That would be fun, shake up all those old hippies! That'd be taking the piss, whoops, mustn't forget, this is a family magazine, I mean, taking the fun..."

SOLDIER

Is nice to know that even such a living legend as Spizz still has time to be considerate towards his younger readers. But, alas, it does have to be said, that even such a great and Saintly figure as he does fall to the lure of certain vices. In fact, it has been whispered in certain places that Spizz is fond of an occasional drink....

SPIZZ. "Yeah, in fact I'm surprised that I'm not drunk at the moment. I am a hardened drinker, let's face it, I am an alcoholic. My hero is ~~Oliver~~ Oliver Reed, well, mainly his liver, but, y'know, the king of all drinkers. I keep telling myself I'm gonna cut down.... I have this vision, right, that I'll have a comfortable house, ~~xxx~~ maybe another one in the country, a compact disc player, I'll be on a high fibre diet, I'll go jogging in the morning, squash in the evening, but I think..... NNNAAAAHHHH!! No way! The more money I get, the worse I'm gonna get, that's what's gonna happen! It's too late now to worry about my health!"

As the tape played through to it's final few seconds, the changing room started to become too crowded for any further interviewing to take place. Through the assembled throng walked Debbie, one of the dancers, an old friend of Spizz's. As the tape ended, he greeted her...

SPIZZ. "Hello, Debbie, I haven't met you before, have I."

DEBBIE. "Yes you have, ofcourse you have!"

SPIZZ. "Oh, yeah! Total idiot!"

Y'see, modest to the very end, an example to us all. And some thirty minutes later he took the stage, dressed as Judge Dread, to deliver one of the best performances I had seen all year. Old classics like 'Where's Captain Kirk', 'Spock's Missing', and 'Mega City 3' rubbed shoulders with newer songs like 'Islands' and 'Spizz it Up' to create a memorable energetic show which would put today's supposed young talent to shame. Spizz proved that he doesn't have to rely on his past glories to deliver the goods, but at the same time showed how timeless tunes like 'Where's Captain Kirk' really are. Spizz deserves success on a truly huge scale, and one day I hope he makes it. But for now, I'd advise anyone to try to catch one of his gigs and to witness the Worlds' Best Show Off.

SPIZZENERGI

DANGERS OF

XUAL
ZZI

Day of the Dead

One ascertable fact when talking about horror movies is that, regardless of their makers, they are almost always universally condemned by the serious critics. Often, it can be argued, it is because they are just plain bad films - mere exercises in unbridled bloodletting pandering to the more base elements in society. Where a poor comedy or dull romance is a shame but excusable, a poor horror movie is a nasty, perverting children and is to blame for society's ills.

It is, therefore, amusing to view the same critics falling over themselves when a good horror film comes along. Is it a good horror film or just a good film? Unfortunately, very few directors can confront said people with such a dilemma. Polanski and Kubrick have proved it possible (with *The Tenant* and *The Shining* respectively), but they are not horror directors per se. Within that category a mere handful of names spring to mind - Dario Argento and David Cronenberg are but two. George A. Romero is another. A man who, over the past 20 years, has given the world such classic (horror) movies as *Night of the Living Dead*, *Martin*, and the recent *Day of the Dead*.

Born in 1940, in the Bronx, New York, he studied at Carnegie-Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh. And it was here in Pittsburgh that he set up Image 10, his own company, to make commercial, political and industrial films (even working as a 19-year old) as a camera grip on the mid-60s classic *North By Northwest* (1959). With this training behind him, in his early 20's, he joined forces with writer John Russo to script the black & white horror opus that was to become *Night of the Living Dead*.

Shot for just \$14,000 in 16mm over evenings and weekends, the title of *Night* did not look bright - indeed it was only finished through the help of locals who agreed to to appear (unpaid) in the title role. It is the tale of 5 people of differing backgrounds forced together in an isolated farm house as the dead rise with the taste for living flesh. One, Ben, is black, another, Harry, a racist. Despite being an effective horror movie, Romero's political background also came into play making his film carry a strong anti-racist message. Ben is the hero, Harry a desquided fool. The former is the only one to survive the night of the title - but in a suitably downbeat climax, at dawn, he is mistaken for a zombie and gunned down.

Because of its ending the movie had trouble reaching the world's cinema screens. Too downbeat for most distributors, it eventually escaped on double bills with sex flicks and kiddie fodder like the ludicrous *Dr Who and the Daleks*. It was over the ensuing months, through horror aficionados that *Night* was reassessed as a classic and through bookings at Art House and Festivals a principle resides in the US Museum of Modern Art.

Thanks to *Night*'s struggles, Romero returned to Image 10 work, now Image 10 was a *Vanilla* (1970?), a light romantic comedy, riding on the Graduate wave of the late 60's/early 70's. It was not until 9 1/2 years after his debut that *Jack's Wife* was made. The story of a White, a housewife, who becomes involved with a modern Black, a witchy, covert. At over 2 hours in length, it flopped on release. So short of 30 minutes and retitled *Season of the Witch*, it was reissued - and flopped again, although Romero's feminist film still does decent business on video in America.

1973 was his first all-out horror piece *The Mad People*. Detailing the effects of a biological plague on Evan's City, Pennsylvania, if *Night* had an equally bleak outcome with the hero and heroine being killed in a nuclear explosion. It was technically released as *The Stries* and *Code Name: Trixie*, both titles still in use for it today. True to *Night* also, Romero's political leanings came to the fore once more in a condemnation of the Military Establishment, something he has returned to recently.

Another 4 years would pass until one of his most extraordinary movies would see the light of the projector - *Martin*. The story of a young boy growing up in a mining town, who believes he could be a vampire. His dreams of a previous life and his bloodlust all add to his insecurity, his wanderings in daylight point otherwise. So mixed up is he that even contacts a radio phone-in to discuss his problem. A complex, very intelligent and frequently gory movie, it marked the first notable meeting of Romero with special make-up effects man Tom Savini, who also appears in the film.

zombies

DAY OF THE DEAD

a gut-spilling autopsy

Savini also appeared in a small role in Romero's next film, his undisputed masterpiece - 'Zombies Dawn of the Dead' (1979). The follow-up to 'Night of the Living Dead' saw a world ravaged by the living dead, a handful of the living escape to a shopping mall where they become self-sufficient, until the appearance of a rival motorcycle gang - led by Savini - leading to a no holds barred gore-feast climax, topped only by a stunning helicopter head slicing earlier in the film. With assistance from Italian horror maestro Dario Argento and music by fellow Italians Goblin, 'Dawn' is an unqualified tour-de-force in horror, much imitated, but never bettered.

Next for Romero came 'Knightriders' (1980), a mix of Arthurian legend, 50's flower power and motorcycle gang mythology, featuring Ed Harris, Romero's wife Christine Forest and cameos from Tom Savini and horror writer Stephen King. Unlike his earlier and later works and despite rave reviews, 'Knightriders' has never been seen in this country.

After his 'Knightriders' appearance Stephen King's associations with Romero continued with 'Creepshow' (1982), an affectionate tribute to the EC comics of the 50's. King scripted the tales and Romero directed in a very stylised manner to capture the spirit of the old comic books. King also appeared in one story as a farmer affected by a meteor that turns him into a plant! Tom Savini again handled the make-up and (again) has a small role, as a dustman.

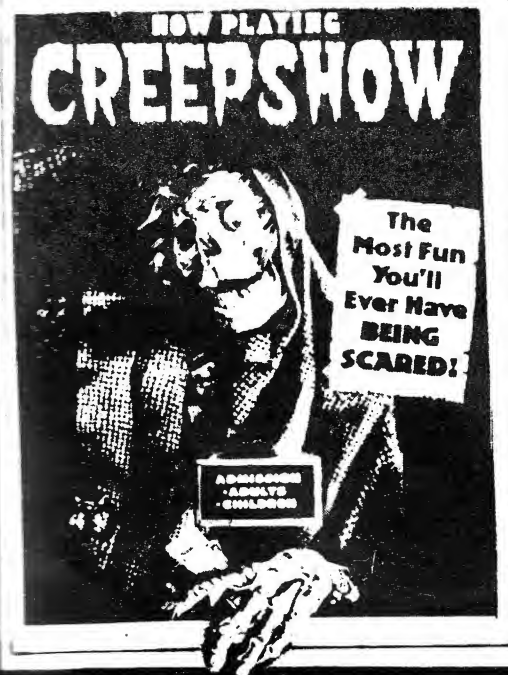
After 'Creepshow', Romero branched out of film and into television with his tales from the Darkside series. Short slices of horror and the supernatural, directed by several people, including Tom Savini, and written by the likes of King and underrated writer Michael McDowell. Available on video and constantly on late night ITV channels, the series appears to have a very long life ahead of it.

The big Romero news of 1986, however, was undoubtedly the final chapter of the 'Dead' trilogy - 'Day of the Dead'. The intense tale of an ill-assorted group of scientists and military types in a missile silo in deepest Florida. The army preaches violence, their counterparts attempt to discover a way of reversing the disease. Relentlessly downbeat, the first hour is almost all talk, Romero's criticisms of the military resurface, the soldiers idiotic and macho, the scientists earnest and intelligent. Through dream sequences, Romero crisscrosses the live action of the narrative and Savini's effects in the second half hour have redefined gore cinema. Living brains, dissected faces and bodies literally torn apart make 'Day' a worthy follow-up to 'Dawn'. One critic was prompted to point out that soon viewers will need medical qualifications to fully appreciate Savini's work. However, due to budget problems 'Day' was not the film Romero was originally to make, so a fourth part might still be on the cards.

His current project for Romero, however, is a screen version of Stephen King's 'Pet Sematary'. A bleak novel of death and reanimation that should more than suit the director's bizarre talents, it is expected in 1988.

However it turns out and whatever he does in the future in film or TV, George A. Romero is a name to watch as, like Cronenberg, he is a talented director prepared to use horror as a springboard to examine greater issues, be they social and political, or simply the extension of horror as sheer entertainment.

by Gerald.H.



DAY OF THE DEAD

You Will Be The First To Go



BY C.GUILE, ON
BEHALF OF ALL
OF THE GRIM
BROTHERHOOD!

DEAD KENNEDYS

Perhaps one of the saddest events of the past year has been the untimely demise of the Dead Kennedys, who've been forced to disband after ten years as one of America's most influential and stimulating punk bands. What has made this event all the more notable is the circumstances leading up to it. In a rather obvious attempt to produce a test case on such matters, America's 'moral majority', in the form of Los Angeles City Attorney Michael Guarino, brought forward a charge against members of the band & others from their record label, 'Alternative Tentacles'. Thus being 'Distribution of Harmful Matter To Minors'.

The actual complaint centred on part of the packaging for the Kennedys' 'Frankenchrist' lp, released last year, namely a poster depicting a painting titled 'Penis Landscape', by world renowned artist, H.R. Giger. Now, although it is fair to say that the poster could be considered 'distasteful' by some people, it is quite ridiculous to assume that it is 'pornographic' in any way or, at least, not half as pornographic as an average cigarette advert, with their usual suggestive 'smoke such a brand & you'll end up bonking a girl with big tits!'. As the facts have emerged, it has become more & more apparent that the band are being used as little more than a scapegoat by America's Right Wing, to see how the Courts would react to severe censorship of antagonistic artists, be they in the rock music field or otherwise. Of course, the one aspect in which the argument against the Kennedys falls flat on in the first place is that, particularly with the poster having been created by such a well known & highly esteemed artist, would it still be considered 'harmful to minors' if it was on display in a top art gallery? And, if so, would it not also be possible that many other world-famous masterpieces, such as the works of Michaelangelo & Leonardo DaVinci, not to mention several of Shakespeare's plays, could also be considered likewise? They also contain nudity or 'strong' language, after all.

It has always been debatable just how to decide when something is 'art' or merely a product for consumption, but in this case, however, there should be no doubt. The actual poster itself is, as already stated, far too abstract to be considered pornographic or sensationalist, and the DK's material, in respect to this poster, is far too intelligently done to be considered, even by it's opponents, as a simple publicity stunt. So, just why were the DK's picked out as a target for such a blatant attempt to impose censorship?

Well, to begin with, as fellow American artist, Clint Ruin, commented in a recent interview, the DK's, despite their popularity, "just haven't got the money to defend themselves". In fact, this gave them all the right credentials to be the victims of such an attack....their popularity ensured maximum publicity

for those making the charges, and their financial position meant that they had very little chance of properly defending the case. However, the reasons why they were chosen weren't purely economic. The Dead Kennedys were also a desirable target because they were a band who were highly successful at intelligently ridiculing the American way of life, & therefore a particular discomfort to the 'religious right wing'. All aspects of their presentation, especially Jello Biafra's lyrics but also their artwork, were never directionless attacks on society. They were always cleverly thought out stabs at the hypocrisy & inhumanity of America's supposedly superior lifestyle.

Perhaps the most effective parts of their work were where, instead of telling their audiences what was right & wrong, Biafra merely adopted personas of various 'respectable' members of Society, and let them show themselves up. You only have to look as far as the opening track to 'Frankenchrist', the brilliant 'Soup Is Good Food', to see how well this technique works, as Jello acting out the part of a supposedly responsible govt. official, deals with a desperate vagrant, "I'm sorry, I hate to interrupt, but it's against the law to jump off this bridge. You'll just have to kill yourself someplace else; a tourist might see you & we wouldn't want that."

So, as the Great American Dream more & more evident that it's only for an 'elite' few (where actors & politicians are considered equally as important), discontent is bound to flourish amongst the less fortunate. Of course, State imposed ignorance helps deter this all from becoming dangerous to the system's balance of power, as aimless hooliganism is encouraged to provide a channel for the discontentment....

"So many people...come of age tense & bitter-eyed...can't create, so they just destroy...come on, let's set someone's dog on fire!"

Sooner or later, it was inevitable that something intelligent enough to see through all of these tricks would stem from the abused masses &, almost like a self-inflicted cancer, that is how the DK's appeared to upset the unhealthy body of American Society. It's probably quite difficult to fully appreciate the band in this country but, in their own country, a nation where racial lynchings & people committing suicide to prove their 'love' of Jesus are still a reality, & where many people refuse to donate money to Aids Research on account of the disease being 'The Wrath of God', they were like a deformed cousin locked in the attic & refusing to bang on the floor. It was their consistency in this area that made them so notorious as far as the authorities were concerned. Their supporters though, found them admirable for their continued support of other up & coming groups, & for their steadfast support of any other individuals trying to think for themselves & not allowing themselves what to be told the whole time.

For all these reasons, it should be considered a great loss that such pressure has been placed on the band that they feel unable to continue.

At the moment, the court case goes on, with possible fines of \$2000 for each defendant & likely jail sentences up to a year for each as well as the likely imposition of heavier censorship of 'alternative' artforms if the defendants are found 'guilty'. So, the battle to clear the DK's/Alternative Tentacles continues, but due to their lack of funds, the 'No More Censorship Defense Fund' has been set up to try and raise cash towards legal fees, & donations can be sent to the addresses below.

Remember, if these censorship laws, that some people would like to see imposed, were passed then you wouldn't have fanzines to read about it in, & even gigs would be carefully scrutinised by the authorities. You may well think that that couldn't happen here but, just think, it only took Hitler a decade to change Germany from a democratic country into the Third Reich.

To end on a more positive note, one of the brighter points about the DK's split was that they at least didn't grind to a halt because of personal differences within the band. With this being so, it can only be hoped that perhaps, if the court case is won, they can re-commence their activities, cos it's certainly a shame if they've gone for good.

NO MORE CENSORSHIP DEFENSE FUND,
P.O. BOX 11458,
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA 94101.
USA.

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES,
61/70 COLLIER ST,
LONDON.
N1 9BE.

PLANET of the DAMNED



DROGGED THROUGH THE TIME-SPACE WARP THAT IS THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE, PEOPLE FROM ALL AGES HAVE BEEN TRAPPED ON A WEIRD AND TIMELESS WORLD. JAKE FLINT AND STAN HACKMANN ARE TRYING TO LEAD SOME OF THEM TO SAFETY WHEN THEY CLASH WITH 'CHARLIE'S ANGELS', A RUTHLESS BUNCH OF HEAVIES LED BY CHARLIE HAGEN! HOWEVER, THEIR SHOWDOWN IS INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF A BAND OF AB-HUMANS, THE PLANET'S ACID-SPITTING INHABITANTS, LED BY A GROTESQUE SURVIVOR CALLED KERR!

A Hell of a lot of criticism has been levelled at the Damned over the past year. In many ways it had to be expected; after all, they were never all that popular with the established music press in the pre MCA days, so why should all that change just cos they've had a line up change and better chart success. In fact, the only way that the criticism has changed is that instead of accusing them of being a shambolic bunch of old lags, they are now accused of being an over professional bunch of old lags.....Hmmm, can't win either way, but still, at least they really are now in a position where they don't need to care what the press say about them. So, where does this leave me.....well, I must admit that I thought 'Phantasmagoria', although it did include several great tunes, suffered from being horribly over produced, and their live shows aren't half as funny as they used to be. But what does still strike me about the Damned is the way that they always seem to be 100Percent genuine about the music they are involved in. Fair enough, it might not be as much to my own personal taste as, say, 'Strawberries', but it is still the Damned, what they believe in, and that still comes through when you listen to them. Cynics can always moan, 'Oh, they're not the same without Sensible', but in reality, they haven't changed at all. They are still the same down to earth people. Okay, so the presentation is more professional, but what would you have preferred, that when Roman took over on guitar he spent half his time telling obscene jokes and stripping off. That was the way Sensible was, not how the Damned were. The Damned were always a band of individuals, and they've remained that way, even if they have lost their most extravagant member. They haven't sold out, they've found success on their own terms, and they've only changed the way that they wanted to. And far from letting success go to their heads, they still remain easily approachable to their fans, and Roman, in particular, was again very helpful when we got in touch with him to arrange another interview (we'd first met them back in Ye Olde Days of Grim Humour Five). So, all that remained was to wait until their 'Anything' tour brought them down to freezing Folkestone, crowd into a dark corner with Roman and a Sony Walkman, press 'Record' and hope for the best...

HACKMANN'S RIGHT! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER.

I'LL BE READY!

Right, easy one to start off with...why did you decide to go to Denmark to record the new album.

"Basically, the studio was said to have all these great facilities, and it did, but it was a dead boring place. It really was, it was right out in the flat lands, and there was no big city nearby or anything, and if you tried to get out of the studio, like, the only place you could go to was this bar full of farmers who we weren't very popular with because we had these three wheeler trikes, like, two 125c.c. trikes, and we used to go tearing through their crop fields, so they didn't like us very much!"

Who's produced the album.

"Jon Kelly, who also did the last one, but really I would say, sort of, this album was more co produced by The Damned, he was just there as an engineer really, but he put his bits in so it'll say on the album 'Produced by Jon Kelly', whereas in reality it was produced by us as well."

Who does the song writing now.

"Well, all of us really, it always has been a case that one of us gets an idea, then someone else will pick up on it and add a little extra bit here and there.....Dave does most of the lyrics, but I write some as well. The thing is, as I've always said, it's a case that if I've written a song and written all the music and all the lyrics, it's still a Damned song cos when Rat drums on it, he'll drum along in his way, and Dave will sing it in his voice, so really we just share all the credit no matter who does what on what. Cos, I mean, every so often Rat will come up with a really good riff on his guitar and a song will develop from that.....we really just feed off each other."

At the Tenth Anniversary gigs you did a new version of 'Plan Nine...' Are you intending to re do any other songs.

"Well, not with many songs. That was a case that we wanted to do 'Plan Nine...' again, but it's so easy to just go through a song like that and we thought, well, why don't we do it with a slightly different arrangement, still keep all the exciting bits in it, and so we did that, and had all the cello stuff at the beginning."

THE DAMNED

Will you be adding any more musicians on stage at all.

"No, we won't want to have any more musicians as such...it starts to get to be too much of a headache if you have, like, musicians who only come on for one or two numbers...it'd be a waste of time, I think."

What about the thing you did on TV with the entire orchestra backing you on 'Eloise'.

"That was only a one off, but it was nice to have the opportunity to do it. Another thing like that might come up sometime, and we'd probably be interested in doing it, but it might not be with an orchestra, it could be with a Rumanian gypsy folk troop or something. But if the situation arose where we had the opportunity to do something like that, yeah, we'd probably do it. That thing on 'Rock Around the Dock', it was the record company's idea, and they sort of asked us, quite tentatively really, I thought, and we just said 'yeah'. It was pretty difficult, cos although it wasn't actually live when you saw us playing, it was recorded live, which was awkward cos you had a seventy piece orchestra in one part of the studio, and us in another part of the studio, and they couldn't all have earphones on cos there were so many of them, so they were all trying to follow the conductor who was in touch with us and who knew what we were doing.....we did it all in about two hours, I think, in the end, which was quite surprising, cos usually you find that the technicians at these places, like TV stations, are fucking shit, and they're all old jobsworths who've all failed at something else, and they end up there, where they like to think that they're in charge. But we soon put them straight..."

Why did you trash all the gear at the end of it.

"Errr, we felt like it. It was nice to add a little bit of colour to the programme. I mean, most of the people around there, well.....some of them were nice people, like, Ruby Turner was quite funny, but most of them..... bloody Paul Weller and the rest...I mean, what an awful song he did, bloody hell, where he was singing the duet, that was absolutely crap, and really badly done. I mean, if you can do and do it well then it's worth doing, but if you're gonna do it and it's gonna be a pile of old shit like that was then there's no point, is there. I don't know who he thinks he is nowadays, Frank Sinatra or someone."

What's the band's attitude towards doing cover versions, cos just after 'Eloise' was successful there was a rather dubious sounding press article which claimed that The Damned were considering releasing an entire album of Doors covers.

"Well, I don't know where the Hell that came from. We do songs live, like 'We Love You', and 'Lust for Life', but, y'know, they're just songs we like, and usually we just slot them in. We will be doing one Doors song, and that will be 'LA Woman', and hopefully we'll be actually doing that with Ray Manzerek...sorry, Shirley...playing keyboards, and actually do it in Los Angeles to get the right atmosphere.....and besides that, have a good time over there!!! No, we've been doing 'We Love You' and 'LA Woman' on this tour, and we have done 'Lust for Life' once or twice, but we draw the line at 'Down in the Tube Station at Midnight'!!! "

Are you intending to drop any of the 'old Favourites' like 'New Rose' or 'Love Song' from the setlist.

"We did them both last night, but the thing is now that we've got, like, seven albums now to choose songs from, and, alright, a lot of people want to hear 'New Rose' and 'Smash It Up', but you just can't pamper to those peoples' taste, cos a lot of people come along now who wanna hear other songs. I mean, we do an hour and a half set now, so it's like, if we feel it's the right time to play it, we'll play one of the older songs, but we find it more interesting to go back to an old song like 'Plan Nine' and doing a new version, making it more interesting. I mean, our version of NeatNeatNeat is also different now. I mean, basically the song is there, but it's longer, and we go off the track, sort of thing, in the middle. Like, if we were just going through the throes of every song every night you'd start getting a bit, y'know, fed up with it, it'd just be robotic and you'd be doing it without thinking, so we try to not just play your part, but if there's room to let go, cos it improves your playing and it improves the band, cos every one can feed off of each other."

Are there any plans at the moment for the band to release a video cassette.

"Well, I'll tell you something, I'd be against releasing a video cassette with things like 'Is It a Dream' on it, cos I thought 'Is It a Dream' was a terrible video. I'm fed up with seeing people in a video, on a stage, with a bloody guitar, miming to a song, and the audience jumping up and down, cos it's like, every heavy metal video is like that. I like to do them more like a story, and use the song as a story line, and have the band in it, now and again with their guitars, but not just them standing there miming away. We've just done the video for the new single ('Anything'), and, err, there's no guitars in that!!! Dave's in the shower, and we're all on this big table which spins round with all this food on it, which all flies off of it.....it's good fun, we enjoyed doing it, but I wouldn't enjoy doing another video like 'Is It a Dream'. The 'Shadow of Love' video was alright, but that was the sorta token glossy video, y'know what I mean. MCA are a bit funny about things like that, like, with this new one, I heard rumours

that Dave shouldn't get his hair wet in the shower so that he didn't look bedraggled, but fucking Hell, I mean, if you're in a shower, you're gonna get your fucking hair wet, it's fucking pointless otherwise... unless he wore a shower cap or something....."

Is he still interested in acting.

"Yeah, I think he probably will do some, but I think it's a case that he has to find time for it. He actually had a part somewhere as a drummer in that new Bob Dylan film, but cos Dylan threw a wobbler at some point and they had to put back the shooting of the thing, he didn't have time cos he was touring with the rest of us.... there's a chance that we all might be in a film, anyway. I don't know if you ever saw that John Silver Return to Treasure Island" (Yeah! Great stuff!) "...the boat they used in that was the same boat they used in the Rock Around the Dock thing, and the guy who owns it is going to make a film based on the old pirates and stuff, which is very interesting.... you know where the term 'Son of a Gun' comes from... well, what used to happen was, when a ship used to dock in a port,

they used to get all the dodgy old boilers from the port, get them up across a cannon, and give 'em one, and if you were born under, sort of, those conditions, you were a son of a gun, and, errr, is gonna be that sort of film, and he kinda thought that we were tailor made to be the crew, so if we get time for that I'm sure we'll have lots and lots of fun!!! "

What to you think of censorship, especially as the Damned did do a song 'Video Nasty', which was a sort of tongue in cheek stab at it.

"I think the only censorship that should be around, really, is in your own mind. You should be allowed to see things, and it's up to you if you show your kids. They were trying to pass an Act in Parliament that made all films that were slightly dodgy specially rated, so that you could only get things like 'Mary Poppins' in video shops. You wouldn't even be able to get something like 'Indiana Jones' cos that's got violence and stuff in it. So I think that if they'd done that, and it had all gone through, that would have been a bloody disaster..... I don't agree with those videos, what are they called, Snuff Movies, they're just made by sick people for sick people, but good things like 'A Nightmare on Elm Street' and stuff like that should be available."

How did you get involved with the soundtrack of 'Return of the Living Dead'.

"Roger Armstrong from Chiswick records knew a guy who was something to do with the guys who were making the film, and they wanted some music for it, so they had some bloke write all the music for it, and it was all a bunch of cack right, so they thought, cos they had the punks in it, why not get some music to go with it. We'd always been interested in films, especially Dave and myself, so they got on to us, and we had the song lying around.... I'd originally written the music in a studio, just as a laugh, as an advert for the Yamaha DX7, so we just took those lyrics off and wrote some new lyrics down for it..... it's a shame with that film, cos there's a couple of good tracks on the album, but there's some fucking rubbish on there as well.... the Gramps one is good.... that was just before we joined MCA, literally weeks before. Otherwise there may have been problems with recording contracts and other things, but it was all done just in time, so it was, 'Ah, hah, hah, missed that one haven't you!!' "

What do you think of the Damned collectors market, which seems to be on a never ending increase of re issues and funny coloured vinyls at the moment.

"Unfortunately we can't stop any of that... if a punter's willing to pay £5 for the same record in a different sleeve, and he wants it, then it's up to him, the same with a bootleg, you go to these record fairs and they have all these bootleg cassettes of the Damned... I can't say I agree with it, but if someone wants one that bad, and he'll buy it and be pleased with it, then all well and good, it's just our hard luck that we don't get any of the money for it. But when you buy one, and you don't even get to hear it, and you take it home and it's a really bad recording, that's really bad. In a way it's nice, cos if you go to see The Damned, and it's bootlegged, and you want a tape of the actual show you were at, well, all well and good, y'know. We try to put our foot down about what MCA release, but unfortunately things go so quick sometimes that they put something out before we know about it, but they usually consult us if there's enough time. Like that sudden re issue of 'Phantasmagoria' with the 'Eloise' single, that was meant for just Europe, but of course it ended up over here, as something else that any Damned collector would want to buy."

Enter Shirley... "Go on, ask him a question!" demands Roman.

Alright, how do you get on with the rest of the band.

"He's a wanker! No, we get on fine, you always have your ups and downs in a band. You just have to take some things with a pinch of salt and laugh at them..... or leave the band!"

"He left us once in America, and we had to do a gig in Salt Lake City, which is a Mormon town, so we thought, fucking great, no keyboards in bloody Salt Lake City... but it was one of the best gigs on the tour!!! But he came back after that."

Why did you decide to resurrect the Flashman Society recently.

"Well, it had originally been started back in 'Machine Gun Etiquette' days..... I don't know if you're familiar with Flashman, George MacDonald

Frazers' character from 'Tom Browns Schooldays', we actually wrote to him and asked if we could use the name, and Dave got a letter back from him, and he actually wrote the scenario for the clubcards, y'know, 'This allows the holder to do everything wrong, and steal, and cheat' and all that sort of stuff. It's all run properly now. It was a shambles for years and years, it never actually packed in, but everything around the Damned was always a mess, so when we eventually got time, we got it all sorted out, y'know all the names and numbers and money and stuff. It's all done properly now, and we can get a magazine every quarter and stuff."

What do you think of the music press these days.

"I think it's absolutely bollocks. I mean, the other day, I was wanting to read about Iggy, cos there's like, his big come back with 'BlahBlahBlah', and I think the album is really good, but you read the stuff that the fucking music press is writing about him, and it's the same old cack again, fucking wanker journalists who prefer to write about themselves rather than who they're going to interview, and they end up just talking about themselves, and they try to use all these very witty phrases and all these long words and stuff, and basically all they say is 'I'm a wanker, and I don't know what I'm talking about'. Journalism really ought to be reporting and observing. I mean, this time round, we've said to Sounds and NME and people like that, 'No, we don't want to sit down and do interviews'. They can come along and they can observe, and if they can get anything out of what's going on, and what we talk about amongst ourselves, then good luck to 'em, but even then they'll probably twist it around cos we won't just sit down and talk to them, but I don't see why we should. I think the NME ought to be blown up. I don't really care if they just say that we sounded shit, but if they get personal, then they deserve a good fucking wack in the face, as far as I'm concerned, they can't hide behind their pens forever."

What sort of music do you listen to these days.

"All sorts of things... me and Rat went to see Stevie Ray Vaughan a while ago, cos Rat had bought one of his albums and played it to me. He's a good guitarist, but when we saw him live, it was just fucking boring, cos he played exactly like he did on the record. I always try to keep in touch with new bands... I like to go down to local pubs and see bands there so I can make my own mind up about them, and that's what it's all about. You see a band, and if you like them, then you look out for their records. Unfortunately, we don't get much time these days. I think it's good if you've got a wide outlook on music. I mean, with some people, you mention the name of a band, and they say 'Oh, fucking Hell, not them', but the same people probably couldn't even name you two songs by them, and just cos it's not a punk band or not a heavy metal band, they go, 'Oh, I don't like them.' But if they just took their time to sit down and listen to some of it, they'd probably like it, or at least like a little bit of it. I'm not saying that you should like every song that a certain band's done, but if you just like one song, that's something. In every style of music there's something worth listening to, you just have to pick out whatever suits you. I think, if you're in a band, and you write music, if you just, sort of, get tunnel vision as to what kinda music you write, then you just get in a rut. I mean, I might like a Johnny Cash song, or a Patsy Kline song, but that doesn't mean that I'm gonna get up in the morning, get my guitar and start writing a song like 'A Boy Named Sue'. But when I write a song, I can get influenced by it. I mean, 'Shadow of Love' has got a country and western influence in it. I think if you do that, just take the best bits from somewhere, then they'll influence you, so that when you go and write something new it'll be more interesting. I hate the narrow mindedness that you get from some people when they won't listen to anything that's over so many years old, as well,

cos there's some great stuff from the early Seventies, y'know, New York Dolls, Stooges, Alice Cooper, MC5, and from the Sixties as well, a lot of the psychedelic stuff. Not the hippy Grateful Dead sorta stuff, but some of the old West Coast psychedelic stuff is more punk than bloody Conflict and GBH. You can even go further back, the early rock'n'rollers, there's some brilliant stuff. And it wasn't the stuff that was hits, I mean, you'd see stuff like Bill Haley on a jukebox, but not some other bloke who'd smashed up his guitar on stage, cos he wasn't acceptable, it's the same as it is now."

Do you think that the extensive touring you've been doing recently has helped the bands' popularity a lot.

"I don't know, it depends. It would have been very easy for us, after 'Eloise' especially, to do a British tour, and just do twelve dates, and make the punters travel to come and see us. But the thing is, it is good fun to travel around a go to different places. I think it makes the band more of a unit together."

Were you happy with the way the Tenth Anniversary Gigs at Finsbury Park were organised.

"I was happy with it in the way that it was a good event, and it was successful, but I was upset that a lot of people couldn't even see us when we were playing. We did want the tent idea, but we said that they would have to expect more than what they were planning for to come. Of course, they all said, 'yeah, yeah, yeah', all that business, but they didn't do anything about it, so consequently a lot of people couldn't see an' stuff, which I thought was wrong. But I did think that the actual event was good."



"They're Damned good eggs."



The Damned

THE

What about all the press reports that you were intending to get several ex Damned members to join you onstage for the gigs, cos a lot of people were disappointed that no one turned up on the first night and only Captain Sensible turned up (albeit for a rather wondrous performance) on the second.

"Well, Sensible told me that the only reason he turned up on the second night was cos he didn't want to make it look like 'Oh here I am, I'm Captain Sensible!' Brian James wanted to come along, but he was in Los Angeles and couldn't get back. Lemmy's manager told us, no, he's in the studio, he won't be able to make it down, but when he actually found out about it, he was pissed off cos he said he would have specially come down. The thing was, we'd only got back from Denmark a day or two before, so we were out of touch with everyone, and we'd left it all with someone to get it sorted out, and it wasn't done. It was the same as ever, if you want something done, you have to go and do it yourself."

Are there any projects outside of the Damned that any of the members are involved in.

Well, Rat did some producing fairly recently, with, errr... some band whose name I can't remember. And I mixed some tracks on the new Volcanoes album. Errr, me and Dave are interested in doing some film scores, like I said earlier, but really, The Damned is a twenty four hour job, and we've been working constantly at it for two years now. When we finish this tour, then we've got the rest of December off, then we start in Europe, then we'll have another album to do, and all that follows that."

How popular are you abroad these days.

"Well, it varies where you go, like, in America, on the West and East coasts, we're bigger. And, certainly, going to places like Australia, where we've never been before, it was incredible, cos, like, they'd been waiting almost ten years to see us, so it was really exciting. In Europe, it's strange, cos in, say Germany, they'll like a lot of stuff we do, then, in the next country, say France, for example, they'll like a totally different load of stuff."

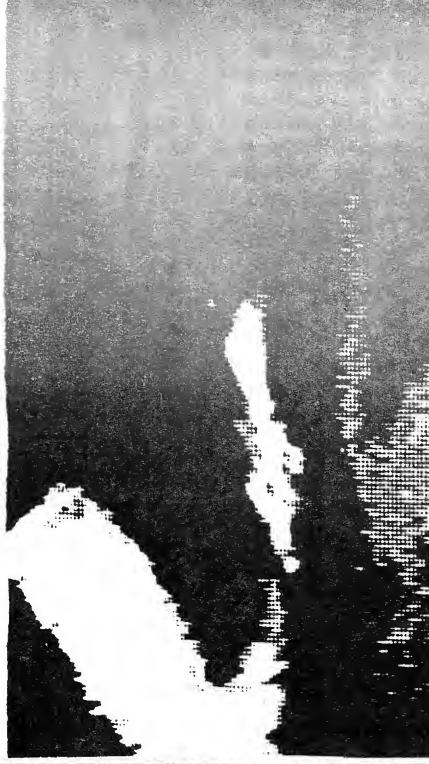
At this point in the proceedings, circumstances began to make things begin to become to awkward to continue (something that's beginning to make a habit of itself as far as my interviews are going!), as support band Blue in Heaven started to soundcheck their drumkit and promptly drown out any attempt at conversation. So, a final, rather obvious question seemed to be appropriate; after ten years, how much longer are the Damned likely to continue for.

"Until we get fucking bored with what we're doing,.... but all I'm bored with at the moment is that fucking drummer making a fucking horrible noise!"


And so, we concluded the interview, and Roman disappeared off to prepare for the gig, inviting us backstage later to meet the others (who'd been scoffing their free food) and have a few drinks. The gig itself was an interesting mix of old'n'new, classics like 'Neat Neat Neat' and 'Wait for the Blackout' rubbing shoulders with 'Shadow of Love', 'Eloise' and material from the new album like 'Anything' and 'Psychomania'. The usual Folkestone crowd of wallies didn't help much, but their brilliant version of 'Lust for Life' as the encore could forgive them virtually any mistake. But whereas the stagershow was as slick as could be, backstage afterwards was about as chaotic as their first album. Vanian rushing about doing Tonto impersonations and squirting anything that moved with a water pistol, whilst Bryn was busy telling anyone who would listen all about his favourite bass guitar, that got stolen a year ago. Meanwhile, Rat was enthusing over his latest theory, that Captain Scarlet was a junkie ("Anyone who walks about like he used to would have to be on something!!") Ho Hum!! Roman chatted about the new songs and the mutually admired film 'Psychomania', a film so bad that it's good. Anyway, after a short while, I had to leave to catch a lift home. "I hope I never see your face again", snarled Rat. Somehow, though, I don't think he meant it cos next moment, he was handing over a six pack of Lager... "Share this with your mates on the way home!"

Y'see, they're still on the same level as the fans, cos that's how they think it should be. The music has changed, but they haven't, and whilst they don't, they still deserve all the success that they get.





Seeing A.R.Kane for the first time proved to be quite a surprising event. Having already had a sneak preview of their expected E.P. a few weeks earlier, courtesy of Flux, I'd been pretty interested in seeing how they would fare in a live situation, but what they did present came as quite a shock. Instead of the melodic yet noisy tunes presented on the record, they delivered a bewildering display of feedback based music, kept together with intermittent tunes that can only really be described as 'pop', altho only in the best way possible. Now, shortly afterwards several reviews started appearing for both the gig and the single, and most writers seemed to go for the easiest comparison, and namedropped the Jesus & Marychain. This, I suppose, had to be expected, but before you go believing what you read, one important fact has to be taken into account. Do you really trust the ~~Marychain~~ Marychain? 'Cos I don't, but I do as far as A.R.Kane are concerned. The Marychains' reputation seems to have been built on various rather dubious press stories, the most notable of which these days seems to be the feedback, which, if you've seen 'em live, seems to have disappeared altogether. Similarly, on record, all you get now is poxy Sixties rewrites with about as much energy as a bow legged slug. With A.R.Kane, however, the feedback is a very dominant feature, although it never becomes too overpowering. It doesn't seem to be there just as a gimmick, it's there because the band are interested in its' potential, and not because they think it's gonna get them a big record deal. At the same time, songs such as 'When You're Sad' from the E.P. are commercial, but in a very sincere sort of way.....sorta, they wouldn't just record something 'cos they thought it would make a lot of money, it would have to be something they were really into (at least, that's the impression I get...).



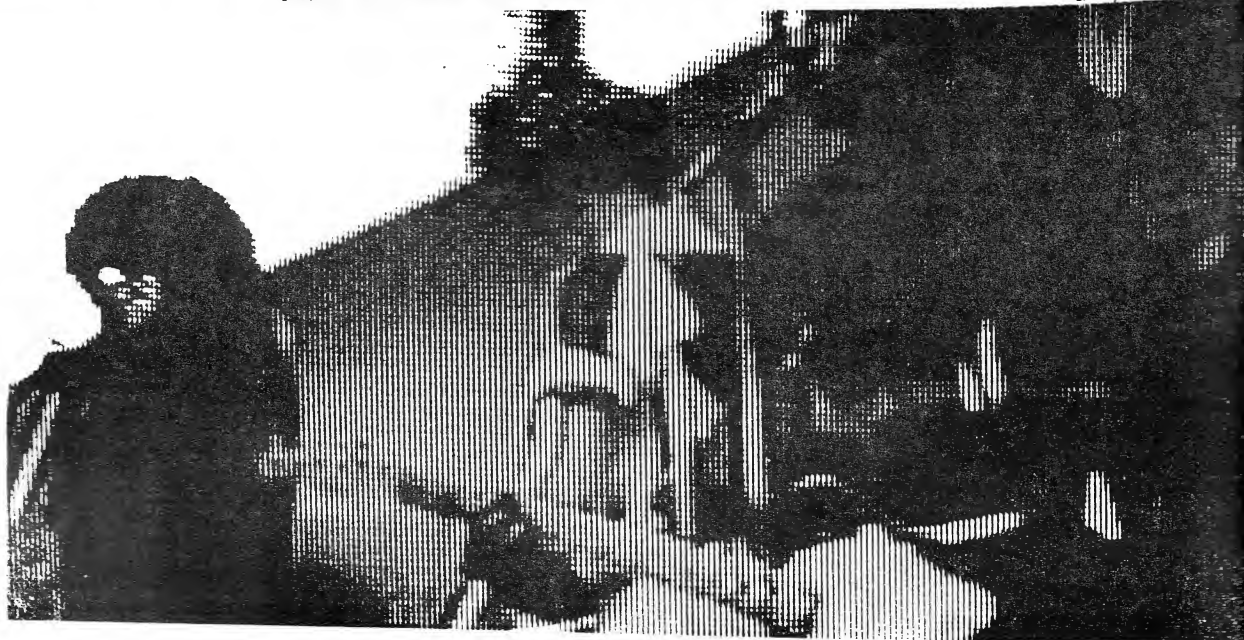
Anyway, I'll just end this article with a few facts and figures courtesy of singer Alex. The band have been around for a while, altho' not playing live regularly, consisting of the two main members, Alex and Rudi (guitar) and various other participants, most notably the current bass player, Russell. The name itself 'came from nowhere and resides there.' (which explains a lot, methinks.) Influences 'come from attitudes & styles of individuals (not necessarily associated with music) rather than any particular musical types'. They still quite enjoy their relative obscurity, cos it means they are able to unleash themselves on totally unsuspecting audiences (the swines, have they no respect for eardrums!) The resulting reaction is usually that the audience either love them or hate them, which A.R.Kane see as being 'very healthy!'

Really, the best thing to do is to try and seek them out for yourselves and make your own minds up. Be prepared to treat their live work as totally different from their records, but if you go along with an open mind you could be in for a pleasant surprise.

Check the next Grim Humour for a full grown interview!

andyP

A.R.KANE



PLAYGROUND

Playground. By Mick...

There comes a time in every band's life, despite cries of 'Nepotism!' by unruly GE readers, when the true nature of their perverted manner and general propensity towards the stickier side of things must come to pass. Playground may seem like nice young thugs to their audience but there is something even more devious still behind those gormless exteriors. Sniffing the bike saddles that few other's peoples parts have even reached they came lolloping into town recently with nothing on their minds except a desire to be interviewed about...well, something. Or nothing. Or ANYTHING. Dylan wasn't there, as Winnie The Pooh and the Honey Tree was showing at Leicester Square which left Paul (drums), Andy (bass) and Rich (plastic bags full of dubious reading matter) to sit and look bemused around the broken tape recorder, which has since put in for shares in Mary Whitehouse's Bring And Buy Bindage Emporium.

Let seediness begin...

MICK Last time we spoke, & you'd been talking about all these demented foreign girls, the last thing I heard was that you went into Soho to have all your pictures taken but when the photographer came back, he said that you'd all acted like hesitant little girls...

ANDY He was scared to go walking into a strip club.

RICH Who was?

ANDY You was.

RICH So was you!

ANDY Rubbish! I was prepared to go! Mind you, as soon as the photographer went, he was trying to get us all to go into a peep-show.

MICK Well, did you?

RICH No, there's no animal ones!

MICK I've heard very believable rumours about something to do with bondage poses. When did that spring?

RICH I'm not saying anything...

MICK Perhaps so much the stool is drilled into the ground.

ANDY And dubious letters?

RICH Hmm. No, I'm going to steer clear of that. You're welcome to say anything, Andy, but I'm not. I don't want to get the blame for dropping anyone in it.

ANDY Yeah, it doesn't matter if I do! Well, someone has a liking towards drawing people in bondage positions & wanted a model, & asked our dear Richo!

RICH Yeah, I received a letter a couple of weeks ago & haven't yet replied as I don't know how to...

MICK But it's only a matter of time?

RICH Well, why not, you only live once, don't you! Well, maybe...

MICK Did you have any nasty comments after that last interview?

RICH No, but everyone said that we looked really menacing...

MICK About this haircut...the Attila The Hun look.

RICH But it's been rained upon!

MICK You mean it's normally better than this?!

ANDY Mooooo.

RICH I usually wear a baseball cap these days, just to keep in with the trends.

MICK Does that mean you're going to change your music?

RICH Yeah, we're going to come out with some speed-metal-thrash now.

MICK What about hip-hop. Have you tried it?

RICH Nah.

MICK I thought it'd be easy to do.

RICH Don't know really. There's only two of us who'd like to do some of that sorta stuff anyway.

ANDY It's taken us this while to get rid of the ~~xxx~~ drum-machine, we don't wanna go back to it.

RICH I do! I'd like to work a couple of new songs around the drum-machine again.

MICK You could have some songs based on drums & a drum-machine.

ANDY We could do, but haven't had chance to work out anything lately.

MICK No, we've only had one practice since about December the 5th, or something.

MICK So, is there nothing on the horizon whatsoever? (Preparing to pack my bags and go.)

ANDY No, it's cos his car got written off.

RICH Yeah, someone went into my car.

ANDY And it wasn't even his atrocious driving! He manages to get the car written off, & he wasn't even in it!

RICH It was parked outside a friend's house and a girl reversed her car into it!

MICK But are you smashing the cystem or were you insured?

RICH Ah, I'm insured! I'm not a rebel.

MICK Baseball cap, funny haircut and he's insured!

RICH Well, I would be, wouldn't I? My dad's a driving examiner! I can't get away with that sort of thing! Well, all the while I'm living there anyway.

MICK I bet he wrote his own car off really.

RICH Nobody knows how much I paid the girl to do this, yeah.

ANDY I think that car was busy writing itself off. I mean, Jesus christ, it's like the passenger seat. There was all this bloody water underneath, & when you lifted up the carpet there was this massive hole!!!

MICK Shouldn't your dad have done something about this?

RICH My dad wants me killed!

MICK Yeah?

RICH Yeah. You see, they want me out of the house. I've got two rooms-records filling up one, & a bed in the other!

ANDY With some girls filling that up!

RICH Well, Henry the dog!

MICK Ah, how is he these days?

RICH Fine.

ANDY He hasn't eaten any Conflict records recently!

MICK What are you doing?

RICH Us?

MICK Yes.

WAY

RICH Er, nothing. I don't know, we're even doing this interview...there's nothing to say!

ANDY Well, I've written loads of new songs which are really good but no-one's heard.

RICH We had one rehearsal this year, back in January, and that's it.

MICK What about gigs?

RICH No, we can't get them.

ANDY We had that one on the 8th of December at Time box Two, where we got ripped off. The bloke did a runner because we threatened him to pay up.

Jon Beast promised us £20.00, which covers us getting there, & we got there, didn't have a soundcheck because the bloke fucked us about, played the gig & he came up and said we hadn't got many people in so we only get £2.00. We then had a go at him & he argued back, before saying that he was going to his office to sort something out. So we waited for about 5 minutes for him to turn up before we had to go. We asked this girl where he'd got to & she said that he'd disappeared out the back door! And it was only Andy & Dylan who'd confronted him!

ANDY Yeah, he was bigger than us and there we were taking the piss out of him with a horrible baseball cap. As he stood there saying, "I can't pay you that much" I took my hat off & put it on him then turned to Dylan & said "Doesn't he look really stupid with that hat on?" and Dylan just went, "Nah, he just looks really stupid!". This bloke just went bright red and went off to 'try & sort something out'!



RICH We're a bunch of menacing wimps!

MICK So, why no gigs now?

RICH We can't play the small places in London.

ANDY We're banned from Timebox One because we played there & were too noisy, and we're probably banned from Two now as well.

MICK Have you been back there since, to watch gigs?

RICH I went to The Fifteenth gig last week and had to actually pay to get in! Normally, it's "Alright Rich! Come in! Give us £1.00 if you've got it!"

MICK What about your policy of 'exploiting' contacts thru the fanzine? Can't you get gigs with any other bands?

ANDY One thing is that the bands who've said we can support them are having difficulty getting gigs themselves, like Ausgang and Dave Howard Singers & that. Also, the gig circuit at the moment, for smaller bands, is really bad. There are certain people, particularly Jon Beast, who've got things sewn up and will put certain

bands on and creep around them and not put on anyone else. If you're not in favour with him, you haven't got a chance.

MICK Does he know you don't like him?

RICH No, no... I do like him as a person, but I hate his attitude.

MICK You don't like him as a businessman.

ANDY That's it. Even the bands he likes he still rips off.

RICH Tries to.

MICK When are you actually going to do a gig then?

RICH Well, we're actually back to rehearsing again from tomorrow, as I've got a new car now, so we'll be ready again shortly.

MICK Have you got many of your tapes left?

RICH Well, I've got about 11 left out of the fifty I got made up last week, although a fair proportion have been used for promotion. There haven't been many orders yet, but maybe we'll get some feedback from 'The Underground'?

MICK With the cassette technically being on 'Fourth Dimension Records', why didn't you actually bring out some vinyl?

RICH We can't afford it, basically.

ANDY These places always want the money put up in advance, and we can't do that as we're too broke always.

RICH Too busy buying records every week!

MICK Does that mean you work totally separately from Levermore (Third Mind Records)? Wouldn't he do anything for you?

RICH Oh no. No way!

ANDY I think he's half-interested but at present, he's putting out loads of compilation albums so is quite occupied. Also, we wrote a song about him on the tape, which he's not too chuffed about!

MICK That's the worst one on it though, isn't it?

RICH Oh yeah, but it's only a joke around.

ANDY We only did it because there was about 20 minutes left of studio time to kill, so had to do something in one take. We sorta wrote the lyrics in the car on the way there.

MICK What do you think are the worst songs on the tape?

RICH Erm, 'Satisfied'...

MICK Is that the one that sounds like The Rejects?

RICH Yeh, "...and you croi, and you croi and you croi!" Stick the boot in!

ANDY I dunno. There's a few songs on there which are only jokey, like the Gary Levermore one and 'Whip It Out', which I don't think we'll ever do live or anything. What else?

RICH 'Last Laugh' and 'Dolphins' could've been a lot better as they were only done with the drum-machine.

ANDY Yeah. I dunno... I suppose that my favourite track really is 'Final', which had only been practiced once before the studio. That came out really well, I think.



SO LES MEADOW



eyhoun

AUGUST

8 pm



MICK What's the one at the beginning of the first side? That's the one I always play.

RICH 'Offering'. I like that, but the vocals are a little sparse.

MICK It sounds like you're talking.

ANDY The only reason it's sparse ~~xxx~~ is because you couldn't keep in time with it so had to voice over the quiet bits!

MICK It just sounds like talking.

ANDY Yeah.

RICH Hmmm, yeh! But with a bit of gusto though!

(A look of abject feebleness).

MICK Oh, maybe that didn't come through. Who's the most embarrassed when in the studio though?

RICH Don't know...

PAUL We didn't like doing 'Final' did we? That was really funny.

ANDY We don't really get embarrassed as we usually get over his vocals at our practices! When we do a new song, he just goes "Aaaaarrggghhh!" & then we stop and laugh for ten minutes, and then he does it better.

MICK Do you ever worry about your vocals?

RICH I honestly couldn't give a shit. I mean, nobody could be any worse than Mark E. Smith, could they?

MICK If you just stood and looked timid on stage, or something like that, then it'd be crap.

RICH Yeah, it is enhanced by the fact that when onstage, I do like to leap about and whatever.

ANDY Stagger about, more like!

MICK I've just noticed that you're drinking!

RICH Oh yeah, "Lemonade's all round, eh wot?"! Yes, yes, the non-drinking phase has passed over. I'll probably start another one next week, or something. I can't really now anyway.

ANDY There's nothing wrong with drinking, so long as that you don't let it control you.

MICK What's the best gig you've been to lately?

RICH Ah, Big Black at the U.L.U.!

ANDY Yeah!

MICK So, why weren't you having a nosebleed at the Cyndi Lauper gig?

RICH Has that been?!

MICK I still have the brochure here in my bag...

RICH Any good pictures?!

MICK He's to lower the tone of everything!

(Grunts, groans, etc. as Cyndi photos are drooled over. Rich managing to examine pictures and wobble on his seat, shaking vigorously from waist down as though Elvis plays a greater part in his life than any of us had suspected.)

MICK What are the most embarrassing magazines Rich keeps under his bed?

RICH All I've got is that Penthouse with Madonna in it.

ANDY Which I had to go and buy!

RICH It's not under my bed though... it's hidden amongst loads of files!

MICK Does he drool over pictures of Robert Smith?

RICH Better than Mark Smith anyway, eh Andy?!

MICK So, what are the exciting things you've been doing?

ANDY Things have been really dull since last November... apart from the Big Black gigs & the week before ULU's one there was Head Of David and Dave Howard Singers gigs at the ICA & The Very Things as well. They're the four gigs we've been to this year, really.

MICK What's your Grand Theory?

ANDY Well, there's ~~xx~~ very few good British bands but loads of good American ones who I'd like to see but who are too small to play here.

MICK You don't ever go along to a gig, like the Timebox, where there's a number of bands on, just to see what they are all like?

ANDY I don't mind that, but when you've got to consider the 2 hours to get there & the 2 hours to get back it's a bit awkward.



MICK But, presumably, other people think the same. And, seeing as you're in a band, do you go out and flog yourselves, or do you just sit back and wait for something to happen?

RICH It's like we said earlier, we can't get gigs up here at the moment.

ANDY We've done all we can.

MICK What about setting up your own?

ANDY What, around our own area, you mean?

MICK Yeah.

RICH I don't think people round our way deserve it, to be honest.

MICK Most bands in your position who aren't doing too much, which you're not, I find they start losing interest outside of their own band but with the fact that you do still go to gigs,....
does it depress you?

RICH No.

ANDY It could do but there's a lot happening record-wise, like the current interest in American hardcore stuff. A lot of that is crap, I know, but amongst it....

MICK You're generally considered to have the most appalling taste in music, so have you still got it? What's the badge?

ANDY Dead Kennedys... & this one's Black Flag....

MICK Yeh, I thought it was. So, you can't get them off, is that the problem? Can't you try surgery?

ANDY There are some fairly decent American bands, & there's a couple British ones as well, such as The Stupids, have you heard them at all? They play really fast & tuneful stuff.

MICK Hmm. This is the man with Crap Taste?

ANDY Summed up well.

ANDY I like one Cyndi Lauper single, and that's my limit!

(Sarapetitiously, his Cliff Richard collection is pushed under the table).

RICH Narrow-mindedness, huh?

ANDY Well, y'know, I'll listen to it cuz my brother's into all that sorta thing, but it's the same as reggae, it just doesn't appeal to me.

MICK Have you heard the new Prince single?

ANDY I do like one or two of his songs actually, but I've not heard that, no.

MICK It's unbelievable. It's all about these people die-ing of Aids, and taking crack.

ANDY He's also dressed like a woman on the sleeve, so don't let Rich anywhere near it!

RICH No, it's ok, my perversions don't stem that far! Have there been any more outlandish things like desecrating cemeteries, desecrating virgin girls and the like?

RICH I'm afraid that I've been laying low on that front, as I was going out with someone between last October and January th'3rd....
(How low can you get? "Oh, a Pekinese...")

ANDY Yeh, she split up with him cos he hated everybody, ha, ha! Oh, but there is Dylan and his honey...

MICK What's this?

RICH His girlfriend doesn't like the taste...

ANDY ...of, er, 'something', so she puts honey on it instead! We'll leave it to your imagination.

RICH Mind you, it's probably 90% bullshit!

MICK But it's not really the sort of thing you invent though, is it?

ANDY If you were Dylan, you would!

MICK Is there nothing normal about this band?

RICH What? We're completely normal... I think.

MICK What songs are you proud of? I mean, music and lyrics?

ANDY I don't think we've recorded anything perfect yet, but 'Final' was getting towards it. Live, once or twice, we've come out with a couple of songs that have come out really good. Like at Timebox Two; that was really good. If you listen to the tape of it & allow for the crappy recording of it & the p.a., I think that 'Be-witched' comes out really well...

RICH And 'Offering' really works well too.

ANDY Well, almost.

RICH I think so. It's difficult though, because that song changes with every practice anyway. That probably accounts for us not doing a perfect song, because we're always changing them about.

9 0 5 8 9A 10 RECORD EP4 10A

ANDY It's like 'Satisfied', we're bored of that now cuz it's just there & we can't do anything with it.

RICH We're dropping it anyway. To be dug up when we play Wembley, eh?!

ANDY The thing is that your taste changes all the time. When you get a new song worked out, you'll practice it a couple of times & be really into it, but then you might get bored of it.

MICK The sort of way your band's gone so far will mean there'll be a very up and down thing for months to come, won't there? There's gonna be nothing happening & then you'll do a bit of stuff and then nothing will happen again. You will get a record out, presumably? But when it does, you'll probably gonna have all new songs, so it's all constipated, isn't it?

ANDY The only reason we've not been practicing in the past couple of months has been because of the transport problem.

RICH I'm relied on. If I can't use my car, the whole band comes to a standstill! I'm only in them because I've got a car!

ANDY That's true!

RICH Well, I reckon that things will have pulled together by the end of April. We've only done 'Final' twice, and there's some ideas worked out for new songs. Ideally, we'll have another set worked out over the next month & a half, I think.

ANDY That's it. At the moment, we've got a good half-hour's set worked out but we now want to work at a new one so that our next gigs will entail some completely different set of music. We can then choose from the two, or whatever.

MICK What about vinyl?

RICH We'll be going on my compilation album!

ANDY That's cheating!

MICK The main thing is that there's some good stuff on the tape that's crying out for vinyl.

RICH Well, there's a disagreement here because Andy would rather wait for us to be signed up and I think that's pretty futile really.

MICK Who would sign you up?

RICH That's it.

ANDY I think there could be some interest from...

RICH Nahhhhh!

MICK I think that a 12" wouldn't be of much interest, but if you put out a 7" there would. No one in your position seems to put out records.

RICH I'm fully prepared to keep us aligned to 'Fourth Dimension' and expand on that.

ANDY In that case, we'd have to finance it ourselves which is...

RICH Well, I'm prepared to sort out a loan or something to bring out a single, but this lot all seem to be against the idea. Putting out a self-financed 7" single is an ethic I believe in anyway. We could get 500 done and push them ourselves... **MICK: WHAT ELSE DO YOU WANT TO DO?**

RICH I'd like to do some video work really.

MICK Sordid stuff?

RICH Yeah.

ANDY We've actually done one video to 'So Sure In Love' but it didn't come out too well because the tracking was off.

MICK How much did that cost?

ANDY Nothing, because my dad has a camera which we both pay for. What we did was just film ourselves at various locations, then I edited it & composed it into being a background for one of our old demo songs. Other than that, we've also got some practices done and two gigs. One of these is from Chelmsford, but the sound didn't come out, so I dubbed on the tape of it & you can notice the different speeds in a couple of places. It's quite funny.

MICK Is that the gig where you were supposedly rich boys smashing up your equipment?

RICH Oh yeah, ha, ha. Dear oh dear. (The Maid: "Your Lamborghini awaits.")

to die you deserve, in your little HOLE

WRITH
Herne

MICK So, do you deny the rich boys thing or not?

RICH Well, he thinks I'm one anyway!

ANDY Yeah, bloody bourgeois punks! No, if Oskar had actually seen the guitar, it was held together with sellotape and had no mechanics or strings on it.

RICH It was literally fit for being thrown away.

ANDY Yeah! All we did was make it a bit of a mickey-take of that interview you did where everyone thought that we'd set out to be mean and everything. We just got this guitar and sellotaped loads of bolts & things to it, not even guitar parts, and smashed it up at the gig. If anybody had watched closely enough they'd have seen it was a joke.

MICK Did it run you into any trouble afterwards?

RICH No. Well, there was hardly anyone there anyway!

MICK Do you think you deserve any devotion? Do you think there are enough bits about Playground that are special?

RICH Attitude!

ANDY Is there?!

RICH Yeah!

MICK What about the music though?

RICH On that level, and looking at an outside point of view, I'd say half good & half bad, I think.

MICK If you saw a band that was half-bad though, what would you do?

RICH I'd think about seeing them again.

ANDY Some of our stuff I really like, and some of it I don't. I think there are things that we've got to offer, but what they are, I'm not too sure!

MICK What do you think are the really special parts?

ANDY We're more enthusiastic about it all.

MICK Do you think that your lyrics are really clear enough? You remember the way you can have the most wondrous UK Decay song going and the lyrics really fit it, like 'Testament' and stuff like that? You get the words on something like that, so do you think they come thru on any of yours? (Rich only understands if you mention UK Decay or Furyo. I play along.)

RICH I think that perhaps there is a lack of quality there at the moment, but I'd still put that down to inexperience.

ANDY When UK Decay wrote 'Testament', how long had they been going? We've literally been going a year.

MICK What about really concise lyrics, such as 'For My Country'... even that very first Decay split-single thing, the lyrics were tied very closely to the music...

RICH Well, for a start, they're not all my lyrics anyway. Andy writes them as well, but...

ANDY I think the problem is that Richard hasn't got a very good sense of timing.

MICK I noticed that on the tape you came in badly on a couple of times...

ANDY Yeah. When we're playing live, he can get away with it, but it's something we'll have to iron out soon.

MICK You also notice that the bass doesn't come thru too well on parts of the tape.

ANDY Well, that's all them telling me to turn it down all the time!

RICH It's funny cos the only compliments I've had on the tape so far, have been towards the guitar & drums!

ANDY Well, I write most of the tunes for us, and Dylan takes up on them with the guitar & I'm not left with much room to experiment with my bass because of his guitar sound. Some of the new stuff I'm working out though does leave room for me to mess about with the bass a bit.

Another thing is that when we go to the studio we only have one afternoon to squeeze in four songs, so there's never time to really work on them. This is why I'm more eager to get signed up, because perhaps then we'll get more time in the studio at the label's expense.

MICK But what labels are there?

ANDY I dunno! Perhaps somebody like Flux's label, because they're more sincere and aren't in it for the money, unlike most indies, who're out to just try & make a fortune out of you.

RICH It'd be better to just rid the disagreement though, as that's the more optimistic option...

MICK Do you ever have any fierce arguments?

RICH Not fiercely, but we do have them, which I think is healthy really.

MICK Why do you have your arguments. Is it because of compromise or...

ANDY No, erm... it's difficult to express. Paul doesn't say anything though! Have you noticed how quiet he's been throughout this interview?

RICH Er, there's nothing serious because Andy's not in a position to disagree with me, is he?!

ANDY It's usually just about the groupies!

MICK What's the next big thing you're going to?

RICH There's not much happening really. Not many small bands worth seeing or playing anyway. I might be seeing Megadeth next week though, but I think I'll drop out of that... Other than this, I'm just looking forward to the Run DMC gigs with the Beastie Boys, and Sonic Youth being over in June.

(Mick-to himself-nothing of any consequence then.)

(A MASSIVE PAUSE RE-OPENING WITH PAUL THE DRUMMER BEING QUESTIONED ABOUT A POSSIBLE NEW RECRUIT...)

MICK Who is he?

PAUL Someone else called Paul. He plays bass on the live track of the tape, and he's coming in soon to play synthesizer. He'll also help mind ~~xxxx~~ a drum-machine on other songs, & whatever...

MICK Won't you be insulted by a drum-machine?

PAUL No, because I'd like to get out myself and maybe do other percussion & even electronics and that, but I'm lacking the money really to do this.

MICK What did you think of the band before you joined? What did you think they had lacking in terms of that sort of thing?

PAUL The first time I saw them, they weren't too bad, but when I saw them at Timebox One it lacked percussion. It's what it needed behind it. When I first joined, I just played along as to how the drum-machine had done, but now that I'm getting into it, I can put more of myself into it and changing it.

MICK What about visually, because you're sort of behind it all, watching...

ANDY The last one was good, at Timebox Two...

PAUL I don't know because Richard seems to be all over the stage, most of the time.

ANDY It's a bit awkward for us, cos we have to watch out that he doesn't keep bumping into us!

MICK Seeing as he's not here, is he unbearable after a gig?

PAUL He's unbearable during a gig!

MICK Does he try & do anything to cover his artistic inability?

ANDY Nah, but he often, as much as he'll deny it, gets very nervous...

RICH (Returning from shaking a leg in the Ladies) What's this?!

ANDY Nothing that you won't deny! (Rich departs to buy drinks...)

ANDY Yeah, he gets very nervous, but once onstage he'll just get on with it & let himself out.

MICK I always thought of him as being this very snail-like creature, very slow & very (mumble)? ('Mumble' is a descriptive term only properly understood by us critics.)

ANDY You've only seen us at the Timebox, yeah? Well, that was our first London gig.

MICK So, was it the shock then?!

ANDY Well, when we played the Timebox Two one he was pretty manic, but he'd had a few drinks by then! We're all getting much more livelier onstage. I think it's best to see us live.

MICK Does he have girls seeing him after the gigs?

ANDY Well, not since those dodgy Belgian boilers...

RICH (Returning again...) Hmm, oh yeah... Come on, Andy, your turn to go away, so that we can talk about you!

ANDY You can talk about me while I'm here, everyone else does!

(Indecipherable row as crisps are munched, then a second tape is thrown onto the deck...)

MICK Tell us about Dylan. What do you admire about him?

RICH Absolute zilch.

ANDY Erm, he can play the guitar well. He plays classical guitar, y'know.

MICK What about his personal habits?

PLAYGROUND

ANDY Oh no! I steer well clear from them!

RICH He's really into blagging about his sex life.

ANDY Yeh, something about a cinema & screwdrivers!

MICK Euh?!!?!

ANDY Don't worry, you don't believe anything he ever comes out with!

RICH But I don't even understand it!

ANDY Well, I'll leave it up to your imagination.

MICK What do you like about Paul?

RICH Him? Nothing really. We all hate each other! He likes *Uk Decay* & *Furyo*, so that's a thumbs up!

ANDY I like the fact that he never got to see *Gun Club*, and I did! Watch it...he'll be in tears in a minute...

MICK I wouldn't be bothered at all about that.

ANDY Neither would I, but seeing as it's him!

(There now follows a distressing revelation *XM* concerning one of the bands interest in Gary Human. Fast forward as fast as fast can be...)

MICK Has a gig ever put you off a band completely?

ANDY There's been occasions where people have recommended such & such a band & when you've gone & seen them, they've been awful. *Siouxsie & The Banshees* at the Palais were a prime example. Also, *Sigue Sigue Sputnik* as well, at their Abbey Road one.

RICH Have you ever got into any trouble at a gig?

ANDY Well, we were once at an *And Also The Trees'* gig and there were all these flat-tops there, and Rich had had a couple of drinks & was shouting out "Bloody flat-tops, they don't appreciate a good band like this!", so one of them came up to me & asked me to tell Rich to cut it in! He has a habit of doing things like that.

RICH Is that why you stopped drinking?

MICK No, no!! I stopped drinking simply because it was beginning to take me 4 pints to get real pissed, and that's pretty drastic for me!

ANDY But now Andy's got fat & you've gone thin!

RICH Andy's always been a stout person.

ANDY Psh!

MICK Apparently though, I'm underweight for my age & my height...

RICH Doesn't that include your haircut?

ANDY Robert Smith's!

RICH Tell it's a *Richo Humus* haircut! No matter what length it is, it's always being accused of being a *Bloobie Smith* haircut.

ANDY Do you think he looks like *Dustin Hoffman* tho', this is the thing?!

MICK Haha.

ANDY Like in the 'Marathon Man'...

RICH I'm always receiving these accusations.

MICK Well, don't believe a word of it! Has anyone ever recognised you at a gig?

ANDY Somebody asked for my autograph in Dover!

RICH I was in the bogs there and this bloke came up to me and said, "Hey, you're that bloke in *Playground*, aren't you? Bloody popstar!"

MICK Did he have any honey?

RICH No, Dylan wasn't around.

(Andy departs for toilet)

MICK What are the most embarrassing things he's ever done? Or, what's he done that he's most embarrassed about?

RICH He doesn't get embarrassed about anything, he's really obnoxious.

PAT He always seems to kneel down whenever we're playing...

RICH Yeah, he's always doing that. Crouching over his bass in real rockstar pose!

MICK Watch it, he's coming back! Going back to you, Richard, I'm sure that a psychiatrist would find you of great interest. It seems that any interest you show in women is totally fictitious!

RICH A psychiatrist? Oh great, a compliment!

(Lots of chatter about Richo being 'that way inclined' but meeting firm denials & a *Clare Grogan* drooling...)

MICK Do you have nick-names?

RICH Andy is *Plop-pants*!

MICK Why?

ANDY Well, he's never been near 'em...

RICH I wouldn't wanna get near them!

MICK Isn't he 'Ploppy poo pie' as well?

RICH Yeah.

MICK So, you're obsessed with his underwear as well?

RICH No! No! It's the foregone conclusion that they're a mess!

MICK Honestly, you're constantly obsessed with these sort of things! A subconscious infatuation is the thing you need to discuss with a professional person! You may laugh it off, but you've come out with things about corpses, dogs, underage girls...

ANDY Doughnuts!

MICK Anything but a normal relationship!

RICH They're boring! (Departs to toilet...)

MICK What's the most embarrassing thing he's done?

ANDY He has a habit of blatantly saying he doesn't like someone, so that everybody hears...

(Rich returns...)

MICK Which one did you go in?

RICH The Ladies, of course.

MICK What colour are the tiles?

RICH Pink.

MICK You're lying!

RICH Yeah, I'm just pandering to this image of mine!

MICK What else can we talk about?

ANDY The disgusting habits in *Playground*?

MICK We've done that. It's all you can talk about!

(Andy departs for bog; in search of odours to swathe himself in, no less...)

MICK What's there that you can say about him?

RICH Well, *Dylan* scraped a *PTV* symbol into his bath, last October...into the grime, and it's still there! So, you know why he's constantly getting these names...

MICK Is he like it all the time? Like, if he goes to toilet, does he just do it, without going to the lavatory?

RICH I don't know...it wouldn't notice!

(Talk plunges into more stabbing at each other & picks up again on Rich's voice...)



MICK Do you think you do any of your songs good, vocally?

RICH Not as far as recorded work has gone, but they're really deadpan, almost talkative vocals, so on that level, perhaps 'So Sure In Love', from the first demo tape, but otherwise, I think they come out better live really, where I give it some stick!

MICK So, live you're ok?

RICH Not so much 'ok' as just more passable. I can get away with more things there! I'm pretty shit, but that's the point, as far as I'm concerned!

MICK What, that you're shit?!

RICH No, no, no! You shouldn't worry about it, that's what I mean. You just keep at it...until you're thrown out of the band! If *Mark E. Smith*'s got away with it for ten years, I'm sure I've a chance!

MICK Hmm! Right, I'll now give you subjects to comment on. *Hernial*

RICH *Dylan*'s bound to get himself a hernia one day...if his proclaimed sex life is anything to go by!

ANDY Which means Rich will be safe all thru his life!

MICK *Vultures*.

RICH *Furyo*! Yes, we all like them, we do!

MICK Is that it?



Fulham Greyhound



ANDY Er, people in Canterbury getting into bands about two years after everybody else.
 RICH Jon Beast!
 MICK Cricket.
 ANDY It's probably good, playing it but I've never liked watching it.
 RICH I was put off it in the fourth year of junior school, where I was batsman & bowled a ball that travelled right up the bat & hit me on the nose, giving me a nosebleed!
 MICK Is that how you started getting nosebleeds?
 RICH No, I'd had them way before then, but obviously without the pain element involved!
 MICK Premature ejaculation.
 RICH Ha, disappointing!
 ANDY Dylan!



RICH Depends who the subject is!
 ANDY I don't know, it never happens!
 MICK Deep Sea Trawling.
 RICH It makes me think of school...
 MICK What?!
 RICH Yeah, Geography lessons. That's all we ever bloody did!
 MICK 'The Guardian'.
 RICH It's the only one I read now & again, simply because my boss gets it, but otherwise I'm not into newspapers.
 MICK Heroes.
 ANDY Jack The Ripper.
 MICK Cilla Black.
 RICH Eugh, god!
 MICK Andy Kershaw.
 ANDY Semi-sincere.
 RICH No, total twat!
 MICK Cyndi Lauper.
 RICH Definitely premature ejaculation material!
 MICK Jools Holland.
 RICH The only decent thing 'The Tube' has to offer!
 MICK Scooby Doo.
 ANDY Excellent!
 RICH Yeah, until they got that fucken Scrappy Doo involved!
 ANDY Almost as good as 'The Funky Phantom'.

MICK What sort of tv programmes do you like?

ANDY Things like 'Pogle's Wood', which was filmed near where I live.
 RICH Andy starred in it! But what's that one with the witch that pops out of the ground... 'Chorlton & The Wheelies'... yeeaaaahhhh!!!

MICK Oliver Read.
 ANDY Richard, if he could drink that much!
 MICK Aids.
 ANDY Any sorta sex is totally immoral...

MICK Alpine Newts.
 ANDY Whooooaaahooooo! (Something like that!)
 MICK South American Tree Sloths.
 ANDY Another Richo turn-on!

MICK Voice of Beehive.
 RICH Crap.
 ANDY They were disappointing...
 RICH No, crap! The sorta band I really hate.
 MICK Crazyhead.
 RICH Same again. Good for two minutes but that's it.
 ANDY Better version of Zodiac Mindwarp. It's ok so long as people don't start taking them seriously, which is unfortunately what they do.
 MICK Style Council.
 RICH Cack. I can't stand Paul Weller.
 ANDY Yeah, he's a total waste.
 MICK Billy Bragg.
 ANDY Same as Paul Weller.
 RICH I just hate political bands.
 ANDY I interviewed him ages ago, when he played in Canterbury, for a proposed local magazine, and he went on about how he'd never charge more than about £2.00 for his gigs. A year later, he's at all these big places with extortionate ticket prices.



15

15A

16



21

21A

22

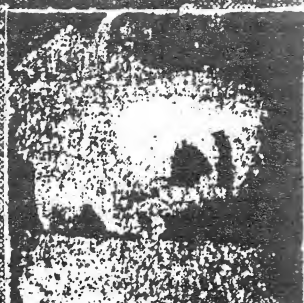
22A

GROUND

MICK Erm, Furyo.
 RICH No need for me to comment.
 MICK Toilets.
 ANDY Good fun!
 MICK Ronnie Corbett.
 RICH Uninteresting.
 MICK Debbie Harry.
 ANDY Wooooaaarrggghhhh!
 RICH It's strange... she's about forty years old now, or whatever, & she still looks nice.
 MICK Would you like to interview her?
 RICH Yeah, but how?
 ANDY I'd like to do something else as well.
 RICH Oh no!
 ANDY It's Mick! This is rapidly turning into his interview! I think you need to see a psychiatrist about the sorta questions you ask!
 MICK It's Rich that I'm worried about... literally!
 RICH Honest! I'm not one of 'those'! I'd admit it if I was, cos I don't hold anything against them! I'm definitely not that way inclined...
 MICK It's your fascination with things like Jack The Ripper as well though....

FINAL

PLAYGROUND





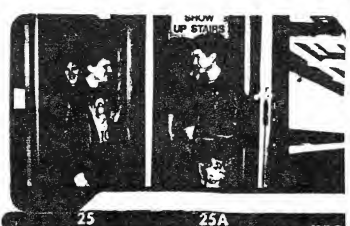
RICH Yeah,well it's all women & disembowellment and that, isn't it?
ANDY It's understandable cos it's Richard!
MICK Hmm.What's with this stubble though?
RICH I haven't shaved this year!
ANDY He's going for the George Michael look!
RICH I'm trying, but it's taken this long to get this far! I only need to shave once a week!



(From here onwards, conversation dribbles aimlessly for about another 10 minutes, before the tape finally is punched to a halt....)



Curiously enough the last section of our teet-a-teet tells you more about Playground than any in depth analyses of their onstage stoking ever could! That's what you have to work out....we can't do it all for you. Where, and why, do such renegade plumbers get the urge to pummell ears in this reckless, feckless, freckled manner, when they'd much rather be at home watching ~~xxxxxx~~ Minnypops and Fröcks On The Box? They have a quite magnificent approach to things (apart from following old men down Soho alleyways), which brings such a converging edge to the inner core LIVE. Makes you wonder whether such squalling noise might lose out somehow on vinyl. It's a strange situation. I'll leave the last words to Rich as he is thrown out of the pub with his trousers down.



RICH: "I was a slippers and pipe man myself, until I discovered snuff movies..."
(Passing taxi runs him over. Hairstyle improves one hundred per cent.)

MICK.



Bad Tune Men

The Bad Tune Men, although sometimes taking their din to the most unbearable extremes, offer a neatly crafted attack of the senses. Frantic in it's approach, the music is very 'stop & start', with most of the songs built around mild, restrained breaks that are walled in with heaving noise. Taken in good measure, it can work, but occasionally it becomes a little too insufferable. Whether it's meant to have these annoying peaks I know not, but what's in between them is quite a good, reasonably organised mess.

The following brief affair of an interview (?) took place at Kent University, after their Cardiacs' support slot. Around the same time, their 'Jail Head Rack' 12" was receiving a mixed bag of reviews & even had a solitary John Peel airing...wowie!

Present at the 'interview' were: Mr. Creepy (guitarist), Ratty (bassist), & Twizzle (Mr. Creepy's bro', & also 'Radio Non' tape-zine steersman) answering the questions, and Paul Fuzzhead, Richo, & Pigswill asking them. FIRE AWAY!

ANDY Why did you invent the hovercraft?
CREEPY Er...(Calls for Ratty's assistance!)
RATTY Because it's faster than cycling!
RICHO Hmm, I don't think this is going to be a run-of-the-mill interview!
ANDY Well, it's like, we can get away with asking you lot such questions (I'm glad you think so, Andy! - Rich), whereas we couldn't with someone like Lemmy from Motorhead or whatever.
RICHO So what's the worst question you've been asked?
CREEPY That one!
RICHO What did you think of tonight's gig then?
RATTY It was alright, yeah. I suppose it could've been worse, really. What did you think?
RICHO Well, this was only my second BTM gig. The last time I saw you was about 2 years ago at the Greyhound...
CREEPY Hmm, yeah... that's where you went away thinking 'Killing Joke', wasn't it?
RICHO Whilst on Killing Joke then, what did you think of the reviews you had of the new single? I noticed some more K/Joke comparisons...
CREEPY I don't know where those comparisons come in really.
RATTY We've been compared to a lot worse bands!

CREEPY You know how it must be, to have Dustin Hoffman and Robert Smith always thrown at you!
RICHO Oh, here we go again... (Various comments thrown about until...) Anyway, what did you think of the reception to your single?

ions. Social pressure.
either refusal, to acknowledge
course as a result) is very re

I think? Who am I
stressed consideration

nd and am unrepresentative
d by any one of us in a
is particularly liable to occur
one when this is, in our case
total unison of opinion with

me that the political left, as
to the trap of reciprocating hate,
ments of our globe. Yes, I fall into
hate. I hate nationalism. I hate all
me. I will try to fight the disease
ondering if the motivation behind
ould be better surely fall order though.
hat's an inestimably tall order in your
ully, even if you are justified in your
het's regime is evil. But the readers of
alism and if that is not under threat then
you'll inspire in them is for you:

an certain circumstances is morally wrong. So
friends but always remember that one of the
r views will be their reaction to you as a
the time you are doing your cause more harm
and hear - what others say. I confess; my life
I fall in. Must try harder. I don't know if I'll

own publicity. Not uncommon. Could apply more
te it about me.

ap' but we thought juxtaposing it to 'The Cage' might
y is supposedly thematic in this vinyl slash. It has been
be a preferable name for 'The Cage'.

are personal, while '4 C' I would hope requires little

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55

Brimscone

..ID

LI II HEAD

CREEPY Well, at least people have said that it was better than our last one, which came out two years ago. Mind you, that's not saying a lot really, because it was dreary crap!

RATTY It was a waste of time, well, maybe not time so much as a waste of money.

RICHO Yeah, I heard that you was in the studio for two days on that single? That's a long time, isn't it?

RATTY Well, it was actually three days...

CREEPY I think that in about a year's time or so, I'll be looking back at this single & thinking it's rubbish as well. I mean, I really like it now, but what changes is the quality of it all, & I'll be probably looking back at that in a different light.

ANDY I think you've always got to think, 'That was pretty good, but I want to do better than that'!

RATTY I think that's pretty good, & I keep saying it to myself, because it doesn't get worse as you go on (So what about The Cult et al then? -Richo), does it?

CREEPY Yeah, but you don't know that, because you just don't know what the future holds, do you? So my argument's just as crap as his! That's good, isn't it?!

RATTY Well, we've not yet come up with any songs that are as good as the five tracks on the 12" really.

RICHO So, you've not yet progressed from them?

RATTY Overall, we've got about 25 songs, with about ten that are as good as each other, which those five came from.

ANDY Have you recorded much?

RATTY We've done loads of 8-track stuff & that, but nothing that good.

BIOGRAPHY

The guitarist was the 4th to join and does not have ginger hair. The one from Crawley joined 9 months after the drummer. The founder has a top hat but does not live in Sunbury. The quiffed one did not go to Reading University, and the principle songwriter does not have the biggest ears. The keyboardist has never been to Hong Kong but he used to be the

guitarist. The one with the ears doesn't eat meat but that doesn't mean that he likes horse racing. The bassist was in Croydon. Ed loves Lynne. The tallest has the longest association with Nonchalant Records but that doesn't

correspond with the size of his quiff or his ears. Victoria Gillick is an honorary member of Bad Tune Men, despite having neither a quiff nor to my knowledge particularly prominent aural lobes, in addition to neither playing keyboards nor frequenting Kempton Park.

~IGNORE THE

I see the traps - but still fall in

must try harder

RICHO Have you ever done any cover versions?

CREEPY Yes...

RICHO To an audience?

RATTY Yeah, but it depends on whether it's an audience that's seen us before really.

CREEPY We did 'Silver Machine' at a charity concert...

RATTY Because one of his strings broke & that's all we could do after that!

RICHO Was it straightforward or an improvisation though?

RATTY It was sorta straightforward, but not that much. (We explain that, doesn't it?! -Richo)

CREEPY What was that other one we've done?

RATTY Ah, the Sex Pistols song...

CREEPY (As quiet as possible) 'Pretty Vacant'!

RATTY We never rehearsed it though, we just did it at Ed's birthday & done it a couple of other times. We don't really go in for it that much though. One thing is that it can help create a good atmosphere, because people can't really dance to our music...

RICHO Do you think so?

RATTY Well, some people manage to, but it's always a surprise when they do.

RICHO What would you think of yourselves, if you was a member of the audience?

RATTY To be honest, I think I'd be a bit put off really!

RICHO Why?

CREEPY Well, I'd be thinking 'Why is there no-one playing the guitar', then I'd realise that it should be me standing up there!

RATTY No, I'd think we were maybe a little overwhelming.

ANDY Is there anyone you'd like to support?

RATTY Well, these are pretty good... The Cardiacs.

CREEPY There's a lot of bands, like The Mission and that, where I'd still do it, even though I don't like them at all.

RATTY The Very Things are the one band that I'd really like to play with...

RICHO What about Punilax, if they were still going?

CREEPY Who?

RATTY Er, never heard of them, sorry.

RICHO I can see you fitting in with TVT though...

CREEPY I can perhaps see some of the similarities between us, but I still don't like them, y'know. In fact, there are very few bands I do like... Actually, in some ways, I don't even really like music at all!

RICHO Why are you in a band then?

CREEPY Well, there's a certain attraction to the absurdity of playing on a Friday night at a college about eighty miles from your house, I find.

RATTY You're round the twist!

CREEPY I just enjoy the playing really... Well, it's very nice to meet people & that as well, but that's basically it.

ANDY I know exactly what you mean. It's like waiting for a paper train on Victoria Station at 4.00 in the morning, after a gig...

CREEPY Yeah! That's it.

RICHO It's not just for the sheer sake of it, is it? It's just 'in you', and goes beyond words, doesn't it...?

ALL Yeahhhhhh!!!

CREEPY Just going by the fact that we're all sitting here now means that we share a certain insanity, doesn't it? A certain wariness anyway... I don't know whether it's good or bad though.

RICHO Right, what made you want to get a band together then?

CREEPY I don't know, because I was the last to join!

RICHO Well, what made you pick up a guitar then?

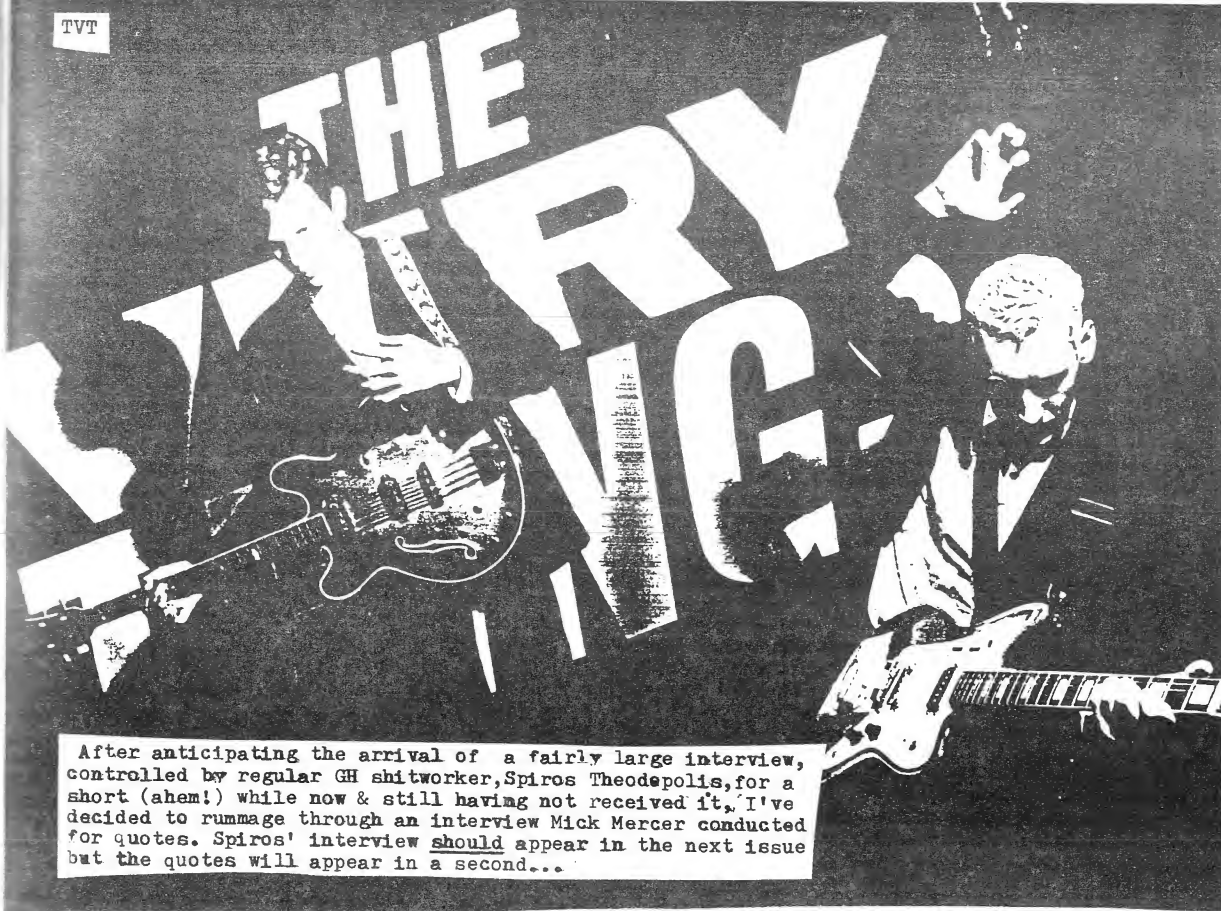
CREEPY Because Mummy wouldn't let me buy a motorbike!

Around this time, Twizzle intervenes & conversation directs itself towards Creepy's dubious 'heavy metal phase' and Ratty's liking of 'early' Five Star. This results in their claiming to not begrudge anyone of their musical taste, before discussions about Nick Cave, Rolf Harris, Adam Ant, John Denver, The Objectors (an old Robert Smith produced band, who had a 7" out on Fiction), my Lydia Lunch XX t-shirt, & Ratty's witnessing of her gig w/ Severin on bass, supporting The Cure, etc, etc. go underway. Lack of space means that all this will remain forever on tape, but in the meantime, go listen to their 'Jail Head Rack' platter, which-although cleaner-is pretty descript of their live sound.

For further investigation, write to Mr. Creepy, c/o 'Nonchalant Records', 125 Staines Road West, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middx, TW16 7BX.

FINI..Rich

BAD TUNE MEN



After anticipating the arrival of a fairly large interview, controlled by regular GH shitworker, Spiros Theodepolis, for a short (ahem!) while now & still having not received it, I've decided to rummage through an interview Mick Mercer conducted for quotes. Spiros' interview should appear in the next issue but the quotes will appear in a second...

MOTOWN

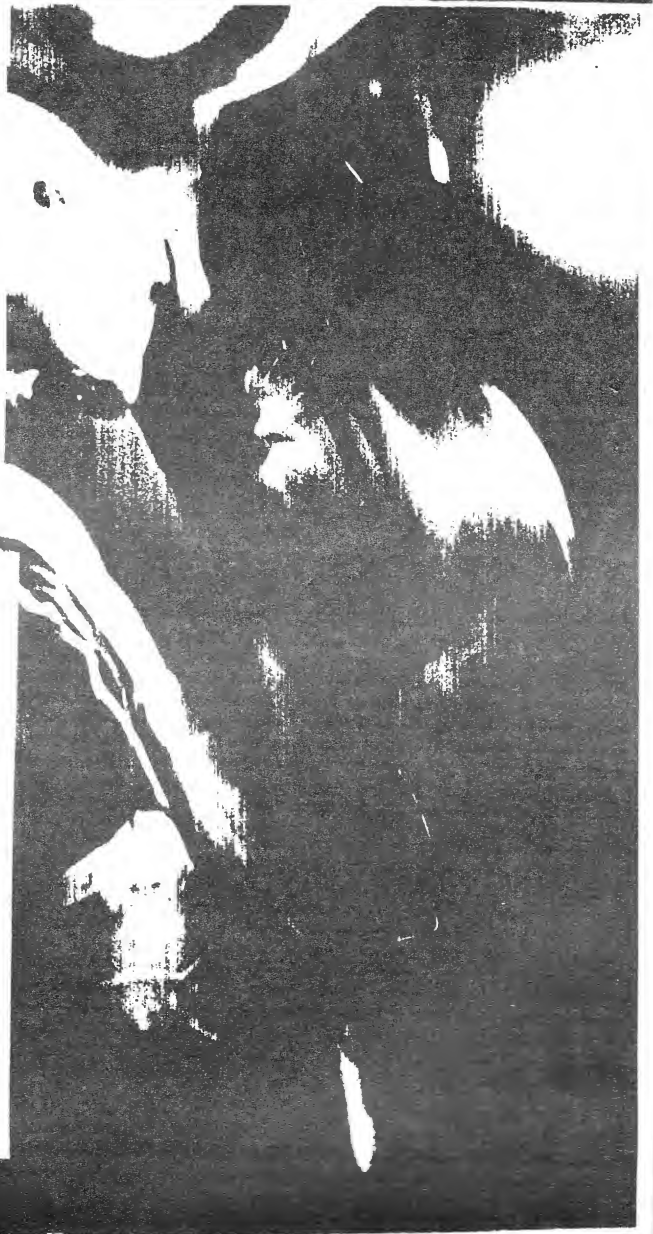
Rob: What happened to the last one (Indicating my Walkman)?
 Moi: Got sick of the radio being on the cad & tore it apart. Now, are you going to tell me what the single's about or just sit there looking at that?
 Shend: Off you go, start talking about the single.
 Rob: The single? The single's ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT!
 Me: Who says?
 Rob: Me, and everybody else who's heard it.
 Shend: Ken Russell's heard it.
 Rob: Ken Russell thinks it's great.
 Shend: Frank Bruno thinks it's great.
 Rob: They've all had copies & they think it's brilliant.
 Me: Hasn't anybody said it's crap?
 Shend: No, nobody's said it's crap. And...if they do....they'll be in trouble.
 Rob: To a man, they've all said, 'Bloody 'ell, it evokes the spirit of Tamla Motown!'. It's funny, they've all said that!
 Shend: 'This is the best thing you have ever done!' they say in unison.

TELEPHONES

Shend: We wanted to do it on our own label. It was pointless trying to convince people, of low intellect, that we could be the next big thing.
 Me: Who are these people (of low intellect)?
 Shend: People who rung...ring...rung, run record labels! Ring, rung! Etcetera! But they also run them, while they're ringing & ringing. They were stupid, basically. They couldn't understand that we wanted to be more famous than 'an indie band', we wanted to be the thing.

NECKERCHIEFS

Me: How does this effect other things? Before, The Cravats were always the most accessible.
 Rob: They're nothing to do with us!
 Me: But now The Very Things bring out a single like this.
 Rob: There's always been a lot of rivalry.
 Me: Will the attitude be different on the next Cravats thing that comes out?
 Shend: You'll have to ask them! They'll tell their own story.
 Rob: They've learnt a lot from us. They've been influenced a lot, certainly. I don't know. I thought their last single was really good, 'Land of The Giants'! That was great but really influenced by us. They stole a lot...stole the guitar sound but...who cares? It's great; a great single. I think we're going to sign them to the label.



Me: Along with...?

Shend: Along with DGL Locomotive, of course.

Me: No, the other lot. The Septics, or whatever...

Shend: Oh, The Sceptres? Well, we're going to have words with The Sceptres.

Me: 'Have words with them'? They don't actually have any choice in the matter.

Shend: No.

Rob: We shall have a quiet word with them over a few drinks. Ah, here's the boys! (Vince & Robert)

Shend (Instructing them): This is a tape recorder, right? This is what we speak into. It's a shitty make, but we'll have to put up with it.

ADVENTURES

Me: You were going to make up some adventures.

Shend: Adventures? There's loads of adventures. Coming here was an adventure, as the tube crushed a whole family of Cybermen coming through the tunnel... and it was delayed. That was an adventure, but you couldn't see their helmets through the glass because it was all dirty.

Me: Cybermen?

Shend: Cybermen. They all live in the tunnels. Everyone knows that! G'mon, Mick, pull yourself together. You can see them! When you're down there at eight o'clock at night, you can see the silver glinting down the tunnels. Frightening. I don't know how the trains dare run through really. I think they've got a pact with them so that they don't blast the trains as long as they let them get on with it; with their cyber, or whatever they build.

Me: And if they do that, they'll leave alone the practice golf-balls on the side of their uniforms.

Shend: That's it. You got it. You keep hearing of these people who are run over by the tube train. But where do they go? Where do the bodies go?

(All over the place!)

Cybermen have 'em & convert them into new cybermen! They're building up this massive army and eventually... we've had it!

Rob: It's just your imagination running riot, Shend. Come Monday morning, I'm not going to take you seriously as a young executive.

Shend: Not even if I wear glasses?

PROBLEMS

Me: What about your media problems?

Shend: The only media problem is.... that nobody wants to write about us! There again, they're all such idiots. It's incredible. You talk to these people, we get three mentions in their paper, & they still don't want to write about us. "Well, send us a tape". The days of sending people tapes were about five years ago! "Have you made a record?" "!!!" "Can we come & see you, get in free, & have lots of beers for nothing?"! Basically, most of the music press is crap, isn't it?

Rob: It's annoying because most of them have this dilettante attitude as well. And we work really hard as well. We must work several days a week, getting stuff right & writing material & doing the sleeves.

Shend: We're paying these bastards wages. They wouldn't have a job if it wasn't for the bands. And yet... they can treat you like dirt. And they love it! They love being able to say, "Sorry, lads, nobody's interested". Pathetic!

Rob: We make quality records. We always have, & we're getting better. The standard of journalism, I might say, is not!

Me: Continue in that vein, because that's quite good. (They're on about NME, 'Berke's Pearage'.)

Shend: It is getting worse. A lot of people have turned to alternative magazines, & the fanzine thing is still going alright.

Rob: I think the worst thing recently is this turn towards the toe-poker bands, as we call them.... Anoraks & spectacles. It's no fucking good.

Shend: The Kay's Catalogue represents most of the music at the moment. It's advertised by Lulu.

Rob: Alternative? Is it a joke? Is this really supposed to be a subculture? I suspect they think it is. It's disgusting!

the bushes scream

the very things

HOUSE-PICKING

Bob: Have you any distasteful personal habits (A question inspired by the band they call Playground)?

Shend: I think Shend drives too fast. Vincent & I probably drink too much. I don't know what Robin's habits are. I suspect they're fairly unpleasant.

Shend: Playing 'Ghostriders' on the motorway, that's quite good. No lights, fast lane, hundred miles an hour, phhhheeeeoouuuuggghhh. Just have to hope you don't meet anything coming in the opposite direction. It has to be the wrong side of the motorway. Dressing rooms after the show are fairly unseemly. We've got these postcards we give to people, right? And these postcards are fairly graphic, aren't they?

Bob: People queue up for these?

Shend: They do. They show my legs. And a black case.

Shend: People go, "Oooh, these are nice postcardal!" And a spark seems to go off in them. There have been some unseemly scenas, haven't there? Nothing untoward.

(Shend suddenly calls Vince 'Derek Drink!')

Shend: This is the old word-play thing, isn't it? Simon Sullen. Clarence Cup of Tea. It was Harry for years wasn't it? Harry Table and Harry Bucket and things.

Bob: Harry Miserable. Harry Cold.

Shend: "It's bloody Harry Cold!" we used to say.

Bob: Do you honestly think you'll make it big?

Shend: There's no doubt really. It's on the cards now, because everything's worked so well.

Bob: Along the lines of the single, in that vein. It can't fail. There's something happening. Normally, in the studio, we think, "Ah, this one's good", but with this one it's as though someone's sprinkled something magic over it.

Bob: If the single cost a lot, wouldn't the album cost an absolute fortune?

Shend: Well, we were going to ask you to invest actually.

Bob: Welllll... I would, but... Steven Skint.

Shend: You've got the hang of it!

Bob: Your time has come!

Shend: We've worked bloody hard. We've served our apprenticeship.

Bob: The vein it's in is like a varicose vein really. It's on the surface. It's ready to burst!

(The tape, horrified, clicks off.)

Bob: We've filled it again, haven't we? We've filled it again!

TVT



Steve Drury



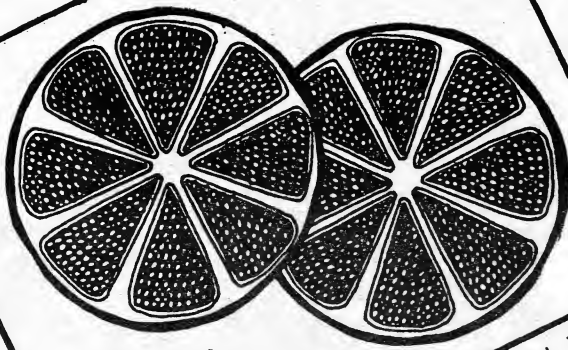
So, maybe their 'This Is Motortown' single didn't get it's just respects in the end, but it fucking well should have done. The most sickening thing about the whole 'game' is that a band such as TVT continues to thrive in that same attitude as when they began whilst too many others have resorted to doing tedious, unimaginative cover versions or have coated themselves in a pink cardigan & some fluffy nices. One day, one day....



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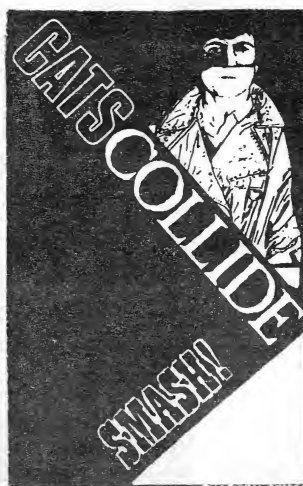
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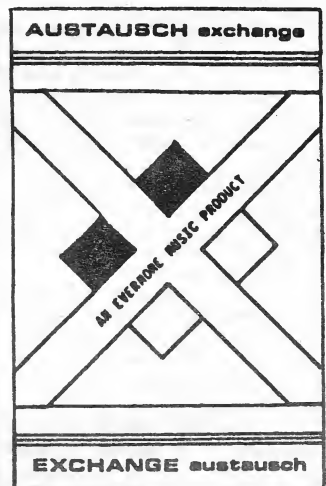
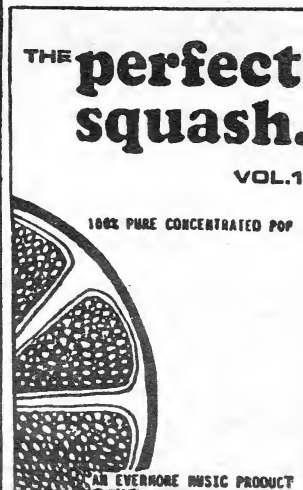
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BASTARD KESTRELS

Ha, ha, ha. They've either got a sense of humour, or they don't want me to write out an i/view. Perhaps they were simply thinking of me slaving away, transcribing conversation, over a tape-recorder, or maybe even hoping that I misquote them so that I can be sued for bundles of moolah? Whatever, there we were, on a Wintry March Saturday, at the Central London Poly, trying to shut out the really exciting music (hmm) of two bands who'd replaced a proposed Bambi Slam gig, and there they were telling me to not use the tape-player...

"Yeah, I should have warned you," mumbled Keith, one-time steersman of Goldhanger based, I'm Dead, "to bring along a pen and some paper, or something. You won't be able to pick any conversation up on a tape recorder here."

He was right, but with no pen & paper between the three of us, it was down to my very slippery memory. So, before diving into some really thought-wrenching sterf, I'd best tell you that the other person present was Dik, the guitarist... or at least, one of them. Due to the little knowledge I had of them, I wondered whether they all shared similar musical backgrounds...

DIK: "Well, yeah, we've all been playing for about ten years now, and been in bands before this one."

So who was the first band you ever saw then?

DIK: "The first gig I went to was our own, at Chelmsford Chancellor Hall, with The Lost; a big Essex punk band."

KEITH: "And they were the first band I ever saw."

Alright then, your first records?

DIK: "Er, I bought three... 'Complete Control', 'Don't Dictate' and another that I can't remember right now!"

So, does this apply to all of you, being fired into action by the, er, 'Punk Rock Explosion'?

KEITH: "I guess so, because we're basically two lots of brothers. The other guitarist, Paul, is my older brother, and George, the drummer, is Dik's brother."

How old were you all about, back then?

KEITH: "About fourteen or fifteen."

Who was the first band that actually made you think, "Shit! I'd like to do that!"?

KEITH: "Nobody really, because we started off as school friends & it was sometime in the fifth year or something that we thought we'd go & play at this party, to all our friends."

Dear oh dear. Nothing as dodgy as I was anticipating really. Oh well! The band first got together as a three-piece, with a drum-machine providing the backbone, in January, 1986. Since then, they've been The Mustard Kestrels; Stupid Bastard Mustard Kestrels, the current Bastard Kestrel; gotten rid of the drum machine in between two demo tapes; and nearly played a gig at The Enterprise...

KEITH: "It closed down just before we were due to play there with the Bad Tune Men! However, I'm really glad that we didn't play that gig, because the stuff we were doing back then isn't at all like what we're doing now. People might've seen us there, and they would see us now & think we're a different band or something!"

There's a large difference between the two demo tapes. The first one, recorded in the drum-machine & three-piece days, has four songs that strike me as being in a slightly more violent New Order direction, whilst the latest one offers another four that would be more suited opening up for a Butthole Surfers or Sonic Youth gig...

KEITH: "I think that 'Dancing Partners' "(From demo One, & also on my very own 'Fatal: A Copulation Tape', poop-pickers!) " is really embarrassing now. It's awful! It's, like, we went into this studio and came out with this POP song!" (CRINGES AT THE RECOLLECTION!) DIK: "I still like it. It's good, but it just doesn't represent us now though. I might think it's awful in another two tapes time, however!"

Best song on the new one is a ditty called 'Head', which has some vocals that sound like Max Ausgang. What sayeth they?

KEITH: "Don't know, I've never heard Ausgang. I never sang on that song anyway; it was Dik."

DIK: "Yeah, perhaps. When we first heard it though, we thought it sounded like Bogshed! I've only seen Ausgang once though, last year. They make me laugh."

WHAT? Enough of this sinning! I thought that Keith was the vocal-ist though?

KEITH: "I hate my voice; it's awful!"

DIK: "No it's not... I like it anyway! But Keith does have to tackle with the bass as well, so sometimes it can be difficult with the timing. Ideally, we'd like to have three singers involved on the songs."



the studio sterilised version of our only cover because it only has 3 chords all through). a personal target, a signpost on the road escalating emotive frenzy, (will anyone a better single than complete controls? The encouragement to go on: proof that people can make new music with genuine satisfactions of their own. Hardcore - the new rockabilly, it must be so much harder to work within the format than to break it. but too many bands have copped out or failed genre is kept rigid - ideal for it to be northern folk music. The north maintain arrogant independence and its masses anarchists. we don't even have a venue in And the charts continue to fuck themselves sucking up the gullible fame-fed: "hello would you like a sweetie?"



Interesting. Back to the second demo though, it was to be released as an e.p., wasn't it?
KEITH: "Yeah. But it was a three to one decision..."
Meaning that three of you wanted it out?
KEITH: "No, meaning that I wanted it out but the others didn't!"
Why not?
DIK: "I just don't think it's good enough. We can do better than that, I'm certain. What I'd like to really aim for is releasing a song that makes me tingle as much as my favourite songs do by other bands."
A solid aim, but what when you get there? Do you just carry on for the sake of it or what?
DIK: "I don't know! All I can say is that is what I'd like to do. I mean, take '12XU' for example, it makes me think "How did Wire do that?!" It's really simplistic, but it's a real classic song that gives you a tingle, doesn't it? And that leads onto the fact that you really don't have to be able to play all these flashy chords to produce a great song. I've been playing guitar & bass for years but I still can't play it, if you see what I mean?! But it's all contradicted with a band like Sonic Youth. I still think, "How the hell do they do that?!" with their songs, so are they really experienced and playing it all down, or what?!"
So what bands currently motivate you?
DIK: "None. We don't go & see bands & then come back wishing to sound like them."
What I mean is, who've you seen recently that y'consider as being OUTSTANDING?
DIK: "Sonic Youth, definitely!!!"
Big Black?
DIK: "I was really impressed, seeing them, but they're not on quite the same level as Sonic Youth, I think. Great to have a bop about to though!"
Who else?
DIK: "Well, it's all these bands like Scratch Acid, Butthole Surfers, The Swans and that. They're all brilliant! But why isn't everyone going out interviewing them though?!"

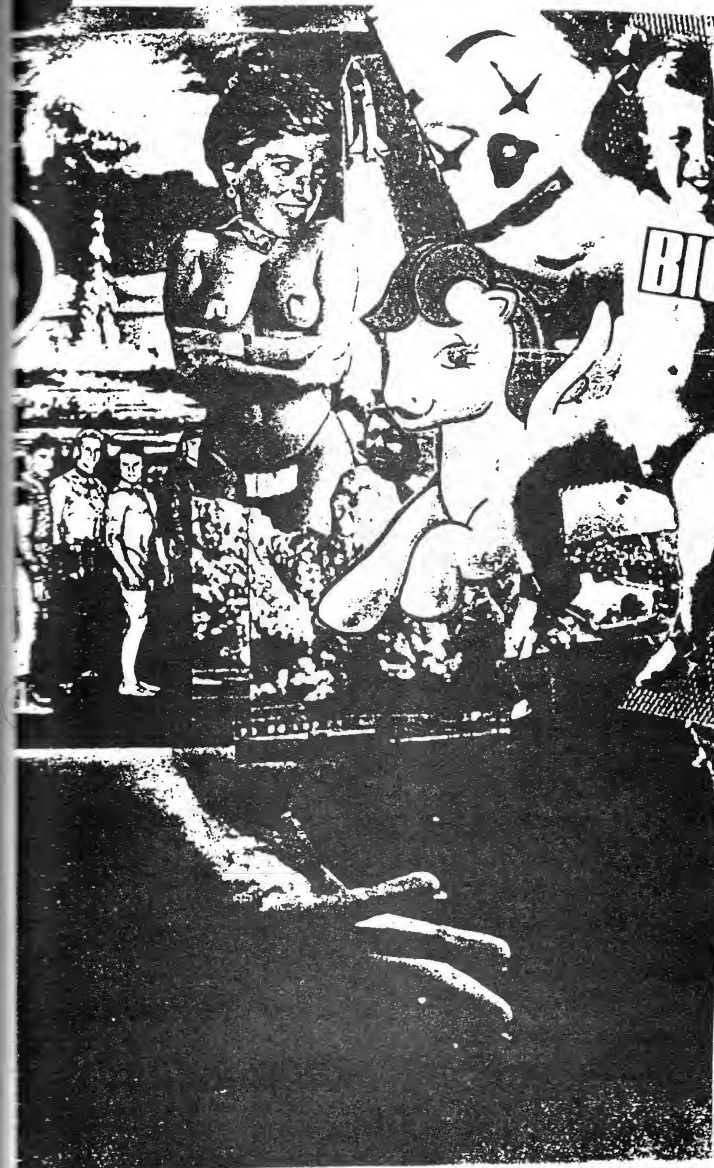
Totally agree. Those bands don't wear anoraks though. What band would you like to most play with though?
DIK: "Anyone really, so long as we like them."
You don't believe in trying to convert the crowds at more unsuspecting gigs then?
DIK: "No, what's the point? It's like if you saw Talullah Gosh supporting Sonic Youth, isn't it? What would YOU think about that?"
Ah, but that's looking at it from the audience point of view!
KEITH: "But we are the audience!"
Do you both still consider yourself as being fans then?
BOTH: "Yeah!"
That's how it strikes me, because you do still go to gigs...
DIK: "Yeah, I think I've been to 5000 so far in my life! I go to about two a week!"
KEITH: "I counted up 103 bands that I'd seen on the cover of the Peel Sessions e.p.'s alone, the other day!"
You seem fairly inactive on the gig front yourselves though?
DIK: "We don't wanna go round licking Jon Beast's arse just to play to 20 people, or whatever."
We then discuss the element of CONTROL that people such as the original BEASTIE BOY (!) and John Peel, etc. have on the whole 'scene' though.
KEITH: "It's really bad. We don't wanna go through all of that. What I'd truly like to do is just find somewhere like The Enterprise in the centre of London, arrange a gig there ourselves, and tell all of our mates to come along."
Maybe that sounds a somewhat pessimistic attitude, but I'm inclined to agree about the shit you can let yourself go thru just to play in front of 20 uninterested people.
DIK: "It's a good idea, what Jon Beast does, but they're all bands that I don't like!"

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I agree. He's wearing a fine idea down by putting on loads of bands that don't deserve any justice.
DIK: "Not only that, but - without further mentioning of names - so many promoters are into it all for the wrong reasons. Y'know, I'm not just saying that we're not gonna go thru it all for the sake of it, because I've been thru it all before with previous bands and that!"
That could be misinterpreted by people thinking you as putting yourselves over as being better than other bands...
DIK: "We're not though! We're not a bunch of 17 year olds who think we're the best in the world! We're happy getting together each practice, as four friends who want to make their own sounds & have a good laugh. Everything else can come in it's stride."
Is there any dictatorship in you?
DIK: "No, none at all. We don't tell each other what to do. We might have an idea to suggest, & then we just go about it in our own ways. It all falls into place from there."
What about lyrics?
DIK: "Keith has written some, & so have I, but we're not that concerned with them. If Keith shows his lyrics to us, they don't really mean much because they can only be about his girlfriends & the government... what else is there?!"

Around this time, Dik bursts at the seams & spills a cliché, "I don't know why you're interviewing us really. It's not ourselves we wanna get across, it's the music!". Fair enough, but NOBODY will get to hear the music if you don't put yourselves out, & is there any point in playing/producing that 'tingling' song, when it's only YOURSELF that hears it? BASTARD KESTRELS have the potential to spark life into many others, I'm sure, & if ya's don't believe me, get in touch NOW, & find out y'self...

Keith, 22 Hartland Rd, Queens Park, London. NW6.



PASSION is fundamental whether its anger against a mythical 'them', aggression thru confusion, or sexual violence, personal & indulgent. The wall of noise & german language, a marriage made in HEAVEN. Paranoia comes to your living room: a song with a vacuum that sucks you up into a strangers head.

The root of all evil is an anthem for SCHOOL. And after school, hours of frustration in the village hall, no-one ever asked why we did it. The question always was, How do they do it? How do you capture that charge that sets your spine on edge & makes you stamp and dance, sad and proud.

Technical prowess seems to reduce a bands ability to create this effect, neither is it always produced by the chest-beating hero imitation some bands wallow in....

it must be a product of the band's sincerity and love for their music, therefore beyond CONTROL.

Will anyone make a better single than COMPLETE CONTROL? I hope not.

The encouragement to go on: proof that pure/committed people can make new music with questions & satisfactions of their own.

HARDCORE-the new rockabilly. It must be so much harder to work within a format than break it. (Some try to, but the labels are still pinned!-Richo) So many bands have copped out or failed so the genre is kept rigid-ideal for it to become the northern folk music. The north maintains its arrogant independence & its masses of silent anarchists.

WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A VENUE IN LONDON.

While we've grown up with the same clan of friends, our music has moved from accompaniment to life, to the PURPOSE for it. An unlistenable row maybe, but it's NO ACCIDENT: political gesture, friendships celebrated, and misadventures logged (fucking hippies).

...The music is our best, our own. A gig without any sense of occasion makes a joke of the music. My belief in our music is as STRONG as my drive to make it, but a lot more FRAGILE.

RACHELS PILCHARDS/BYRDS/CLOCK DVA/SHAM 69/TOMMI STUMPF/PENETRATION/SCRATCH ACID/THE CLASH/DURAN DURAN/WIRE/LUDDITES/SONIC YOUTH/HUSKER DU/THE SCREAM/MODERN ENGLISH/ A STATE OF MIND/THE LOST....

BASTARD KESTREL

I CAN'T GET AROUND THIS CONFLICT WHEN IT COMES TO GIVE SOMETHING TO PUT IN YOUR MAGAZINE. WE HAVE (BUT I THINK THE ONLY THING I WILL EVER BE LET WILL BE MY OWN FAULT, THE MUSIC IS OUR BEST, ON A GIG WITHOUT ANY SENSE OF OCCASION MAKES A JOKE MUSIC. PERSONALLY I FIND IT VERY DIFFICULT TO PLAY AND TAKE IT VERY SERIOUSLY, MY RELIEF IN OUR MUSIC AS STRONG AS MY DRIVE TO MAKE IT, BUT A LOT MORE

FESTIVALS-Yumme, I like them.

The songs we are writing now, with drums, will be a lot more in line with what we're trying to get at. THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT. I don't know where we got this insecurity from. I just don't want to have to ask anyone for anything so close to me.

(DIK)

dry- style, your hair ismanlike- as they easy to

THE SONGS WE ARE WRITING NOW WITH DRUMS WILL BE MORE IN LINE WITH WHAT WE ARE TRYING TO GET AT. THANKS A LOT FOR YOUR SUPPORT. I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE GOT THIS INSECURITY FROM. I JUST DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO ASK ANYONE FOR ANYTHING SO CLOSE TO ME.

FESTIVALS - yumme I like them.

hope my writings clearer than Keiths..... not that it will mean you can make sense of it.

"Inform others of our existence by ALL MEANS", Keith.

(DAMN RIGHT, THERE!)

GHOST DANCE/THE ARMOURY SHOW Astoria

Ghost Dance have become dull enough to get bld. 'BOY', 'BOY', 'BOY' dress litters the hall & the post-B.A.D. look, coupled with remnants of X means a hubritic rock sound that is as unchaning as it is uninspired. They go on for what seems like decades, but is in fact only eight weeks.

Jobson & his fallible, farcical cromies flap about like suffocating fish, stinking the place out with their drivell. God! People like Sweet, Mud, Bernie Winters & Frank Ifield aren't the only family entertainers we have to endure at some time or other. It's everyone.

You can bet that we won't see the back, for instance, of the Banshees for AGES.

Weller will get mellower & mellower and may even take centuries to die. Far from doing anything honourable when it comes to doing anything obvious they're only in it for the money, or-as in Jobson's case-trying to get money, ploughing on, making bands like Spandau Ballet actually sound interesting!

Jobson hasn't done anything amazingly good for what... five years? It'll probably be another five years before he realises this fact & opens up a fish & chip shop where he can leer to his heart's content over the counter & do that same bloody silly dance amongst the pickled onions & lukewarm orange drinks.

Until that happy day, we have to put up with sessioneering souls ~~in~~ producing smoothly invisible rock music of the strictly student variety, although tons of old buggers are out tonight. This was probably their first gig of the year.

It was almost my worst.

(MM)



SAY YOU Dingwalls

There's a really weird pub round the corner from Dingwalls where concrete slabs are sold as bread, and where a life-size dummy of Fagin occupies one corner of the ceiling!

Onstage around the corner, Trotwood's cool bass push and Kevin (ex Cold Dance) with his wittling drums set up a far more humanely interesting sound than the Skeletals ever managed on their nights off from the Ghost Train.

Jonboy's guitar is fairly (tonight being a trifle duff all round) sparkling & Tony the singer sounds like Feargal Sharkey might if he didn't wear women's knickers three sizes too small for him.

When they get it right, they'll be burning.

(MM)



ZODIAC MINDWARP Camden Palace

If anyone dares criticise those who plump for Run DMC and The Beasties' populist brand of thuggery, they ought to take a peek at how low the brows were at this dismal evening.

Zodiac Mindwarp supposedly started out nabbing fans left, right & centre from areas which were also looted by B.A.D. & Sputnik, & yet with each feeble month that passes in their ever-diminishing existence they get more & more morons from outer nowhere!

Many of their fans have sprung out of the mossier spores left behind by Killing Joke; people who clearly don't enjoy washing too often. And why worry about an image, when you simply smear your ugly heads in grease and slip into a fetching lump of khaki? Imitation road rats thronged the corridors of this powerful anthill where the bar staff are the most appallingly trendy yet brainless items ever to have drifted as young conservatives into 'BOY' one day, soon to emerge as little sleazebags.

Scumbuckets runneth over here, then over there; flabby pectorals twitching inanely under National Trust-listed armpits. It's a ghastly sight.

There's probably a few discontented, Play Dead followers in there, a few playful Crazyhead empathic psychos, but mostly, there's the same mentality you find in anything vacuous... and the music isn't too important for the evening's main entertainment - counting the spots on the in-gang girls & ogling all the others who haven't had sufficient brain power to stay away.

Zodiac once made a relatively allowable jest-in-action. Now they're clinging to their financial lifeline by sliding ever deeper into the 'traditional' rocky ravine. Lumpen proles who itch for the Biker sound can appreciate their lack of variety every bit as much as the dunderheads who have grown too fat to continue chicken dancing.

You go to these gigs out of choice only when you're a useless bastard.

(MM)

...AND THE MACABRE MAN-THING!

MIGHTY MIGHTY/HURRAH!

The Astoria, London

In a land of supposedly rivetting new Indie-pop bands where everything following the 'shambling' ethic is gradually reaching vinyl, we need to look long & hard at what's what. Mighty Mighty, already well known for their brittle singles, are clearly a bunch of dreary student-type tossers with very little heart for live heat, and appalling problems being lively. I've had more fun in the bath.

Hurrah! on the other hand, are currently one of the most trustworthy & all-round excitement hotspots in the country. Most, if not all (I can't remember), of their startling album is whacked out like lustful torpedoes; from the engaging wistfulness of 'Who Wants To Live By Love' to the smarlting bite of 'Sweet Sanity', the compelling chimes of 'I Would If I Could' and the deviously delightful 'If Love Could Call'.

They use guitars like doctors use scalpels. To pick their noses!!! That, however, is none of our business. They also use them onstage - which is far more important, never impotent.

Fertile melodies, pregnant pauses, the birth of living legends. (Almost).

(MM)



NO PICCIES OF CYNDI, SO DEBBIE HARRY, CIRCA. 77, WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE! (DON'T ASK WHY... GRUNT!)

CYNDI LAUPER Hammersmith Odeon, London

On Rich's most recent trip to London, where such a groovy hairstyle as his drew admiring glances from many a gorse-bush (whatever they might be), he mentioned that more than a few inquisitive souls had scoffed at the notion of a Cyndi interview in your lovable Grim Humour, suggesting in their scornful pose that this might be tantamount to treason.

This is because you are gormless bastards. Some of the points raised in the interview, as to her 'difference', should, I trust, have been re-inforced by her recent 'Tube' display. Admittedly, the sound was wretched, causing her to wander backstage after 'Change of Heart' to find out if there might be a way to save the situation, & by the time it was getting half-decent in the final song, 'What's Going On', Tyne Tees obligingly stopped the programme!!! But the explosive sparks of 'Boy Blue', when her head threatened to eject from her body, should have shown you a little something of her passion. Now, what other 'Top Pop Star' would even dare to be seen delivering such an uncool outburst as that?

At the Odeon she was even better, wandering through a variety of styles, in that horrendous dress, battering the life out of the faster songs, wrecking everyone's ears & softening everyone's minds. Only the adequate 'Goonies' (Is that correct? Can't read yr. scrawl here, Mick-Riche) song was a sore point; the rest were magnificent.

The majority-wally crowd were surprisingly sensitive; one complete dolt who dared interrupt a solo version of 'True Colors' (Cyndi standing alone for a third encore) being hacked to pieces by outraged fans.

The sort of gig where you can remember it all but it seems like a dream.

So, wake up, you dogmatic turds.

(MM)

Issue 1 (A trial)

fanzines

THE ARCADE

Generally, they're all worse than ever before. Completely dullard bands presented in equally mundane fanzines. Personality, imagination, enthusiasm & life have all been shoved aside for a pin-up of Stephen Pastel and a 2 page interview with The goddawful Soup Dragons, or one of their tedious ilk. Look, it might not be your fault that the music scene is generally cack, but you're not doing anything towards it's improvement by producing unchallenging nonsense. You can't squeeze blood out of a stone, you know, so go out and dig for some more. Who wants to read about the same bunch of boring old farts, churning out their Orange Underground Cocks tunes, in every fanzine (If YOU do, you must be boring beyond comprehension), huh? I've had enough of all your playing safe, all your pandering & trying to create a mountain out of a molehill...and next time, you aren't to be let off so lightly, so there you go...

A NEW ENGLAND No.6. Still very straightforward & restrained. Interviews with The Fall, The Trees, & Fish Doctors, plus loads of reviews & a 1986 retrospective. 40p & sae, Richard, 9 Gainsborough Close, Folkestone, Kent, CT19 5NB.

RAISING HELL 14...Quite a neat little effort, this, with a hardcore/thrash direction to boot. Certainly readable & enjoyable, although not memorable. Bands include Scream, Conflict, Generic, etc...15p & sae to P.O.Box 32, 59 Cookridge St, Leeds, W.yorks, LS2 3AW.

THE ARCADE Trial issue that's half-way there, wherever 'there' may be. A couple decent bands (Fifteenth & Iron In The Soul); too many that aren't, and a personality that flies at half-mast but looks promising. Besides all this, there's two Furyo references, & even a Uk Decay one, so that's worth my praise alone! 50pence & that bastid sae to: Gaz, 52 Hume St, Warrington, Cheshire. WA1 3QR.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL No point in reviewing any individual issue of this really, as it's pretty regular (monthly, I believe?) but to those NOT YET CONVERTED, it's wholeheartedly recommended & is, indeed, a damn inspirational bowl of fruit. Don't be misguided into thinking that it's all hardcore/thrash either, for these people certainly aren't that close-minded. Anyway, £1.50 will get you a copy, from P.O.Box 59, London, N22, so go BUY! ENCOURAGE! GET IN TOUCH!

ZERO numero 14 is rather brief, but raises points & offers cartoons & reviews as well. Reasonable, but lacking presentation and imagination. 10p & sae to: Robin, 5 Meadow Bank, Hitchin, Herts. SG4 0HX.

RADICAL JOBBIE no.1. is the newie from the John 'Ivor The Anarchist' Green front. A few slices of humour, some cartoons, reviews & an interview with Sik O'War. Slightly patchy in places, but worth your attention. 25p & sae to: Kenny, 3 William St, Tayport, Fife, Scotland. DD6 9HJ.

COCTEAU TWINS; Wolfman & Press; HAWKWIND;

SMASHED HITS numero Seven, I believe??? This is done by Wolfie Retard, he of (ex) Stupids infamy, & now a Perfect Daze collaborator. Twenty A4 pages here that actually out-mess 'Rox' - phew! Is that possible? Am I seein' things? Plenty o' garbled nonsense, Debbie Harry pics, bands, kiddy-style 'toons, & witty charm to last, ooh, many a rainy day. What's this about 'GH' bein' KKKKKR "Andy Pigswill's zine" tho', huh?! Tsk, tsk, tsk... There had just better be an explanation, dude! 25p & sae to: 64 Chatsworth Drive, Rushmere Park, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP4 5XD.

h; Flesh Puppets; Envy;

The Live Aid con.

NO CLASS. 11. With Mournblade, Bad Tune Men, The Fall and Shrew Kings. As for the fanzine reviews, I wonder who misinterpreted GH.8's 'continual story' idea...teehee! Unimaginative layout. 30p & sae to 37 Hodder Drive, Perivale, Middlesex. UB6 8LL.

Beautiful Chaos-

On a more serious side, Dreams, Delights, Nightmares & possibly words of wisdom....

Issue 5
June '82
30p

KILL YOUR
PET
PUPPY

ENDLESS STRUGGLE TIMES Debut. Don't much like the name o' this, but all else makes up for it. Neat red printed cover, fine layout, and loads of features that serve as a brill introduction to somma th'decent Yank sterf currently sweeping the shores o' this polluted island. The Descendents, The FreeZe, JFA, TSOL, and reviews, etc. Nifty. 20p & A5 see to: 26 Union Lane, Chesterton, Cambridge, CB4 1QB.

FORCED EXPOSURE I have a copy of numero 11 here, complete with a man-sized encounter with Gibby (Butthole Surfers, ignorant swines!); a page of Steve Albini (Big Black) & plenty of letters that are torn apart. One of the most motivating efforts that has come my way of late. Write to: PO Box 1611, Waltham, MA 02254. Cost is \$2.50 and, obviously, sufficient overseas p. & p.

SOWING SEEDS A debut I purchased at the H.O.D ica gig. Half of it is quite potential, the rest is pandering bullshit...and how anyone can have the nerve to say that the JAMC are one of the most original, exciting bands ever is totally incomprehensible. Other bands include the usual crop of anorak wearers. Mik, 56 Corney Rd, Chiswick, London, W4 2RA. 40p and the obligatory bullcrap.

STRAIGHT UP Last issue, no. 6., has gotten a welcome flow of vitriol coarsing thru it. Membranes, Unbelievables, etc. are also included in this that may well be considered a sister-zine to 'Skeletons Making Love', besides an Underlings/Regular Guys flexidisc. 50p & see to moi.

DAY OF THE RAYGUN COMETH Number four here, I swiped from one of those musical lawrie contraptions in the Smoke...I've never heard of anyone actually wiping their bum with shit though.

MOGAZINE A healthy dive into CHAOS here! Messy layout & a good diet of bands (And Also The Trees, Very Things, Playground, Somik Youth, etc) besides a positive attitude. Wonderful! 40p & see to Andru, 29 Colne Place, Basildon, Essex. SS16 5UZ.

GUILTY FACE no. 2. is a somewhat straightforward affair with a penchant for the more hardcore end of the 'scene'. Not very stimulating articles on Instigators, Heresy, etc, but just overriding the bowels of monotony with sparks of hope here & there. 25pence & the usual to 18 Cleasby Gdns, Low Fell, Gateshead, NE9 5HL.

10 YEARS ON The seventh issue of yet another hardcore inclined effort. Good presentation, semi-good dealings with The Stupids & Instigators, etc, enthusiasm, and a flexidisc by The Untamed to boot, which offers something more in line with the early permk feel, but not bad, all the same. 60p & see to 26 Main Rd, Trimdon, Village, Co. Durham, TS29 6QD.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH An A5 thingie crammed full of shit on veggie sterf, Stonehenge (maaaan!), Drugzzzzz, blah fucken blah. Absolute garbage, basically. And, I'm sorry if you feel that there's anything valid in such zines. FUTILE! 10p (at least I didn't spend out too much) & SEE: Ste, 12 Thompson Street, Darwin, Lancs.

THE DAMNATION OF YOUR SOUL!

TONGUE IN CHEEK 6. Absolutely brilliant 60 page effort that twists & turns thru Ian's heart, plucking out Balaam & The Angel, Live Skull, Dave Howard Singers, Nick Cave, Psycho Surgeons, Fuzzbox, 3-Action, etc. Overall, it maketh fine reading material, crap bands (in places) or not, & that's what counts, I guess. Only flaw is that maybe our dear Ian is just a little too kind...Anyway, this is one of the most inspiring zines I've seen in a long while, & that be that. 50p & see to 10 Manse Crescent, Burley-in-Wharfedale, Ilkley, W. Yorks, LS29 7LA.

PIGEONS FROM HELL Debut. Musical coverage that's divided 'twixt good & bad...Iggy Pop, Dave Howard Singers & Godfathers-the former, March Violets, Batfish Boys, Age of Chance-the latter...& presented in some poor layout. The heart's there tho', as is the potential and the DHS i/view is quite marvellous. 30p (I guess?) & the olde 'usual' essayee to Ms. Strange, 14 Osbourne Villas, Kingsdown Bristol, BS2 8BP.

KILL 'EM ALL & LET GOD SORT 'EM OUT.

ARTIFICIAL LIFE I thought no.14 was to be the last one, but obviously not, as this here no.15. no doubt proves, unfortunately. Completely lacking any conviction or emotion now & still featuring the usual dross-sticks people who have long hair. Jake should be ashamed. 'A/L' finished around issue 8, this drivel is SOMETHIN' ELSE! One thing, before leaving the sorry subject, is Jake's criticism of zines such as GH, whilst justifying AL... Supposedly, the "likes of GH are confined by the small bands they interview"! Strange that GH's circulation out-does AL's though...and since when have Ramones, The Cure, Damned, The Fall & Cyndi Lauper been considered 'small'??? 50p & sae to 193 Lincoln Court, Stamford Hill, London.

PHOENIX A pitiful idea stemming from the now inactive 'Totally Wired' front. Imagine a limp-wristed Tom Vague bumping into a thoroughly drunken John Slam on an adventure into fairyland...the result would be as catastrophic as this, I'm certain. Utter BOLLOCKS! 40p & the standard sae to 11 Portway Place, Norwich, Norfolk (Worth indulging in for a snigger!)

SKULLDUGGERY Issue 6, volume one. A brief Yank affair this be. Formulated to a degree, but the sincerity & enthusiasm's there. Only a measly 8 pages but crammed with extensive interviews with Naked Raygun, Husker Du & Dead Silence. Martin, PO Box 734, Hopkins, Minneapolis, 55343....don't know how much, I'm afraid, so try exchanging a zine or send \$2.00 or something...

UNCLEAN BODY Debut. Careless, unimaginative, throwaway...a shameful waste of good bands (Sonik Youth, Grass, & Lydia Lunch). AVOID!

CRASH COURSE Number 9 sees this zine really growing on me. Disliked it to begin with, but the innovative layout is refreshing. The features include: Dead Kennedys, The Disturbed, Art of Rebellion (a look into Sique Sique, Frankie, blah), Intimate Obsessions, etc. Well worth the 12p & sae! Graham, 32 Pendleton Green, Halewood, Liverpool, L26 LUX.

WALLS COME TO LIFE 2 is another warm & welcome ~~into~~ enticement into the hearts of Emma & Pam. Maybe a bit plainly presented, but the contents provide spirited food for thought. Includes The Leather Nun, Bad Tune Men, Playground, 15th, etc. 40pence & sae to Emma, 7 Tankerville Rd, Streatham, London. SW16

CIRCUS OF LIFE No.3....extremely reminiscent of early Artificial Life. Covering the likes of The Medics, PTV, Ghost Dance, Chatshow, etc. 35p & sae, Stuart, 9 Coppice Close, Chase Terrace, Walsall, Staffs. WS7 8BJ.

THE LEGEND! Numero FIVE & my FIRST encounter! Colourful & an overflowing amount of ill-directed enthusiasm towards all the Anorak Crop. 60p from The Cartel/Wough Trade.

BABY HONEY 3 Er, I wonder if they've ever seen a Legend? Including a jangly flexidisc as well, which looks quite at home on my dartboard I must admit. From Pete Honeybun, Culnells Farm, School Lane, Sittingbourne, Kent. ME9 8QJ for 45p & sae.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SAINTS three continues to step into dodgy punk past... Glen Matlock 1/view, etc. Very one-dimensional. P.O. Box 132, Acton, London, W3....30p & sae.

FREAKY DANCIN' First edition. Another twangy-type thang. It's ok as far as these zines go, but not outstanding. 30p & sae to 18 Vicar Crescent, Darfield, Barnsley, S. Yorks. S73.

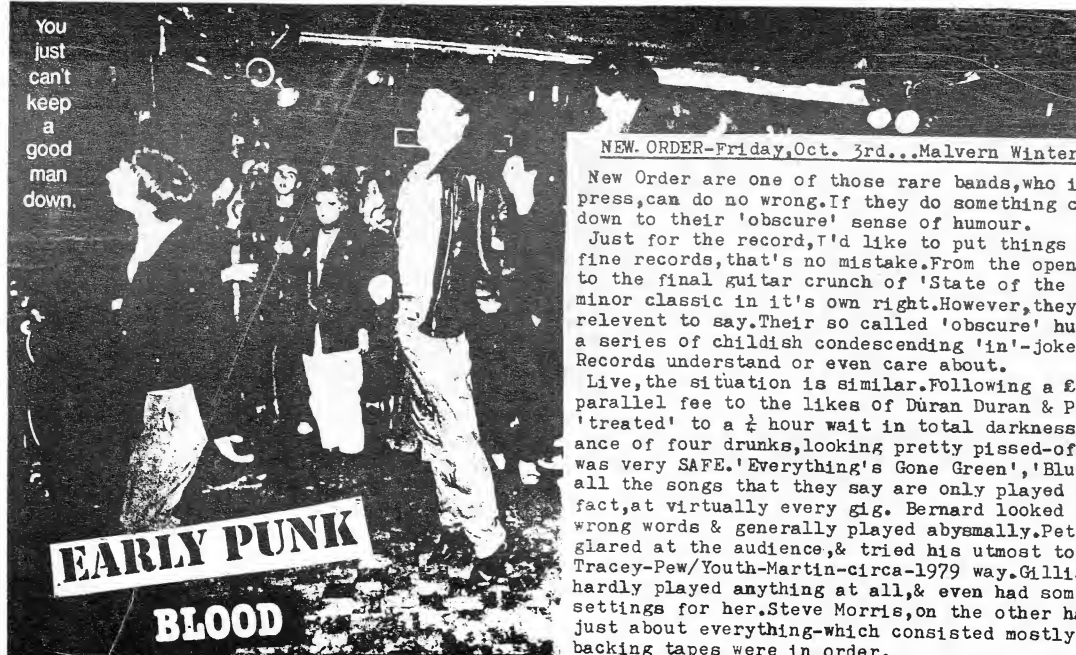
VERMILION SANDS/DURUTTI COLUMN Two cuddly Japanese affairs with a bias towards the likes of Nick Cave, The Cure, Damned, Mission, etc. Naturally, utterly undecipherable but the drawings alone are worth your attention. Available from Rough Trade Shop.

CLOTH EARS Numero two contains a wealth of naive charm but there's plenty of room for improvement & the layout is in stern need of a boot up the rear. Bands are: Cactus World News, bolshoi, Rose of Avalanche, Fifteenth, Scrapheap & Playground. Worthy of encouragement. 25p & sae to Andrea, 62 Mill Lane, Woodhall Spa, Lincs.

and also the trees, Gunsupper playground. Pyslons. Very Th...

THE ZINE

You just can't keep a good man down.



EARLY PUNK

BLOOD

RELEASES

frenzy

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN BUY A DECENT ANORAK? I'M A LITTLE BORED OF THIS BLACK GARB...

NEW ORDER-Friday, Oct. 3rd...Malvern Winter Gardens

New Order are one of those rare bands, who in the eyes of the music press, can do no wrong. If they do something crap, it's immediately put down to their 'obscure' sense of humour.

Just for the record, I'd like to put things straight. NEW ORDER make fine records, that's no mistake. From the opening chords on 'Ceremony' to the final guitar crunch of 'State of the Nation', each song is a minor classic in it's own right. However, they are a band with nothing relevant to say. Their so called 'obscure' humour is little more than a series of childish condescending 'in'-jokes, that few outside Factory Records understand or even care about.

Live, the situation is similar. Following a £6.00 admission fee (A parallel fee to the likes of Duran Duran & Paul Young gigs) we were 'treated' to a 1/2 hour wait in total darkness, followed by the appearance of four drunks, looking pretty pissed-off to be there. Their set was very SAFE. 'Everything's Gone Green', 'Blue Monday', 'Temptation', yes, all the songs that they say are only played on rare occasions, but in fact, at virtually every gig. Bernard looked very pissed, sang all the wrong words & generally played abysmally. Peter Hook looked very pissed, glared at the audience, & tried his utmost to look tough in a sort of Tracey-Pew/Youth-Martin-circa-1979 way. Gillian looked equally pissed, hardly played anything at all, & even had someone change the keyboard settings for her. Steve Morris, on the other hand, seemed to be doing just about everything-which consisted mostly of making sure all the backing tapes were in order.

NEW ORDER were safe, predictable & above all, dull. The final nail in the coffin came with the encore.... "This is an old Joy Division number, it's called 'Sister Ray'...geddit?" Ha-bloody-ha. Twelve minutes of deafening rubbish. Is nothing sacred??

SPIRO THEODOPOLIS

and...plop is a wiffy dollop

THE-THE SHARK... HOW THE...?

TOO LATE, THE MEN INSIDE THE ROTTING SPANISH GALLEON REALISED THEY WERE TRAPPED...



IT WAS AN EXPENSIVE MISTAKE!

FANFARE!A CHAMELEONS REVIEW!!!!

Where have The Chameleons been hiding this past year, I hear you ask? Camouflaged, they remain subdued as far as media coverage is concerned, yet they still maintain a remarkably strong following. This smells like success. The Chameleons can't fail to strain the sinews in those whose hearts are worth the warm blood they beat.

Solid rock embedded itself in the murmers, screams, & emotion of 'Singing Rule Britannia', 'In Shreds', '2nd Skin' & boundless other muso masterpieces which showed a fair wodge of value just in the wide audience they attracted. At the Darlington Arts Centre the giant people (Goths included!) squeezed me hot & sticky out the walls. A darn wacky turn-out too, considering no booze allowed on the premises (Offy raids all round beforehand!).

After rescuing fragments of jewellery (& various parts of the body) that had mutineered against me in the trauma, I retreated backstage armed with the crucial question, "What does anything mean nowadays?"

The Chameleons proved to be well camouflaged against verbal attack as well though... "Can you do a 180° on this skateboard?" asked Mark, flying into a bowl of pickled onions. Oh well-life goes on... Here endeth another very informative review by a Grim Humour Crusader.

Crazyhead
Living In Texas
X-Mal Deutschland
KENTISH TOWN AND COUNTRY CLEBBE.

Fucking noisy night, if you don't mind me saying so, ascending in volume. Crazyhead actually weren't. Looked fairly normal, well behaved boys to me. Copies of Jackie under their beds back home they celebrated yet another night out by flogging their matted heads about whilst looking desperately sober.

A nice polar opposite to Zodiac Mindwank as a maddara-fucked, because here there are just as many debauched rock ideas lollopping around in imitation piss-stained jeans, but the energy is kept tightly packed into short bursts. There's not much life but it's fun.

Living In Texas growl and snort and sneer at their crowd and sound fairly impressive, particularly during the early numbers but this interest passes by the halfway stage as little variety has come through the inordinantly powerful drums which crush the thrashing guitars beneath and the wild vocals on top. I'd recommend their frantic ear-bending to anyone though, because if the singer isn't always such a moody old scrotum and if they slink around in less powerful displays they're probably brilliant. As it was I went and got some chips.

X-Mal then promptly go bananas. After the last couple of times I saw them, when they hadn't moved on at all, it was hugely exciting to see them actually brimming with vitality but not too wonderful to notice that the songs drain into and inflate each other with the same feelings throughout, as though they can't believe there can be any other way to write a song. It whooooooshes past with plenty of sparkle but enough variety and eventually thumps you into touch. Anja, once a rather chilling statue now leaps around like a malfunctioning robot; a very strange sight to see. When people don't scream the place down for more, encores are rather begrudgingly given, when in fact things weren't that scintillating, just very good.

They need less hairy noise, more open spaces. They need to alter tactics now and again. They need less rocky tones and more linear movement. They need mentholypus.

MM.

The Cure

Shamefully, perhaps, I sit here in my not very cosy room, armed with only a can of Heinekem and listening to 'Kings of the Wild Frontier' for the first time in AGES. I never know how much I do really like this album until I play the bastard. For some reason, I don't know... Anyway, I don't really know how to start this piece. Before me, a Cure interview conducted by a first printed in a French magazine, 'Nocturnal', screams for attention. Previously seeing light of day in the aforementioned many months ago but only in France & firmly limited to a measly 200 copies. A crime! Unfortunately, I don't possess a copy of the thing though, so I can plug it no further than the fair wasecheck. Now I came by it, you may well be wondering, was thanks to Dudge (And Also The Trees), who has been trying to get me something on the band for a long time now seeing as a proper face-to-face confrontation is out of the question (They virtually live in France now, y'add, & even the GH resources can't finance such a trip, I hear) these days. Thankfully, the kind chap passed a copy onto a friend, Debbi, who then proceeded to translate it on my behalf... so some gratitude must be flung her way as well. And, one more thing whilst I think of it, yes, permission to reprint the article was indeed given, so there!

Before I dive into the interview though, I'd like to clear a few things up, ok? I'm fed up with the occasional accusations of my supposedly 'pandering up to a bunch of people who are in the same league as (again, supposedly...) Banshees, Cult, Mission, etc'. First off, I don't pander up to anything I don't like (and, I don't 'pander' as such, to anything I do like either...). Who in their right mind features bands in their lines when they don't appreciate 'em (HMM, ON REFLECTION, THERE'S PROBABLY QUITE A FEW, I SUSPECT...), huh? It makes me sick when I receive complaints about certain bands being featured. It's so futile. What's more is the fact that I'd be slapping The Cure off if I felt I'd been let down by them, or felt they were generally similar to The Cult & their shameful ilk. God, everyone should know that I love slapping off those types by now, at any rate! So, no, no, no... The Cure are to me now what they were to me when I first heard 'Primary', 'Splintered In Her Head' & 'Forest', & when I bought my first record by them ('Rain' cassette in... alright, ok, so it's not the record, but the tape version, don't split hairs, they're bad enough as it is) in '81, & a year later (but four years too late!), by way of a friend, caught onto their punkier 'Killing An Arab' era stuff. (Mind you, I was wearing a 'Three Imaginary Boys' badge on my school blazer in '79, maaaa!) I do still like their music (not as much as pre-'Pornography' tho, I must admit) and I still believe they possess good attitudes as they always have. To me, they are quite an antidote to the poison that was to become 'middle' punk-and-obviously-the-general-goddy-state of the more widespread chart-orientated music scene. Basically, a breath of fresh air!

How can The Cure have possibly 'sold out' when they've not eaten any laurels? They've ALWAYS changed. They've constantly MOVED! And that is why they, and a few other peers, have SURVIVED (The Damned, Wire, XTC, R.E.M., Spizz... all spring to mind as well...). The Cure are blessed with IMAGINATION and THAT is the subtle difference 'twixt them & The Banshees, etc. (It's also interesting to note that I find they have created music for every mood... only a few bands in my record collection have achieved this). As much as they may well be on the same status as others such as Cult, the difference is finally noticed, and as long as I get that same 'kick' out of them as I always have, I'll continue to merit their efforts.

Now that I have that off me chest, I'll add that I've not honestly had many complaints about them (Well, most of you lot are college-types aren't you, which is exactly what The Cure are, isn't it? Of course...!), but I have had ENOUGH to warrant this ramble, & that's that! Anyhow, on with the show & all that....

From 'Nocturnal'...

The previous day had been spent trying to engage Robert Smith long enough to do an interview. In a plush hotel in the Champs Elysees, the two prospective interviewers from a particularly good French fanzine, 'Nocturnal', sit wondering if the interview will ever happen. 'The Head On The Door' - only out in France for a month at this time, has sold 80,000 copies & the adulation has reached extreme proportions. Inquiries after the whereabouts of the band bring results like "Oh, they're living it up in Robert's room."

Robert puts in an appearance. Briefly, in transit to a photo session on a lower floor. The time apparently spent in making up seems to have been to no avail. He appears in real life as he does in the photos; his lipstich smudged then constantly passing his hand over it, his (ex) hair backcombed at the back & hanging in two, long locks either side of his face, longer & dirtier than ever.

He catches sight of the Nocturnal visitors & starts to laugh when he notices one of them looks like 'Quick Silver'. The interviewers appear bemused. Chances of an interview fly out of the window as Robert once more disappears, to appear live on a French Radio Sta.

The next day, they return again. Robert knows that they are there but other commitments prevent him from seeing them. Around the doors are clusters of determined fans, many of whom have followed The Cure's cars from one side of Paris to the other in a desperate bid not to lose sight of or contact with their heroes. Robert tires of signing autographs & slips away as soon as possible. The interviewers settle down for another long wait. Finally, Parry, the group manager, appears & leads them to a small room leading onto the hotel bar...

"Wait for Robert here. Have something to drink, & you can ask Parry & Simon some questions, if you want?" Apprehensively, the interviewers, never expecting any of the other members of the band to be there, enter the little room. Parry & Simon are sitting with their girlfriends. Simon, it transpires, has spent the afternoon shopping...

NOCTURNAL: Did you buy anything?

SIMON: No, it's too expensive.

N: But didn't anybody recognise you?

S: No, but somebody asked how I did my hair!

Both Parry & Simon are talkative; Simon most of all, in a particularly, but not exactly uniquely expansive mood. The conversation focuses around Pools Dance, the group formed some time ago with Matthieu Hartley...

S: The songs were good, but the production was totally lack.

P: He was the production!

Parry watches, grinning, while Simon squabbles with his unruly girlfriend. Simon is especially friendly. It has to be said that we didn't have to do much in the way of interviewing. Most of the conversation was being volunteered by Simon himself. We started to talk about The Cure's music...

S: The ones I like best are 'Charlotte Sometimes', 'One Hundred Years' & 'Sinking'. The basis of the last is very similar to 'Pornography'. I love the bass and drums in that song.

Asking him what they are going to play at The Bercy, an enormous hall holding 17,000 with grass growing up the walls (purposely, I might add), Simon lists all the Cure classics like 'Cold', 'A Forest', & 'The Walk' & a number of new songs, & a handful of vintage tracks - 'Killing An Arab', 'Three Imaginary Boys' and maybe 'Boys Don't Cry'. He then tries to pilfer a bottle which has a round behind the bar, without the barmen seeing him & begins to tell us about Amaretto, an Italian alcohol...

S: You can easily get drunk with this; it's good!

Both Simon & his girlfriend then fight over who's to be in the photos.

N: Do you live in London?

S: You always find yourself there. Robert's lived there for sometime but I live in the country, with the trees, & the dogs, & the horses...

N: As the group is in Paris now, is it only for the promotion (of the album), or the concerts? Or is it that you're on holiday?

S: Er, well, sort of... but, for me, I go home to the country for holiday, because I can't get there very often. You'd never come to Paris?

S: I can stay at your house, I'll come! Otherwise, I'd like to go to Hawaii even more, because it's exotic.

The others start to laugh.

S: But it isn't it is exotic!

I describe the Bercy as a prestigious venue for a band.

S: Well, people say that we should play the small halls, but it doesn't make such difference. As I see it, it is still the same audience in front of us & we're on the same stage.

N: How was Athens?

S: Strange. The surroundings mostly. It was a bit too hot, especially for Robert... We weren't drunk enough! (Laughs)... but it was a good concert.

We then talk about the fanzine & discuss And Also The Trees (who appear in the same issue), who Lol once produced...

S: They're really friendly & I really like what they do. Otherwise, I can't understand why they aren't very well known.

Robert had not yet put in an appearance, despite the fact that Parry has come to tell us that he has finished doing interviews for the day. Then, he appears, hand in hand with Mary. He doesn't come in immediately but stands outside the little bar-room talking to his girlfriend. Then he comes in & settles himself calmly next to us. We say nothing & pretend we are unaware of his arrival to put him at ease. On the spur of the moment he picks up the first issue of 'Nocturnal' (In the first issue, the articles were faked!).

"WE'RE JUST NORMAL PEOPLE."

AUSGANG come clean. PAUL FLOWER takes notes, takes tea and takes cover

Go-Go-going gone ?

I knew I was there 'cause the sticker in the window said 'I read the Daily News', ambiguous and deceitful as ever - nobody reads the Daily News. I rang the bell.

"If they spot it I get £50" Max explained sheepishly. "They'd have to pay me £50 to make an admission like that" I laughed. Into the arena led by a man with a shock of black hair perched on top of his head, shaved at both sides. The new short back and sides ? "I got sick of backcombing it".

"Oh".

"Would you like a cup of tea ?"

"Tea ?!.....Yes, that would be.....nice ?"

Soon the vocalist was joined by his cohort in crime gaunt, good-looking guitarist Matthew. Matthew ? Surely angry agit rock bands don't have guitarists named Matthew with all it's Biblical connotations (it later transpires that Max's real name is Mark !), was this the reason for the jagged 'Hots for Christ' from the 'Hunt Ya Down' 12" ? And the last single 'King Hell' I bet that has hidden religious meanings, "Headlong into a coleslaw holocaust" is probably a line from the Old Testament. Am I right ?

MATT: "Not exactly. The song is a collection of phrases from the tour we did with GENE LOVES JEZEBEL. We were in each others company for two weeks solid, things got really out of hand and all these odd phrases kept joining the conversation.

MAX : "I was just jotting them down without knowing where to use them by the end of the tour people were actually pointing them out to me. After that it was just a case of playing with them and creating a central theme. 'King Hell' is about an apocalyptic view of the future but with a smile on your face. I had visions of the end scene from 'DR STRANGELOVE' with that red neck cowboy riding the A-bomb as it dropped from the silo, or Captain Ahab on the back of Moby Dick with a big smile on his face. It's all about knowing you're going out but having fun while you do it."

BUT KING HELL THE CHORUS CAN SEEM LIKE AN EXPLETIVE RATHER THAN AN ADJECTIVE

MATT: "It honestly wasn't meant that way. 'King Hell' is an ^{HUNTER} ~~Andrew~~ Thompson phrase that describes something big or mega."

~~It's all about~~ ^{It's all about} ~~knowing you're going out but having fun while you do it."~~

STILL, A REASON FOR IT'S LACK OF AIRPLAY COULD'VE BEEN IT'S TITLE AND WHAT PEOPLE THOUGHT YOU WERE TRYING TO IMPLY

MATT: "Well yeah, but that's a risk you take and there's so many limitations on airplay, especially for a band like us, that it's just pointless trying to observe or comply with them."

INDEED THE BAND HAVE MORE THAN A POINT WITH THAT REMARK FOR IN THE THREE YEARS OF THEIR EXISTANCE THEY HAVE RECEIVED LITTLE RECOGNITION FROM EITHER NATIONAL RADIO ("Peel's the only one who'll touch us") OR PRESS. NOT SURPRISINGLY IT'S SOMETHING THEY HAVE STRONG VIEWS ON.

MATT: "I think that the only ways you get decent press coverage are by having a press officer, which we can't afford, or by being 'flavour of the month' - which I hope we never are 'cause from that you eventually end up dying. We do lots of interviews with fanzines and that makes up for it - we're an underground band and the reason the national press don't talk to us is that they think we're something we're not. They've never seen us but they have preconceived ideas, that's the way the music press works. People in fanzines are different, they're fans."

MAX: "They're the people who get in touch with us."

MATT: "And they're the people who buy the bloody records. When was the last time a journalist at Sounds or NME bought a record ?"

ausgang



HOW THEN DO THEY EXPECT TO MAKE ANY FURTHER PROGRESS THIS BAND OF THREE YEARS STANDING ? THE NATIONAL MEDIA IGNORES THEM AND AFTER SPENDING A YEAR WITH HEAVY METAL/FM RECORDS OF WOLVERHAMPTON THEY'RE NOW OUT ON THEIR OWN IT APPEARS THROUGH CHOICE RATHER THAN COMPULSION, HOWEVER IF THEIR NEW MINI LP 'LOS DESCAMISADOS' FAILS THEY WILL BE FORCED TO SEEK THE BACKING OF A 'MAJOR' LABEL TO SURVIVE. AFTER SO MUCH INDEPENDENCE ARE THEY REALLY CAPABLE OF BEING A MAJOR LABEL BAND ?

MATT: "I thought that after 'MANIPULATE' (their first album - FM recs) we were but in the past six months I've come to believe that we should avoid a major label deal as far as is humanly possible. Major labels aren't run by musicians they're run by accountants, people who want to see, at the end of the day, that income is more than expenditure. I want to be seen as a musician not as someone who signed a big deal."

SO YOU SET UP 'SHAKEDOWN' RECORDS, PUBLISHING ETC CURRENTLY YOU DO IT ALL YOURSELVES DO YOU NOT TRUST ANYONE ELSE ?

MATT: "You've hit the nail on the head !"

MAX: "If anything goes wrong this time we've got no-one to moan at but ourselves. In the past we've found it's no good moaning at people who haven't done what we've asked 'cause the damage is done. Now if it's not done then there's no scapegoats. Also it gives us total control and that is very satisfying."

MATT: "It's a financial and realistic move that we've made. We realize that in this Country we have a very limited appeal, it's not our fault and we've accepted it. The fact is that the majority of people who listen to Radio One (daytime, anyway) haven't got time for AUSGANG, there's larger markets for us in Europe, Japan, and maybe the U.S.A. Once you realize that then you have to maximise the money you're going to make in those markets. I mean on HM we were getting 10% of the royalties from the LP which meant selling 5,000 copies and ending up with practically nothing. ~~Now~~ we've cut down on costs - teaching ourselves to produce and engineer, doing our own artwork and getting the best distribution deal we could (70%) - now what we have to do is reach the Countries where the markets for our type of music are larger and wider than they are in this Country."

"If you look at a list of the amounts of records sold worldwide you'll see that this Country is very low, 5% or something, while Japan is about 30%. So it follows that if you're selling 10,000 records in 5% of the market you can practically guarantee selling 60,000 in 30%. In practice it may not work out to be quite that much but generally the market's going to be much bigger for us."

MAX: "And we know the interest is there through responses we've had to past singles etc."

MATT: "We can't sell out and change the music that we're doing to try and get bigger markets in this Country so we have to exploit world markets. People can say we're being too businesslike about it but the four of us have been earning £30 a week for the past three years doing this while there are DJ's, rock journalists, etc - people who write about us, play our music - getting paid a lot more than we get and if it wasn't for people like us they wouldn't be doing it. So they can talk about us 'selling out' it's rubbish, all we want to do is make a living. I'll be happy earning £50 - £60 a week for the rest of my life as long as I can carry on doing what I want to do. By doing as much of it ourselves as we can that eventuality becomes more of a realistic ambition - we can maximise income and we know the work's being done."

SO IT SEEMS THAT THE IGNORANCE OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE MAY LOSE THEM ONE OF THEIR MOST DIVERSE BANDS, BUT THEN THE ENGLISH AS A RACE HAVE PROBLEMS UNDERSTANDING PEOPLE THEY CANNOT IDENTIFY WITH THE PRESS DOES NOT IDENTIFY THE BAND FOR THEM AND THE BAND HAVE NO CONFORMIST IMAGE BUT WON'T THIS ALSO BE A EUROPEAN PROBLEM ?

MATT: "I think people in Europe are far more open minded about bands, they're not so concerned about the whole image ethic. I really can't see why people in this Country don't understand us we're normal people and we've got the same sort of sense of humour as lots of people I know and a lot of what we do is tongue in cheek but that's the way you've got to look at life, we're not deadly serious. People still think of us as a 'gothic' band, what's gothic about me ? I've got black shoes on but I don't sleep in a coffin. I'm a normal person just like everyone else in the street."

1987 is make or break year for AUSGANG in a bid to 'lighten the tone' of their image, poke fun at themselves and in turn ridicule those who've ignored them, they have added A-GO-GO to the end of their name. This is last ditch stuff however, if their new mini-LP 'LOS DESCAMISADOS' fails to 'break through' they will be forced to seek the backing of a major label, either that or quit the Country, their own funds are not plentiful enough to support their 'independence' for much longer. So this is your last chance to show your appreciation of one of Britians better bands buy AUSGANG-A-GO-GO, 'LOS DESCAMISADOS' before they escape this Country's confines and terrorize the rest of the world - you know it makes sense !

.....And if anyone from the Daily News should happen to be reading and are anywhere near Alton Rd Selly Oak Max could really do with that £50.

PAUL FLOWER

GO ON ASK ME WHAT I WANT,
PUSH ME FOR AN ANSWER

SOLUTIONS? I GOT 'EM ALL,
YOU'RE BRUISING FOR A WAR
SEE MY PERMANENT SNEER &

MY CONDESCENDING TONES.

I GOT NO TIME FOR YOUR
DEPRAVATION, IT'S TIME TO
KICK IN THE DOORS TO

YOUR HOMES...

THERE'S A NEW BREED OF HERO,
ITCHY FINGERS A-GO GO....



sgang

a go go

Quite a while ago, I invested a very worthwhile three quid in the debut LP by Ipswich band, the Stupids. It was great, one of the best thrash records to come out of Britain for ages, so, after converting even Richo to my way of thinking, we decided to set up an interview, and, on checking the enclosed info sheet, we came across three addresses to choose from, one for each band member. After hours of agonising over who to write to, we finally decided on bassist Wolfie, cos he had the cutest (?) name (Ha!) Well, off went the letter, and not too long later, back came a reply, and guess what? We'd screwed up!!! We'd gone and picked the one who'd just decided to leave the band..... I don't mind telling you all, I was so upset that I cried all day (I'm actually lying quite excessively here, but it makes things sound a whole lot better, don'tcha think?) However, before we were just about to kill ourselves and our entire families in remorse (another lie), we got to the reasons why he'd left the Stupids, namely, so that he could concentrate on his other band, Perfect Daze. Reading thru the info he'd sent about them was quite interesting, so to save the day off went further letters to blag a demo, and, Allah be Braised, it was great and wondrous! First of all, we arranged to use one of the tracks, 'Bubblegum' on one of our compilation tapes, 'Taking this Place Apart', then we tried to arrange an interview, but all attempts seemed to get thwarted by Wolfie's unfortunate habit of writing to tell us when the Daze were playing in London, but not posting the letter until about ten minutes before the gig. Soooooo..... the only alternative was, unfortunately, the dreaded postal interview!!! And here it is (all spelling mistakes/lack of punctuation as per Wolfie's original reply.) Just a few notable details before we start..... Wolfie is also the genius behind one of the most brilliantly scruffy/hilarious fanzines ever, called 'SMASHED HITS' (address elsewhere...) He's also got a record label of sorts, called Poplust, and a definately healthy passion for Debbie Harry (she's either pictured or mentioned on every page of the last Smashed Hits, ferchrissakes...) Meanwhile, Perfect Daze themselves have got themselves a record deal with ~~Worx~~ Vinyl Solution records, and have promptly released both a 7" single, and a 5 track mini LP which are both worth exchanging your sister for. Well, thats all for now, I'll see you again at the end.....

So, start off with a few historical issues, like, just how long have Perfect Daze been drinking, err, I mean, playing together.....

"Perfect Daze (more commonly known as Perfect Piss Ups) have been going with this line up for a year or more, I've been in the band since around August 85 or something. We're a kind of collection of members of old Ippo bands, who all played very different styles, and that makes it interesting. Lorenzo is the singer, guitarest Scruff is on the Stupids' 'Peruvian Vacation' LP doing backing vocals and laughing and stuff, our other guitarest is Colin, and Dazzle plays the drums. Betcha interested in that, huh? Why did you decide to concentrate on Perfect Daze instead of the Stupids.....

"Well, I left the Stupids last Summer because I was playing in the Daze at the same time and I had to choose between them cuz it was getting very difficult to play for both. While the Stupids were doing well (records, reviews, etc) the members of the Daze ~~■~~ were my friends (the Stupids were not natural friends, more like 'colleagues') and I decided that I'd rather play with friends cuz if the band falls to shit at least I'll still have those friends. And it was a good choice cuz it's all really good fun now.... 50 thou' a year buys a lotta beer (huh?)."

Right, for the benefit of those morons that haven't yet invested in a Daze disc, howsabout a quick run down of bands you'd consider influential to your repertoire.....

"The main influences on the Perfect Daze are bands that we've all listened to for ages, like Ramones, Clash, Hanoi Rocks, Replacements, Husker Du, Hoodoo Gurus and stuff like that, but also other influences creep in from time to time -- anything from Blondie to Tom Petty to Hank Williams. We also appreciate Jack Daniels' Sour Mash Whiskey, which has influenced a few of our gigs. Basically we like high energy, loud, fast rock'n'roll."

How did you get the record deal.....

"Vinyl Solution Records heard a copy of a demo we did at Stutton, where the Stupids records were ~~■~~ recorded, and they also came down to see us, and they got excited about us and so now we have our 'Bubblegum' 7" and 5 song mini LP coming out March 20th, produced by Alan Scott, who did the Cherry Bombz, Suicide Twins, Mike & Stiv and everyone."

Tell me all about your own record label, Poplust.....

"Last November we were gonna release a 3 song EP on my label, Poplust Records, but then we got the Vinyl Solution deal and so we got 1000 EP rarities that we'll sell sometime in the future. Meanwhile, any bands who play loud, exciting rock'n'roll that wanna go on vinyl don't hesitate to send me a tape."

What sorta bands would you like to support.....

"I'd like to support the Primitives, Pop Will eat Itself (I saw ~~■~~ 'em when they were called From Eden or something), Soup Dragons, Replacements, Husker Du, and how about the Ramones even. I don't want much, huh?"

Do you think music gets spoilt if people try to get all deep and meaningful about it.....

"Personally I'm very bored now with all those bands who get depressed and stuff. The kinds of bands that we all listen to just like to have fun while they can, you know. I mean, we're serious so far as we believe in what we're doing, and our songs are meaningful to us, cos we can't give any feeling to songs that don't mean anything. But basically songs about bombs and meat eating have really said all they can."

What's your opinion of all this 'straight edge' stuff.....

"Straight edge is all wonderful and everything if you are straight edge, but the Daze are pretty much the ~~opposite~~ opposite ('Bent' edge?) We like the odd cognac and the occasional 1/6th."

What did you get involved with first, bands or fanzines.....

"The Stupids formed in Dec 83, around the time I started to get 'S.Hits' number one together, which came out 3 months later. It featured such classics as GBH, FEAR, CIRCLE JERKS, DICKIES, DEAD BOYS, MISFITS, RAMONES, and, of course, the ever present Debbie Harry. (who I think is cute). February 87 saw issue 7 come out... it's a drag cuz I do 'em pretty fast but there's never any really good printers around when ya need 'em; that's why I've only put out about 2 zines a year! Contributions are welcome for the next extravaganza, okay?"

Do you normally feature more actual band interviews etc, than you did in issue 7 (the only issue I've seen so far.....)

"Yeah, yeah! The last issue was my first since June 85(!!) so it was basically just to let people know that I was still around. I didn't wanna put real good stuff in it and have no none buy it. For issue 8 I've written to a few neat bands, plus I have got a couple local interviews, so it should be more interesting to everyone outside Ippo who won't get the in jokes and stuff."

What sorta fanzines do you like personally.....

"I like zines that are funny, diverse and good to look at. I really love American zines like 'Flipside', 'Ink Disease', 'S.B.R.', 'Poultry Sports' and stuff like that. Ippo has just seen the arrival of a new zine called 'Pure Mania' which is a lotta fun. Of course, I can't forget to mention my fave horror zine, 'Grim Humour' (ha!), and I'm really into comix and stuff, too, like 'Weirdo' and 'Break Bros' and stuff."

Why do you think ~~that~~ it is that there are so many mediocre bands around in Britain at the moment.....

"Are there.... yeah, actually, you're right. The only British bands that I've been excited enough by to collect all their stuff since Buzzcocks, Boys etc are Pop Will Eat Itself, Soup Dragons and ofcourse the Primitives whose new single rules (tho the b side sucks!) I dunno why there are so many trashy bands like, uh, well, like most indie shit. Check out the Space Maggots and the Tender Lugs. The Maggots have something coming out on Vinyl Solution in the Summer and the Lugs have their 'Enjoy Yourself' 12" out anytime now. They're both from Ippo and they're both hot!"

Is that nasty rumour that you and the Stupids are still all at school in any way true.....

"Nah. We were when Stupids did 'Peruvian Vacation', but that was 6th. Form. I left last Summer and - GASP! - I'm almost 19 now! Old, huh? I wanna make sure I have such a blast this Summer to celebrate my last year of teen - hood. Basically we all live for those Summer months of warm beer and cool parties. As for the rest of the Daze, we range from 18 thru 21."

Also, is their any truth in that other rumour that you have a certain shall we say, passion, for one Deborah Harry..... (not that this is anything to be discouraged.....)

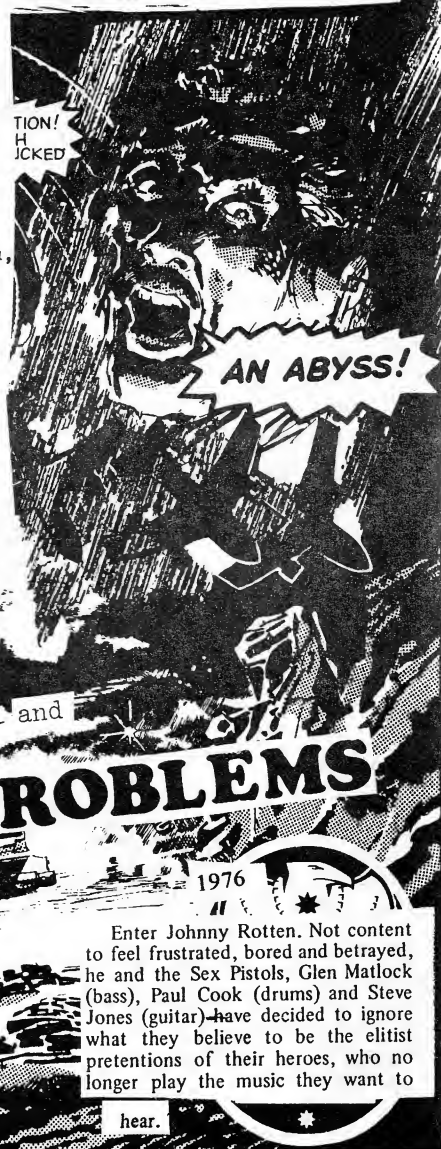
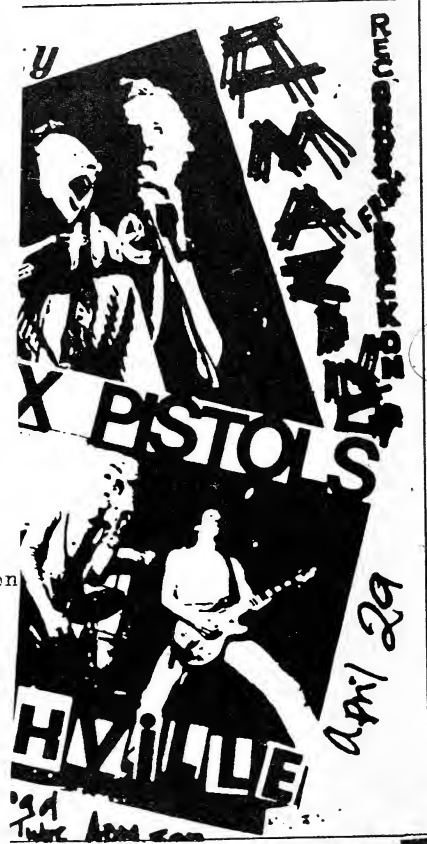
"Most gorgeous femme? Well of course I'd have to say that Debbie Harry is quite, uh, healthy. Also, Kim Basinger, star of '9 1/2 Weeks' (good movie) is pretty nice looking. Blondes are neat, y'know. (Wonder if Debbie needs a bass player.)"

So, how long d'you think it's gonna be before Perfect Daze fulfil their destiny and rule the Universe.....

"Well, Perfect Daze are doing this 'publicity' stuff differant from most bands (differant from Stupids, anyway) We're on one comp tape only ('Taking This Place Apart', available thru 'Grim Humour', ahem!) and this x is also the only zine we've been in (apart from S.Hits) We just wanna see how it goes with virtually no 'publicity'. So basically if we don't sell shit it's 'Grim Humours' fault! You got exclusive rights! Seriousness, though, we're just doing things how we want to. If it all flops then that's probably better than it selling thousands and us getting 'big'. We'd rather stay as we are cos at least we have control and a say in everything. And if we bomb out and sell 2 singles and 3 LPs at least we're having fun. But, anyway, check the records out, okay (they've got neat sleeves!)"

Well, there you have it all. I'll just stress again, that their single is very good and definately worth your money, as indeed is Smashed Hits. They've played in London a few times now, tho' I've still yet to see them, but by all accounts they're very entertaining live. So, do as you're told, and bloody well spend your money on them.

(p.s. Wolfies' address is 64, Chatsworth Drive, Rushmere Park, Ipswich Suffolk, IP4 5XD.)



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AND THIS SURE AS HELL AIN'T AMERICA!

Enter Johnny Rotten. Not content to feel frustrated, bored and betrayed, he and the Sex Pistols, Glen Matlock (bass), Paul Cook (drums) and Steve Jones (guitar) have decided to ignore what they believe to be the elitist pretensions of their heroes, who no longer play the music they want to hear.

KEVIN WHITE 'More Pop From The Bedroom Studio'. Six songs that continue in similar vein to the pretty good 'Fountain City' cassette lp. Scintillating synth-based without the blandness that usually goes hand in hand with this sorta thang. Worth investigating. Six songs in all besides packaging. Send £1.99 & sufficient p.&p. to: Primitive Records, 30 Chessington Rd, Ewell, Surrey. KT17 1TU.

DARK CORRIDOR practice tapes. Fronted by Steve Snelling of 'Skeltons Making Love' fanzine, this is a fine, ear-shattering row. Although the recording leaves a lot to be desired, I can see the songs displayed here working very well given studio treatment, or live. The ideas are all there...BURSTING vocals, & frantic backing noise. There'll be more in the next ish-guaranteed-in the meantime, get in touch w/Steve, c/o the SML address elsewhere.

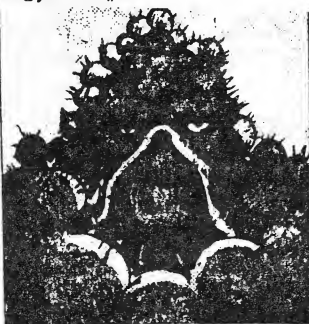
GRAY CHERUBS practice tape. Featuring 'Blast First Records' very own cherub, Pat Naylor, in them. Pretty rudimentary in places, & sometimes making me think of The Slits as well. Obviously, as w/Dark Corridor, needs to be displayed in better light really, but the songs here sound like anyway. Will keep y'posted to further development.

FEAST OF FRIENDS latest demo consists of three songs that do little to break new territory for them, or anyone else for that matter. They've produced much better material than this before, and ought to know better than play around with that certain little word that starts with 'G' & ends in 'H'. All interested Siouxsie's & Nick Caves should write to: Lea Stone, 40 Bathurst Rd, Winnersh, Berks, RG11 5JB.

DOWN AFTER DARK have a five-song demo that obviously owes a lot to The Cult & Getting The Bore, etc. They must be really desperate. Contact: Howard, 20 Goode Avenue, Hockley, Birmingham, somewhere near some igloos, no doubt.

TERRORPLAN sent me a cassette of four songs, that are the result of one person in control of backing tapes, drum machine, synth, & guitar & bass. Four, perhaps slightly drawn out, dabbings in innovating experimental musik. Will be more next ish, hopefully. Write to: Ray Taylor, 2 Seymour St, Godalming, Surrey.

IAN ASTORY IN HIS 'MENACING CACTUS' PHASE...



IAN ARSEBERRY...an EPIC interview!

We didn't think that he'd be talking to us, after the jokes made about The Cult in the last few issues, but considering himself as having "a great sense of humour" (and, boy, he must have, to title the latest lp, 'Electric!') he merely shrugged them off & willingly complied to our want of an interview, by inviting us to his lavish gypsy caravan one Sunday afternoon...

So, what's behind the new lp title then? "Well, basically, man, we've dried up of ideas now, man, like completely and are keeping in tradition with our plundering of all things fossilised, man."

Are you trying to tell everyone to look back to the Seventies then?

"I figure we were a punk band, yeah, man." Is it an attempt at beefing yourselves up a bit in a bid to rid the Hippy tag?

"I discovered Black Sabbath & Led Zepelin, like, about 6 months ago, and guessed that it'd be, like, the natural progression from the Sixties thing that we'd been rummaging around with, man."

At this rate, I'd say that you'll be re-discovering Punk Rock in the early 90's, and Hip-Hop in the next Century...Agree?

"Aww, cool it, man...Can't hear you for my hair, sorry?" What motivates you these days then?

"Oh, man! Anything that's dated and generally stagnant, like, I guess."

How did Rick Rubin control his laughter whilst working with you lot?

"Ha! Yeah, he laughed a lot, but most of the time he was counting the notes we were payin' him....OOPS!"

BADLAND

Ok there, followers of the ABBO kind...Yes, that man who was once in that punk band (Now, what was their name?) which later split & emerged sometime later, championing new ideas and a new approach in a different incarnation, and armed to the teeth with a different guitarist & glorious cocktails of post-punk-infested Wagner-ish noise. Well, yeah, they split...and he's now back with a new band behind him that's completed a track, 'Til The Star's Fall', for the April-released (OUT NOW, schmucks!) 'FOR YOUR EARS ONLY' double compilation album on THIRD MIND RECORDS (See review elsewhere). Incorporating five classically-trained musicians in it, the song moves away from past traditions, yet still can be viewed, if held up to the light at correct angle, as the most natural progression since the 'Legacy' 12" of two & a half or so years ago. This time round, however, the 'standard rock set-up' has been replaced with violins and a cello...Not a guitar in sight! It's an idea that's as fresh as ever, and Abbo doesn't intend to stop at the album contribution either. At present, an album is being worked on, perhaps for an Autumn release, and a live set will be worked upon for airing around the same time. Apparently, the lp will be "noisier" than what 'Star's' would hint at, but that's not half as important as what's actually behind it. I mean, the very idea of using classical instruments to slice up or seduce a young audience is far more interesting than trying to justify an album full of cover versions, isn't it? Yeah, Abbo, aided by BADLAND, the man who shows as much interest in the Dead Kennedys as Shostakovich still, is a damn sight more on par with 'what it's all about' than someone like The Boreshees will EVER be. LONG LIVE THE NEW FRESH!

...Richo...

AAAOW!

ALL RIGHT...

...THE PEARLS OF SWEAT ROLLING SLOWLY DOWN HER BREASTBONE, SKIN OF VELLUM, AUREOLAE OF WARM BRONZE, AND I'M HERE BLEEDING, AND THIS ATROCITY, THIS STINKING BLOODY MONSTER...

REVOLT INTO STYLE

andy.p. is PUGLY

ROCK REVOLUTION

SLIKE

we GEneralLy

people

STAB AT

tokeN

THIS issue's

MORE BAD VIBES FOR PEOPLE IN FLOWERY ATTITUDES..... OH MAN!!!



OH MAN, MY HAIR'S TOO SHORT...

OH MAAANNN! I'M REALLY CRAZY!!

OH MAN! WHY DO YOU HATE US?!

OH MAN, I WISH THE BIRTHDAY PARTY WOULD REFORM...

OH MAN! WHEN'S THE NEXT MISSION ALBUM GONNA BE OUT?

OH MAN, THESE £20.00 SHADES MAKE ME LOOK REALLY COOL...

GO TH ON!

BILLY

OH, MAN!

2222!

1969-1975

OH MAN! I WISH THE CLASH WERE STILL GOING

CALL IT FILTHY LUCRE!

OH MAN! HOW MUCH IS ACID AROUND HERE...

OH MAN!

OH MAN! I'VE JUST DISCOVERED THIS FAB NEW BAND CALLED 'JESUS & MARY CHAIN'...

OH MAAAN! THAT 'DEATH IN JUNE' T-SHIRT IS REALLY RACIST... HOW MUCH Y'SELLING 'CLOSER' FOR THOUGH???

OH MAN... OH MAN!!!

OH MAAANNNNNNNNN

OH MAN... I AIN'T THICK, IT'S JUST A TRICK...

OH MAAN! I THINK THAT ROBERT SMITH IS GOD...

OH MAN! GOING TO THE PUB EVERY WEEK IS REALLY EXCITING...

OH MAAAN! 'FUZZBOX' AND 'THE SMITHS' ARE JUST OH SO WEIRD...

HOW TO SPOT A CANTERBURY HIPPY

1. GO TO CANTERBURY.
2. LOOK AT THE FIRST PERSON WHO BEARS ANY RESEMBLANCE TO PAUL FENECH, IAN CURTIS, ASTBURY, SIOUXSIE OR WATTIE BUMKIN.
3. THAT'S IT.

Everyone in Canterbury, & surrounding area, thinks me of me as being totally unjustified in my little jibes at them, which adds to the sheer fun of my creating them. They're always prepared to spout the offensive, yet they still fail to realise exactly WHAT they are & exactly why I detest their disgusting ilk. Why can't they face up to the fact that a haircut does very little to disguise the hippy hippy shake? Why do they find the word 'HIPPIY' such an insult? Surely, that's quite a 'punk' thing to do, and THAT is something they definitely have NO affinity with, despite what they may think. No, laziness, complacency, lethargy, satisfaction, apathy, dull and boring are all the description they need, & that adds up to HIPPIY. I can spare some of my precious time to people that are honest to themselves, but when it comes to a bunch of morons such as the Canterbury lot, who merely THINK that they're completely different to what they actually ARE, my endurance has come to an end.

All the while these arseholes simply EXIST, a regular feature is guaranteed here, in one form or another.

I'm sure that you, dear reader, must know of similar, disease-ridden, breeds, so the C'bury lot must be a fine example. It's about time they joined the CONVOY and were put right by a few farmer's shotguns (Alright, so maybe the rich/poor ethic is WRONG, but at least land-owners do more for the land than a pack of greasy dirtballs with peanuts for brains.). PAH! (Spit!).

MONSTERS

Scratch Acid

I CAN SEE MYSELF HELPLESS
 NAILED SPREAD EAGLE TO THE BED
 NIGHT CREATURE CLAWS GASH AT MY BACK
 BLOOD COMES STEAMING PULSING REPULSING
 AND I FEEL ITS HUNGRY TONGUE
 & ITS HOT MOIST RED RAZOR LIPS
 SILK CLOTHES DEEP IN MY MOUTH
 MY SCREAMS COME OUT AS MOANS
 COME OUT AS MOANS COME OUT AS MOANS
 I CAN SEE GAUZY PHANTOMS
 AND THEY'RE WHISPERING HORRIBLE THINGS
 THINGS LEFT BETTER UNSAID
 APPARITIONS THE DARK NIGHT BRINGS
 HOLD ME IN THEIR SHEER ARMS
 + SWEAT GLEAMS ON TREMBLING BACK
 W & M - DAVID Wm. SIMS

UNLIKE A BAPTIST m-Simon Bollerjack w-D.Y.
 Twitch DON't minD if ya kiCk Him in His tHrOat
 DON't minD if ya SteAL ALL His mONey
 DON't minD if gOuge His eye
 He dOeSN't cARE ABout THE wAY HE'S trEATED

DON't minD if ya rapE His wOman
 HIS prIDE IS A thiNg OF the PAST
 SO wEak HE Can, HarDly mustEr a brEath
 HIS ONly wiSH IS NOT TO STARVE TO DEATH

Twitch is flaking apart piECE by piECE
 ALL pEARLy WHITES Crumble from His gum
 THEY'RE rOTTED tHrOugh & stiNk Of rum

DAMNED FOR ALL TIME

MESS

SPIT A KISS

HOLES

BIG BONE LICK m-B.B.D.WmS.D.Y. W-D.Y.
 I told 'em to find-I told 'em to find their own way home
 I CAN'T GO LOOKIN FOR YA!
 Now in Kentucky-in Kentucky there's a town: Big Bone Lick
 Ain't nuthin but trouble there
 I get run down-I get gunned down from time 2 time
 Simple very simple-mine wasn't found-visability nil
 A couple tons o' pressure lay you flat & so much tinner - etc...

LATE january...

BASTARDS!& two
 dates & WHAT
 happE ns bUT

I goes & miss
 'Em cuz none of
 us here culd
 f'ken AFFORD th'
 both of em...
 Maype N^{EXT} time
 though,huh HUH???

In the meantime,
 howeverR , go
 catch th'mini LP
 & the last one,

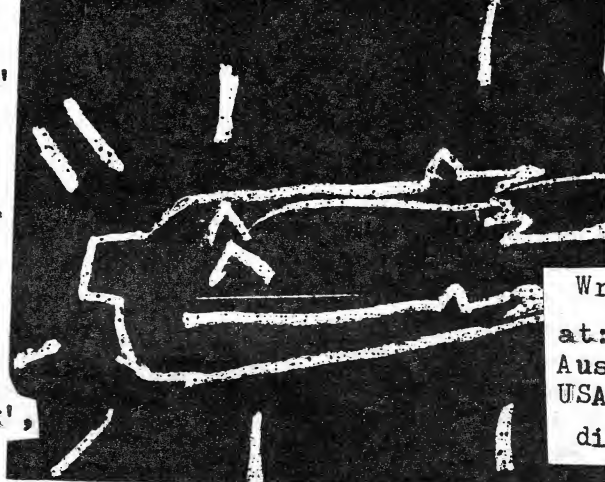
'Just keep Eating',
 okay?

They 'r' pretty

sorta MANIC
 affaiRs
 & that's EXACTLY
 what we NEED
 right NOW!

just keep eating

SCRATCH ACID



THEY ARE:-
 Brett, David, Rey &
 another David...
 together, they
 CREATE wholesome
 racket (Try the
 Birthday Party
 & Flipper...hmmm!)

Write to SCRATCH ACID
 at: 3817A Cherrywood
 Austin, Texas, 78722,
 USA.

dig th'words...

CANNIBAL -

(2:13)

hey, Don't eat my HEART - yer eatin' MY HEART -

Now stop EATING MY HEART Cannibal

hey, don't EAT MY Stomach - you're eatin'

MY STOMACH - Stop Eating MY stom ache

CANNIBAL

HEY - DON'T EAT MY BRAIN - you're EATING MY

Brain

Stop EATING MY BRAIN

★ MEMBRANES ★

Censored extracts from "My sexual experiences with the aliens", or the Membranes tour of Italy as seen by their shortsighted "manager".

TRUE
BAND

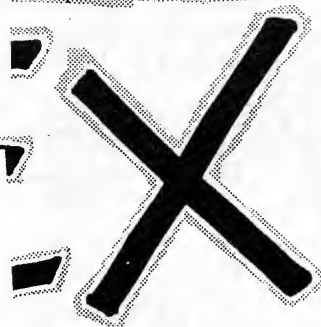
Not only did I witness the coming of the aliens, not only was I privy to their secret movements, their day-to-day routines and preparations for their sonic raids. No, I was even the (mis)-organizer and accomplice, took part in the lootings, claimed 50% of the groupies' share and 75% of the autographs, drove their interplanetary van till it gasped breathless, hopeless and drained. From now on I will stand convicted in the eyes of my fellow-countrymen as a collaborationist, a champion of pop noise and of outmoded clothing style: the Membranes garb was a punch in the eye of Italian stylishness ... a fault that my Scottish checkshirts and antiqua^{ted} trousers could in no way make up for, not in the least.

The tour was organised, in the face of geographical commonsense, thus: October 31st, gig in Bassano (in the Venice area); November 1st a "filler" gig in an unbelievable place, up in the Apennine mountains, east of Piacenza; November 2nd, Northbound again, heading for Milan.

So far, distances were reasonable and a fairly leisurely pace could be maintained. But things had to change: the men (!!) meant business! November 3rd, gig in Rome, after a gruelling trip down the motorway through persistent bad weather. The journey DID look a bit tiring on the map: in actual fact, it just turned out to be knackered and never-ending, tunnels after tunnels over the Apennines, and rain, and ... ten hours later, the first lights in the distance of the sprawling suburbs of Rome (which was the only thing we did see, of Rome!).

The cruising speed of our spacevan, weighed down by assorted toffee-chewing individuals, amplifiers, rotting sandwiches, mouldy beer cans, warped promotional records, bags, vermin and so forth (oh, yes, and a Ramones tape, too, which was passed on from eager hand to eager hand, as the stereo on board had packed up long before it could see Italy) - the cruising speed, I was saying- was consistently in the region of 50-55 mph. 'Tho it must be said that as soon as the spacemobile started to smell out the presence of hills, miles and miles in advance of actually tackling them, it programmed itself in the "TAKE IT EASIER" mode. Minimum speeds were not actually recorded in the logbook, so I won't venture a guess. On the other hand, no amount of super energetic bloody expensive Kryptonite diesel oil could liven it up to exceed that limit.

November 4th was devoted to another long galactic trek to Taranto which is right on the heel of the Italian boot-shaped South. There followed three days of luxury and rest: ie. three days spent in chains in the cramped dungeons of a studio, where Mandrake-looking hunks whipped our heroes into recording a mini LP for the new-born profiteering Caleido label. Vittorio the boss would turn up at 10 p.m. to let us have a giant pizza and send us to bed. On the evening of November 7th the Mems played in a disco outside Taranto, which was the gig I enjoyed most, doing the legs-up-in-the-air upfront.



Coats

n

Membership £1
e 8-30 pm)



E

THE

November 8th: displaying a more than evident token of sadism, SNOWDONIA fanzine and organization (with the aid of other grapevine associates, fanzines, local radios and Maffia men) had planned for that day a gig in Naples. The one and only reason behind this move was to subject the Mems to the frustration of driving back Northwards along the very same route that had previously led them from Rome to Taranto. This was before the last stage, that was going to take us all down to Messina, Sicily (which is on a different galaxy to Italy, we had to cross barren constellations, where only one-eyed bandits dared to lurk, and cross the sea).

November 9th: gig in Messina, sponsored by a ... convent school, the Mems played in a theatre hall in front of stupefied Church dignitaries that hadn't payed for the ticket. No wonder Felice made a dead loss, and stabbed a couple of bishops out of spite ! (Felice was the local organiser, you see ...)

Meanwhile the weather had turned to simply gorgeous, in a word, pure Mediterranean. After ten days of fun and games, motorway tolls and cheese butties galore, it DID dawn upon us that there we were, a thousand light years from home, the nearest civilised place being Planet Lybia of Khaddafi the Baddie and Beautiful, and the Mems had better make haste or they would never play Bradford a few hours later. Two days of plain stupid travelling brought us back to foggy Po Valley and to more familiar weather: the result of a night's promiscuous sleep in the van (six budding young men and a delightful young woman), only time will tell ... They claim to this day they couldnt sleep a fortywinks, as the manager was at it, snoring, the whole fucking night. But even incompetent managers like myself are humans, and need some heavy breathing every now and then, especially after the nervous breakdown of the ^{previous} two days. Let it be said that adventures were never lacking. Shall I rehearse some of them ? Alright, are you sitting comfortably ? We started off in the worst possible way, in Bassano: late arrival, powercut during rehearsals, crappy buzzing PA, John being at the end of his tether brought proceedings to a halt with frantic well-aimed kicks at everything/body onstage. 30 minutes' concert, with the manager having to sustain a midnight shoot-out in the outer yard (X-ray guns were provided) in order to win the full fee. A sentiment of mutual trust and affection was to bind aliens and their earthly ally ever after.

In Piacenza, or thereabouts, the Mems played to a select audience of nightclubbers, probably expecting a cabaret act or something: a posh restaurant hall, it was. We woz having a quiet dinner, you see, when punks and HM machos broke in without knocking, to complain about the price and the bourgeois set-up. Gatecrashing threats and misfired punches aimed at the owner ensued. Principles were sound, but nothing could be done. The Mems were staring, totally astounded by the sheer pleasure taken in loud arguments and apparent scuffles by us Italians !

A fierce, fast and furious gig was witnessed by the few who were present (Jobsworth and myself dancing to our hearts' content). It must be added that they played with virtually no amplification: it wasn't needed! We observed cracks in the walls at our departure. The Milan gig was at an anarchic-punk social centre, a good night and a good crowd, only spoiled by the 'cold fish' reaction. And they had the guts to ask for encores!

Rome will stand out in our memories, thanks to the intimidating Maffia boss (looks like one, too) that runs the venue. The night was spent locked in the club, sleeping (rather comfortably, actually) on the floor or on sofas, and with the whole bar's contents at our disposal. We feasted and caroused and played our

RA

IA PRESENTA

TOUR



/noise!"

OF LOVE AND FURY

DEATH TO TRAD ROCK

favourite game of "What's inside that bottle" (everywhere else beer was rationed and had to be fought for). On reflection, we can understand why the Boss insisted on knocking 25 quid off the gig money ...



By the way, the set remained fairly the same throughout the tour: all the new tracks, plus "Everything's Brilliant" and the glorious revival of "Shine On Pumpkin Moon". No tunes off "The Gift of Life" LP, due to the bass player having newly arrived. The new songs were constantly referred to by the "manager" (who should have known best!) as "the track with the pounding bass that goes da da do-do-da" or "the one Coofy does his silly waving about" (got that? it's "Triple Bad Acid Yeah"), and other such long-winded circumlocutions.

We fled from the Roman club through the fire escape, having the Boss wilfully neglected to let us out (this is true). In Taranto we made a lot of friends, although the sound engineer kept on insisting that "they were all bloody out of tune and if it had been for him he would have made a law stopping such nice incompetent musicians from making records!". Six tracks were recorded in two days and a half, two of them as yet unreleased, and all of them very raw and punky, straight to the point, no messing about. The record, for the Italian market only, is to be called "Sonic Death Ray Over Italy" and is waiting to be released (we do sit on records a bit before releasing them, here), possibly even now as you read this - unless you've fallen asleep five pages ago! Well, I'm running out of ink, so I will only say that in Naples and Taranto we broke up and lost each other 157 times; that I was going quietly mad; that in Naples the van was broken into (that place is a jungle, a no-holds-barred sort of place, criminal youngsters on rampage, a fascinating town where you very quickly develop a Rambo-ish defence system); that myself, Coofy, Mikey Boy and Jobsworth had to sleep in the station's waiting room, like all decent tramps do, because the English contingent had left their passports locked in the van (so the hotel wouldn't let us in).

SNOW DO

which was, in turn, locked in a night shelter, which had closed, and then somehow Shirty the driver was forgotten by everybody and tried to force his way into HIS own van and there was shooting and cries of "Murder!" and we left bloody late for Sicily... Finally, after separating late at night in Messina, the others got arrested by the police with all the tour money on themselves and quite naturally didn't succeed in making themselves understood (nobody speaks understandable English in Italy, nor does anybody understand it him/herself: it's against our laws. Italian is barely admissible, too).

On the other hand, the other half were treated to a royal dinner, to a princely night's sleep in a villa overlooking the sea, Shirty ventured a dip in the Med first thing in the morning. Bad feelings couldn't be helped on the part of the unprivileged. Did the tour have a real impact on the consciousness of the Italians at large?

I don't know, we don't seem to make head or tail of groups like the Mems, which is a pity. No big articles appeared in the national press (can also be rephrased by deleting BIG). But people only want things rammed down their throats - see the "rock psychedelic movement" here in Italy: that's my sad reflection.

Well, it's just a matter of time. The Mems are looking forward to another tour of Italy, and so am I. It's true. Love runs counter to reason!

But the problem remains: will I EVER be rich?

P.S. What? Sex? I didn't have ^{no} fucking time, did I?

CLAIR OBSCUR

My first encounter with this French band came when I received their Pleasantly Surprised/Cathexis tape package back in '85. Although I was not instantly compelled by it's general experimentation fixation, a couple of the tracks did manage to break away from the baroque noise with a 'little something extra', enticing me enough to put on my "Pay Attention" list. This action proved wholly worthwhile as, shortly after, I managed to pick up the wonderful 'Santa Maria' 7", coming complete with yet another packaging format, this time a folder sleeve & the inclusion of some black & white pictures. The style presented here was in a kind of uptempo Virgin Prunes vein - certainly different to the tape anyway.

Around this time, I started to correspond with Damien who, residing in this country, is one of the people that helps out with Clair Obscur's visual side & also provides a more direct link to their activities for those interested parties over here.

With another two 'Cathexis' releases in between, namely the 'Pilgrim's Progress' mini-lp (Good but somewhat flawed in places) & the last 12", 'Smurf In The Gulag' (A heavy dance onslaught), I managed to meet Damien in London to discuss various Obscur matters, before sending him a questionnaire to give to the singer, Christophe, in France. The result of both, is the amalgamated interview that follows. ~~New~~

First topic on the agenda was their gigs, which comprise of both the music & acting & other visual effects. Now, read on, wimps...

GH How much preparation goes into a gig? Could you manage without the visual aspect, i.e., compromise to the standard gig set-up supposing that an offer occurred without there being enough time to work on the show? And, have you always been pleased with the results? What's been the most ~~xx~~ satisfying reaction?

CHRIS The time & means devoted to the preparation of a show depend much on the idea & the place. An idea can be expressed in a given place, a given place can raise an idea. An idea can be expressed in a minimal way or need a paraphernalia. Talking with an audience about our latest show, they couldn't imagine it only took us a fortnight's preparation. The result impressed them so much. It was at an Italian Theatre, with it's cosy red velvet alcove. The idea appeared clearly before our eyes that we had to express the division & the ineffectiveness of this ~~xx~~ securing place faced with the street. In such a pleasant place what do people expect but pleasant images? Thus, using an octet of classical musicians, a dancer & actors all being white dressed, & colour slides projected on their clothes, we provided the audience at the Italian theatre what they expected - that is, pleasantness. It was quite simple to then break this pleasant atmosphere by replacing the projected colour slides with a cold, white light. As the actors took their meanings from the light & images projected on them, the street reality got its rights back. Such a show doesn't require huge preparation, but the idea & it's expression can make people think it does.

Some other times, we can need several months preparation & a crowd of participants, as for our TV-like show in May 86. But once again, the spectator pays no attention to the amount of work, & he is right to do so. Only the result counts.

Having no possibility to work on the visual would be another form of constraint as far as the place is concerned. That might be an interesting idea to work on, how to make visible what is not expressed through vision! We might manage to make something out of nothing. Any situation can be the starting point of reflection.

The result of The Pilgrim's Progress show in Paris, in May 84, certainly displeased us in the way that our audience didn't follow us as far as we would have liked to take them. They kept asking for our old songs while we were trying to bring them into the pilgrim's progress. They were certainly delighted with the show, but the problem was there. They had come with the rock concert image in their minds. That was a failure. From this point, our concern was to prevent the spectator from remaining a spectator & to oblige him or her to determine him/herself in a given situation. In this way, the most satisfying audience reaction was at our latest show, in October 86. We proposed them an atmosphere of classical music with classical paintings

NOTE: Christophe's answers have been typed out as written, to help enhance that French atmosphere!

They could either reject or enter the atmosphere we were creating. They had to determine themselves. They couldn't be just subject to it. During our first song, they & we really didn't know what was going to happen. The first reaction was that of surprise. They didn't know how to react. Then, after the second song, they applauded. They had chosen. What is certainly the most meaningful is that they applauded after each song, as the audience of a classical concert would have done... not a shout or a whistle during the songs! They were prolonging the situation we had created. That was a success.

DAMIEN Well, all the gigs that we've ever done, are organised by ourselves because we've then got complete control over what we want to do & where we want to do it. However, because of our lack of money, we cannot afford to do this very often.

we have tried playing gigs that have been organised by other people but there has always been something missing really. We definitely want our gigs to be a whole show as well, & not just a simple, music thing. If, for example, we were to do a gig ~~XXX~~ in London, we'd want to hire the venue for a whole week so that we'd have the time to prepare the show.

CHRIS Until now, we've always considered that there is as much meaning, if not more, in the uttering of a word than in the word itself. This is the reason why we have never felt the need to publish our lyrics. Furthermore, we consider the voice as a music instrument. What would you think of having our music displayed on a score? However, you can have an insight to our lyrics, to the written Clair Obscur, in this interview.

CHRIS We think that, for foreign musicians, England is the mother country (Foolst-Ed). Can you explain to us why the most interesting musicians were born in your country? We'd like to know. Now something must be said; French rock critics have, for too long, tried to transfer their own frustration of being born the wrong side of the Channel, on French groups. For a few years now, some French groups have appeared with an identity of their own. We're thinking of Test Dept., who were very much impressed by Berrurier Noir at the Transmusicales de Rennes, in December 86. As for us, we're very pleased to see that we can interest the English audience. Definitely, being acknowledged by the English audience is important because English music still works as a reference in Europe.

CHRIS Our interests could be summed up in one word-why?
(Because I'm interested, of course!-Richo)

CHRIS We've tried to do it but it has never been very far. How could it have, anyway? We're putting too much of ourselves into Clair Obscur. This, again, is inextricably linked to your previous question - our interests outside C.O. are inevitably reflected in Clair Obscur. Considering the differences between C.O.'s members (we've been together for 6 years now), it rather acts as a praying mantis which would absorb the people playing with it. We're definitely not tempted by bigamy.

CHRIS You've always claimed our music is spontaneous. So, you can answer for yourself. "-And you've stated that you aren't tempted by bigamy?" you ask. "This must be love." we answer.

CHRIS When we release a record we're pleased with it, otherwise we wouldn't release it, hey! But time changes people, you know.... We think the black cassette is a success because this was first released in 1982 & is still asked for by the public. This is natural because the music on it is visceral & therefore untemporal. Time is on it's side. Whereas Smurf In The Gulag is too much the reflection of a given time to last when time changes. Our next release, the recording in a studio of the tracks played at our latest Parisian show, should give us great satisfaction. The rehearsals are full of promises.



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CLAIRE OBSCUR

GH Seeing as your live work has a large element of theatrics involved, have any films or plays held any part in inspiring you?

CHRIS Achternbusch's dramas speak much to us, as does Shakespeare's. Francois Truffaut is a great director, and so are Fellini & Zulawski. One cannot say that one film or play has given birth to one Clair Obscur show. Only the stage of the world has done it.

GH Do you go to the theatre yourselves?

DAMIEN Not every member of the band, no. The singer, the guitarist & me do like going to the theatre though. I mean, we went to see Japanese troupes, when they came over, doing their Kabuki & dance and whatever. We also go & see big Classics performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company, etc.

GH Has this interest developed since Clair Obscur, or was it already there, though?

DAMIEN We've always been into it, & that's why we've always had the tag of being an 'intellectual' band. A lot of people don't like us because of that. It's just an interest though, & we don't go along there to lift up ideas really. We just go to see how other people do it themselves.

CLAIR OBSCUR

GH What other bands do you admire?

CHRIS We know too little about bands now. We like some songs.

GH Can you explain the lack of press coverage over here?

DAMIEN I don't know! We do all the usual promotional things, like send all the papers our releases and that but nothing's ever become of it.

GH Does this annoy you though?

DAMIEN No. I used to get uptight but now I just think "Fuck it" because we don't need those things. As long as there are people interested & buying the records & writing about us in their fanzines, it's alright.

CLAIR OBSCUR

GH What plans are there for this year?

CHRIS Recording in the studio. Maybe a tour in France, and abroad... Oh, and yes, a graphic work in a French town based on advertisement. And, of course, work on new songs & we do think that, already, there'll be a change with our classical work-of which, you don't even know in England yet. We betide us who are parted by space & time.

CLAIR OBSCUR

To finish, I'll say that it's a pity that Clair Obscur were not born into this country because I know full well that their invigorating ideas & music would not be so neglected. That's not to mean that I personally regard this country as being the musical nation, or whatever, either. It's just a sad fact that a lot of people here won't look past their bedroom windows, so to speak. If it's not in front of you, it's not worth a fuck.

Hopefully, Clair Obscur will be here sometime in the near future though, but even then they'll probably be faced by people who're only into fizzy-anorak-&-spectacles bands. Sometimes, I wonder why we're given all the credit.

EL FINITO



COIL

With their self-produced second album 'Horse Rotorvator' now out, and possible live action beckoning, ex-PTV boys COIL look set for another spell in the upper echelons of the independent chart.

I put it to John Balance of the group that the new album is a better realised conception than their 'Scatology' debut of 1985.

"We prefer to think of it as the second in a series of continuous steps. We like working with recurring themes that can be linked together from record to record."

With 'Horse Rotorvator' they have chosen to hone in on mankind's death trip and lead us on a morbid metaphysical journey down history's cruel staircase of despair, in a search for whatever it is that lurks in the cellar.

"The working title of the IP was 'Catastrophe Theories', which is taken from the thoughts put forward many years ago by Rene Thom, who studied the possibilities of random or chance events actually being part of a chain of linked events. In some ways we are trying to imply certain ideas from that, linked together in a historical context."

The cover of the record depicts Hyde Park at twilight. Quite pretty, until you are told that it refers to the IRA bombing of the bandstand there.

"It ties in with what I've just been saying. The idea of the Rotorbush is as the doorway of another future, as a guiding of events."

From the same is traditional Christian mourning to carnival time in New Orleans, there are many ways of treating the subject of death in real time. This gives us the blackest musical equivalent.

There is also a hint at a forthcoming collection of work on the theme of the "dark side" of sexuality, of which AIDS can be seen as a very final result. The next album, *The Dark Age of Love*, will explore this in more detail and display perhaps the more psychotic side of the ideas behind *Normal Remnants*.

As you can probably tell, there isn't a lot of risk to be had in listening to COIL's music. But then the likes of Jander Bergman were much fun either. Like Bergman, COIL at least manage to supply creative values to balance the dark fears. Their powerful images set these

On these days of the third day of the socialist campaign of posters, industrialism, only The Anti Group among the current crop of pretenders have their attitude and aims as well as their own. It will be a long time

no surprise therefore to learn that the two plan to work together at some point in the future.

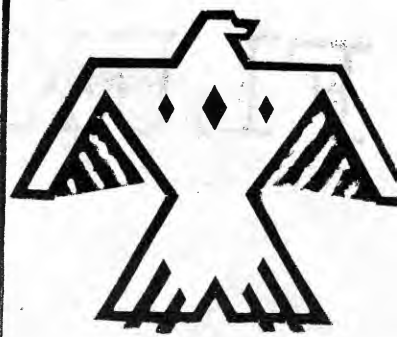
It has really surprised me how much our ideas have meshed, especially just recently. It seems to me that we are both moving towards the same ends, the nihilistic truth at the center of the cosmic ball, or whatever.

COIL as dark angels searching out their own heart of darkness? Listen and decide for yourself.

ALEX BASTEDO.



COLL



Flux...flux...FLUX...hmmm,let's hit the old Oxford Dictionary.....
 "flux,noun.'flowing; state of continual change.'"

Aha,so that's it! And was there ever a name more suitable for a band. It has to be noted that there are literally millions of bands who have started out announcing to all and sundry their intentions of not wanting to stick with any particular style or sound,but who would rather move on to different ideas and formats before the style they were using becomes over used and worn out.It also,unfortunately,has to be noted that the vast majority of these bands only ever take these intentions as far as the first major success they have,whereafter they stick with the same formula ad infinitum in often hopeless attempts to consolidate their position.A few,however,do stick to their words,and some of these find success not only in terms of popularity,but also in terms of respect and integrity.Flux,in my opinion,are one such band.

Originating some eight years ago in an embryonic form as The Epileptics, Flux have developed a knack of being able to slip from one musical style to another with the ease that most people would have in merely changing a record over on a stereo.But their transitions have never been just 'change for changes' sake.' In fact their commitment to the music they involve themselves in is equalled only by their commitment to the ideas they convey through their lyrics and literature.Nothing they have produced has ever seemed half hearted,and all their records,from the punky tunes of the Neu Smell e.p.,through the harsh,angry complexity of 'The Fucking Cunts...'L.p.,and more recently in the almost dancefloor orientated 'Uncarved Block' l.p.,remain as sincere statements of intent. They don't dictate their ideas,but rather put them forward as examples of how some people live,in the hope that other people may gain something from them.This,as well as their music,has always impressed me about them (I find very few things as annoying as 'alternative' moralists.)

Well,here's something of a little tale before I finally get on with the actual interview.....I'd actually been trying to see Flux for about five years,starting off in 1983 when they had been advertised as playing with Conflict in Brixton.When the gig arrived,they didn't actually play due to various problems.No hum, methought,I'll go to their next gig.That one got cancelled.And the next one.And the next one,I got told in advance they weren't gonna play,so I didn't go,only to discover a few days later that they did in the end.Well,by this time,their second L.P. had been out for a while and for apparently no reason,they just seemed to disappear.Apart from the release of the Taking a Liberty single,they didn't seem to exist anymore.Then,after a two year gap,they released a new L.P.,the excellent 'Uncarved Block.'It certainly came as a surprise.The harsh guitar feedback of their previous album had been replaced by a much more accessible,tribal drum orientated sound. Their message and their power remained the same,but the music itself had turned into something that was obviously going to appeal to a much wider audience.Soon after this,myself and that Richo blaggard found our way to an ATV gig at the Clarendon,and whilst busy selling fanzines, got asked by one customer, "Do you do this yourselves." O ho,we thought,he wants his money back,lets run! But,just in the nick of time,he continued. "Cos I'm in a band,and we were wanting to get in touch with some fanzines." Ahh,what band are you in,we asked."Flux" he replied,for he was none other than Derek the bass player.And so it all came to pass that a couple of weeks later we made our way to their South London house(a co operative) early one Sunday morning to do the interview.This took place with only Colin and Lou present(the others were all unavoidably detained at other locations,though Tim did manage to show up just as the tape ended!)

And so,this is how it went.....

So,obvious subject to start off with...why have the names of both the group and the record label been changed.
 COLIN. Well, the record company change was 'cos Spiderleg was run by both us and Southern Studios,and 'cos we stopped using Southern Studios we just took everything away from that.We wanted to start on something completely new,and start working with new bands.And as for the name of the band...I don't know,really...we just thought it was time for a change, we wanted something a bit shorter and more dynamic than 'Flux of Pink Indians'.....

What new bands are you intending to work with,then.

COLIN. At the moment there's Alternative T.V.,and The Very Things,who're releasing a single as The Babymen,and there's also A.R.Kane,D & V,and the Icelandic band KUKL (pronounced 'kurk').They've just got some new material together.

Most of these bands have been around for some time,are they groups you've been interested in personally.

COLIN. They're bands who've been going for some time,the same as us,and who've always been willing to try new ideas in order to progress rather than to just stay doing the same thing,y'know,which the majority of groups continue doing.That's why we haven't done anything for two years. I mean,if you've followed all our records and the way things have changed it had just got to a point where things had got so heavy that we needed a break from it all so that we could sit back and have a look at what we had done and what we wanted to do to continue.And that's why the new album has taken two years to do,on and off in studio time,until we felt like it was finished in the way that we wanted it to be.

"REFUSING TO SUBMIT"

SUBMIT

SUBMIT

"REFUSING TO SUBMIT"

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FLUX

So, you say that the gap between your last record and the present LP was deliberate, but was it important to the group that the gap was so long.

LOU. Well, it just sort of happened to us, it might not be so important next time, it really depends on how we feel, and what's happening at the time.

COLIN. 'Importance' is a funny way of looking at it, really, cos we don't set out to do it like that. The thing is, we don't live off the group, so the time between records isn't important to us. We do the group as we want to do it. We're not, like, signed to any label that's stipulating that we have to do a certain amount of records in a year in a certain style or anything, so we just release records as we feel we've got something to say, and how we want to do so. It does take a long time with us, but it isn't always on purpose.

The style of music on 'Uncarved Block' is far more accessible than on 'The Fucking Counts...', was there something you had in mind when you started work on it.

COLIN. With the second album, it was done the way we felt when we did it. We didn't think when we did that one, and neither did we with this one, ~~rid~~ about whether it might or might not be commercial. It was just how we felt, so that's how the records were gonna be. We just went into the studio and did them without thinking whether they would sell any, really. But after doing the second album, we thought that, well, the idea was to get ideas across, and we were alienating so many people, just not compromising on how we wanted to do the music, that we felt, like, we needed to have a balance between the two. If we wanted to get the ideas across, we'd have to get people to listen, but at the same time you still need to keep people interested in what you are doing, you can't go too far the other way. That's why the new L.P. is different. It's just how we felt at that time.

The other thing that's struck me about 'Uncarved Block', apart from the obvious musical differences, is that it seems a lot more personal than previous records....

COLIN. Yeah, I think the other things tended to be a bit too much black and white, I think it's more important to do something yourself, to see how things can work for you. And living as an example is one of the best ways of getting ideas across rather than just going around telling

people what to do. We never wanted to do that, we just wanted to express our ideas and hoped that people would be interested. We never thought of things as 'right' or 'wrong', but rather that, these things are 'right' for us, and that other people could find the same things. I think that with a lot of issues, some people just go too far telling people how to act, and that can have the completely opposite effect.

LOU. It can go right round in a full circle, and you can put people against some things because of the way you present it.

COLIN. Too many people just take one particular issue, and then keep on about it, which is a problem. Like, we dealt with vegetarianism on our first record, but cos we didn't keep going on about it on later records, people were asking us if we still believed in it, which, of course, we do, but it was a case that there were other things that we wanted to do to get it all into perspective. I mean, there's nothing wrong with dealing with animal issues, but there's suffering all over the world, and you're not gonna stop people causing animals to suffer until you can stop people suffering, cos whilst people are suffering, they're just not gonna care about the animals. The whole thing is related, so it should all be taken as one thing.

One issue that Flux had dealt with in the past which had particularly impressed me was the way in which they tried to illustrate the better points of various religions, rather than to just condemn such beliefs right across the board, as some bands have done.

COLIN. Yeah, well, with a lot of things, like Buddhism, a lot of it contains really good philosophy, and you can learn a lot by it, even though I wouldn't live strictly by it myself. It's best to learn from everything going, and not be cut off from something just cos you weren't born in some other country. You should take influences from everywhere. Religion is a difficult question, really, cos it's changed so much over the years, and there's so many different facets to it. The thing we are against is, like, blind acceptance of it, and also the way that the hierarchy of the church is set up, cos there's so much money and power in it, which seems to be against what they're supposed to be doing. We wouldn't just, like, slag off people who go to church as such, we don't want to attack those people, it's the hierarchy of the thing that we've attacked, and the way that it's so male orientated. I think it's good if you can take things and just apply them to the way you think you want to live. That's the idea of the new record sleeve, like, all the different company names and organisations, all the right wing and left wing names. The whole idea was, 'don't live your life by just one thing', cos that's what a lot of people were doing.

Flux are also doing their first gigs for several years soon. Has the absence of live work been for the same reasons, as the gap between the records?

COLIN. We're gonna do one off gigs at decent places, cos we want to get away from doing shitty gigs, I think everyone gets fed up with doing gigs like that. We're wanting to bring things out of that and do just one off where we can put as much time into things as possible. We've always had pride in what we've been doing, that's why we've always wanted to have control over what we've done, cos a lot of other people just never seem to have the same pride in setting things up. A lot of the time we weren't able to have that control, cos we were, like, miles away from where gigs and things were gonna be, so we had to leave things up to other people, but we've always tried to make things as best as we could. Anyway, entrance prices will be worked out the same way as we work out record prices, by working out how many people we think we'll get in and ~~xxx~~ sorting it out so that we'll break even. Our policy has always been to do

the best that we can, and to sell it at the best price that we can manage. Like the 'Taking a Liberty' single, that sold at £1.50, but that came with the book as well, and as a result we still actually lost money with that. People said that we shouldn't have put the book in with it, and that if they'd have wanted a book they'd have gone out and bought one, but in that case, it was the way we particularly wanted to present the record. IOU. The whole thing linked up, it was, sort of, a whole package, one complete thing.

COLIN. we wanted to branch out a bit more, 'cos we had a lot to say, and unfortunately we couldn't do it any cheaper.

Do you think the fact that none of you actually rely on the group as a source of income is an advantage.

COLIN. It would be great to just do the music and put everything in to it, but you'd have to make enough money to be able to do that, and in the end you'd be doing things for that reason only. With us, 'cos we've always worked, we don't have to worry about how well records sell, 'cos we don't live off them. Also, working can be good in that it does get you involved with other people who otherwise you might be cut off from.

Are you looking forward to playing 'live' xx again.

COLIN. Yeah, we're gonna try to re-produce the sound from the L.P. as best we can on stage, which means there's gonna be about eleven of us playing! Three guitars, several drummers, and also the trumpeter who we had on the L.P. I wouldn't like to say what sort of audience we'll get. At the last gig we did, it was sorta half and half, like, punks and others. We're interested to see how this one goes, then we'll probably do some more. It's a matter of fitting in gigs with everything else we're involved in.

Are you going to start doing more interviews again, 'cos there's been very few in the past, particularly in the major music press.

COLIN. Well, we'll do them when they come along. We did stop doing them altogether with the major press, but I think we're gonna start doing them again as well, so long as we can get the right people to interview us. 'Cos, the reason we stopped was, we could chat away for hours about our ideas and 'cos they'd only put a small bit of that into the actual feature, it would come across as the x complete opposite of what we'd been saying, though maybe not on purpose, perhaps 'cos they hadn't understood what we'd been saying. But people would take that as what we were into, unless they could see through it from what we'd said on the records. So we decided that it all didn't seem worth it, but that we would do interviews with fanzines, 'cos they seem like a more honest approach to doing them. And also, we decided to put more of our ideas forward with the records, where we'd have full control over what we were saying, 'cos it's so important to us. It's really upsetting when you do an interview, then two weeks later it sells half a million copies, and it's saying something you never really said, and it's taken things out of context.

Do you think that with everything taken into account that the three year gap between the second and third albums has helped you to get everything you're involved in into better perspective.

COLIN. Well, we'd all come to the same sort of point in 1984. Everything had all become so frustrating that we were even considering, like, putting bombs in various places, but that would have made us as bad as everyone else. There was no way we could carry on like that, we were just getting so annoyed and so uptight about things and the way they were.

IOU. Things were going to lead to us going to prison and just wasting our lives, so we had to re-assess things, and it just wasn't worth going to prison, 'cos that wouldn't be doing anyone any good. Y'know, you can do much better things on the outside.

COLIN. We'd always gone along with things like CND, but at the same time we thought that there were other ways of doing things as well. We'd have liked CND to be a bit more radical. We got disillusioned with all the marches 'cos there was so much effort being put into them, and you could have, like, half a million people marching through London, yet it would be forgotten in a day, except by the people who were on it. It didn't seem to have any influence on the government in anyway, so we began thinking that there had to be other ways of doing things.

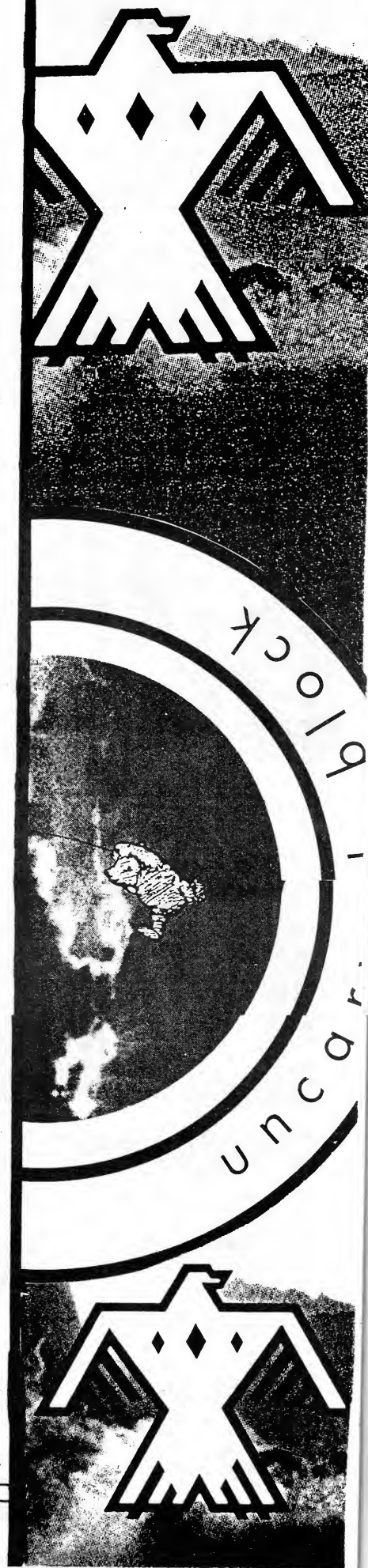
As time drew on, in true Grim Humour fashion, we decided to end the interview with a deep, soul searching question... why had they decided to include Winnie the Pooh on the artwork for the album.

COLIN. Ha ha, well,.... if you know anything about Winnie the Pooh and all the characters in the stories, and the way that Winnie the Pooh goes about doing things, y'know, the way he lives in the books compared to all the other characters, it just seems like he had a lot of suss!!! It just seemed nice to do that, after everything being so angry. It was yet another way of putting our ideas across!

Well, that ends the actual interview, though again, we did stay for quite a while after the tape ended chatting about various subjects such as the forthcoming gig at the ULU, and the forthcoming releases on One Little Indian records, both of which, at the time of writing this, seem to have been very successful.

Flux impress me because they strike me as being very genuine, and are never afraid to try something new, and whilst their music and presentation may change drastically, it is never a forced change, and, most importantly, their ideas and beliefs remain persistent. It is, unfortunately, quite debatable whether music can actually change anything, but whilst Flux retain their faith in what they are doing, their music will remain very special.

FLUX





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ROMERO update

(From cryptic Gerald Houghton missive, 23/2/87...)

"...My George Romero piece is now out of date! Already! A stop press addition to it is that his very highly rated 'Knightriders' is to finally receive a British release by Warner Home Video around about June/July this year. This is very exciting news indeed the summer now looks really good, what with 'Rawhead Rex', 'Knightriders', and Clive Barker's 'Hellraiser' to look forward to... Still no news of 'Texas Chainsaw Massacre' part 2 though, which is already on video in America" (Lucky bastards-Ed) "Next big thing tho', is 'Blue Velvet' by David 'Eraserhead' Lynch... OUT NOW & already been given an Oscar award for Best Director."

Whilst on all this yummy gore-soaked subject, I actually saw the brill 'DAY OF THE DEAD' on Vid t'other day (Muchly thanks to Kez & Kaz)... Intestines spillin' out; lip-smackin' blasted out brain sequences; ripped & torn flesh; buckets of blood; and a snazzy, intelligent (by their terms), house-trained zombie, called 'BUB'. Personally, I reckon he oughtta be given a weekly TV show, alongside the rotten zomboid in 'RETurn of the Living Dead'... yeah, yeah, YEAH!

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A LOOK BACK AT 86's GIGS, BY PIGSWILL

Well in answer to that

Right, instead of writing up various different gig reviews in different places throughout Grim Humour, I thought I might as well savage my diary in one foul swoop, and lump the whole damn lot together in some sort of chronological order. Now, of course, in true Pigswill style (the swine, even I hate him) this might get confusing in some places, but bear with it and I'm sure you'll all make it to the end. Now, before you start, could you just note that these aren't all the gigs we went to, just the more impressive ones, and also that other more specific reviews might appear elsewhere in this rag. Gigwise, 1986 wasn't all that bad actually. It all started quite well two weeks into January when, on the spur of the moment, mon self, Richo, & even Havoc! decided to drive down to Brighton for a special Portion Control gig at the Zap Club, which, despite brilliantly demonstrating how energetic a synth based band could actually perform live when they've got enough enthusiasm (as P.C. obviously have), was met with atypical Brighton 'mind my make up' non reaction. A shame, but a great gig nonetheless. This was followed a mere two days later by a double headline at Croydon Underground with Dave Howard Singers and Karl Blakes' Shookheaded Peters. SHP delivered their expected exciting mutant hard rock set which would form the basis for further gigs later in the year. In March, a support slot with Husker Du gained only a ~~very~~ polite reaction, until half way through the set when a fight broke out between guitarist Moon and a drunken yob in the audience... then after the went down a lot better! Another support slot, this time with the Butthole Surfers, went down a lot better, but then line up problems struck, and it wasn't until July that they played again at a benefit gig in Brixton, but a crap P.A. and bad organisation gave them no chance to perform at their normal high standard, and the gig dissolved into a tornado of noise, which, if nothing else, at least gave the P.A. man an ear full! Anyway, few other gigs followed in the remainder of the year, and none that I attended, although they look set to start playing more regularly again this year. Anyway, back to January, and our first Dave Howard Singers gig, having already seen the 'band' on a Tube appearance a little while before, impressive tho' it had been, had not prepared us for the stunning live display that was to become a DHS trademark during 1986. A ~~real~~ colossal power, seldom seen in keyboard orientated bands, and sometimes disguised behind moving ballads and a strange demented Canadian wit, but always there ready to punch you in the throat just when you thought it was safe. Croydon proved to be a great introduction to the band, even tho' their next gig, at the same venue a month later, suffered from poor attendance. Mind you, that one ended with one of my all time favourite encores, the cheekily entitled 'Sigue Sigue Spud U Like...' Anyway, next up, and it's April, and they play at a special presentation at the Canadian Embassy. A packed and appreciative crowd enjoyed a great set backed by backdrop films of naked female swimmers. 'This is what Canada is really like!', commented Dave. Quiet for a while, and then two gigs in one day, in the afternoon a special show actually inside the Rough Trade Shop, playing to bemused shoppers, and in the evening at Central London Poly, playing to equally bemused students. July saw them play the same benefit gig in Brixton that I'd mentioned about the SHPeters where they faired a bit better sound wise, but basically weren't given much of a chance either. August, and they hit the Timebox (supported by some dubious band called Playground...), and 'hit' seems to be a quite appropriate word in this case. Well attended tho' it was, the organisers seemed to have a grudge against them from the start, and, despite one of their best gigs, relations didn't seem to improve much when the P.A. finally gave up and started smouldering during the set, with Dave calling various audience members up on stage (our Richo included) to witness the fact that it was "beginning to smell like a fucking firework display!" Anyway, last gig of the year for DHS came in October at Chelmsford, and was the first without the now departed Nick Smash on drums. This gave room for even more of Dave's subtle (huh!) humour, as he let himself lose on stage with his Acetone set up on a fully mobile wheelchair! Also, in respect for metal bashing support act Nitzer Ebb, Dave indulged in a bit of the old metallic percussion himself... "I've got this old paper bin I found in the changing room, he announced. Well, that ended 1986 DHS wise, but I'm sure 1987 is gonna be theirs, somehow!"

February began with a visit to Woolwich to witness The Fall for the first time of the year, even managing to drag Richo along for his first Fall gig. Excellent gig, tho' spoilt by the usual awful audience which tends to plague Fall gigs. A few surprising oldies reared their heads during the set (Roche Rumble, Lie Dream...), and Paul Hanley stood in on drums for the otherwise committed Karl Burns. Virtually the same can be said of their next gig a week later at Croydon, tho' a few other songs also turned up, as did Karl this time. Special mention must go to support act Apple Mosaic for being particularly awful. It wasn't until June that The Fall turned up again, playing a low key gig to a small crowd down at Folkestone, with Band of Holy Joy playing well in support, even if they did give up on the P.A. after only three songs. The Fall faired a bit better, knocking out a lot of material from the forthcoming Bend Sinister LP, and introducing for the first time their new drummer, John Woolstencroft. A month later saw them play a surprise support slot at the Damned Tenth Anniversary bash, going down well with one of the best crowds I've ever seen at a Fall gig! Following the release of Bend Sinister, they played at Folkestone once more, this time to an even smaller crowd (apparently even fuller of wankers) than before, taking most of the set from the new LP, with a few older tunes thrown in, but unfortunately the overall impression of this one was as a disappointing way to end the year. December saw the staging of Hey Luciani in London, but this was one event I decided not to attend, so you'll have to read somewhere else about that!



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Back to February again, and the first proper British dates for New York band The Swans. Brighton first, at the Zap again. I must admit that I didn't know too much about the band before this gig, but afterwards it was clear that I wasn't gonna forget them too easily! Casually assembling on stage, two drummers, guitar, bass, vocals, and keyboard, they began to tune up at a sensible volume, then, when ready, the PA was cranked up to the loudest volume I have ever heard! JESUS CHRIST! Even the speakers were shaking under the sheer awesome power of the sound, and the best of it was even at such volume everything was perfectly clear. All new material, but brilliantly enticing.... and I've never seen so many people having to leave a gig early before! Later the same week they played at ULU, much the same set, and much the same reaction...no encores a rule, the entire show ended with a lighting rig being smashed to the ground. Excellent stuff, not exactly danceable, but compelling nonetheless. A short break followed until their next date, this time at the ICA. Another superb set, the perfect antedote to an audience which seemed to have much more than its fair share of big Company talent scouts. Another example of how easily people find it to walk out of a gig!

February's other highpoint was, of course, the Leather Nun tour, which was covered in the last Grim Humour, but I will just mention here that later in the year they played yet more gigs. In July, they played Croydon and Hammersmith Clarendon with their usual high quality rock, with Jonas sporting a new cropped haircut, attracting a much larger crowd and further good reviews. However, their next London date, again at the Clarendon altho' collecting even more rave reviews, was quite disappointing in many ways, the whole band seeming unenthusiastic up until the encores, but then again Aaron did excuse them abit by explaining they were all suffering from 'flu. Still definately worth seeing again, but I hope they don't catch colds again!

March saw two great one offs. Firstly, what might have been the Virgin Prunes last British gig, since their future seems a little uncertain at the moment. Badly advertised and poorly attended, down at Brixtons' Fridge, formerly the Ace, one of the best London venues ever, but now resembling little more than a playground for rich nightclubbing wankers. Still, the Prunes gave what I think was the best performance I'd ever seen them do, with Gavin on top form, making the stage his own as the band waded thru' classic songs both old and new. Perhaps their last gig, as I've said, but I hope not. The Virgin Prunes still have so much to offer, it would be a

shame to have them no longer with us. The other highpoint of March was Husker Du at the Electric Ballroom. After the release of 'Candy Apple Gre!' I was in two minds about how they would be now, but their live performance totally demolished the lightweight aspirations of the LP, and provided yet another 90 minute set of hard hitting melodic thrash, worth every penny of the ticket price (even if I did get on the guest list....)

April belonged to the Butthole Surfers, and their first major London gig. Coming on stage, ~~the~~ Gibby promptly tried to set light to himself, and then dived headlong into the audience! All in the first ~~xxxxxx~~ minute! If that doesn't attract you to seeing 'em next time they come over nothing will! The set itself consisted mainly of new material, some of it so new that it ~~xxx~~ didn't even make it's way onto their soon after released LP 'Rembrandt PussyHorse'. Anyway, straight after this gig, they promptly got kicked back out of the country, but rumours are rife that they're returning later this year, so be warned, and miss them at your peril!

May seemed to consist of three tours, at intermingling dates from each. The Ramones were over to promote 'Animal Boy', and played at the Palais with their normal gusto, but the real treat was the half secret extra gig they played at The Clarendon. I don't remember how many encores they did, but they deserved every one of them, and treated us all to one of the best gigs I have ever been to. I really don't know how they managed to keep up such a high level of energy, but they managed it, and proved them selves still to be one of the most worthwhile bands around. Sonic Youth were more Yanks over with new material to attack our sensibilities with. However, their first two dates, a 'Son of Blood on Brighton Beach' extravaganza (guess where) and at Bay 63 proved disappointing, seeming more like rehearsals for the new LP more than anything else. But it was at their support slot with the folornly wimpy Mary Chain that they really came to life, combining old and new in an all out attack that left the ~~xxxxxx~~ audience (the more discerning parts of it, anyway) ~~xxx~~ stunned, and promptly got them kicked off stage early before they went down too well... Their final U.K. date of the tour, at ULU, also included a performance by Lydia Lunch and fellow New Yorkers 'Live Skull', who also gave a brilliant show, but were just pipped to the post by an excellent Sonic Youth set. 'EVOL' came out shortly afterwards to much critical acclaim, and 1987 looks set to bring them even greater success. The final tour of May brought the Very Things out of hiding for a few dates. At Croydon, various difficulties with the over friendly staff (Ha bloody Ha) resulted in one or two problems, but otherwise it was great. Two days later, a better atmosphere prevailed at Camden Dingwalls, as the band took full control of the proceedings and performed in their own unique exciting way. DCL come, and DCL go, but you can rest assured that they'll never stay in the same place for too long!

June's highpoint came with Wires' first proper London gig for many a year when they played to a sold out Klub Foot and performed a set of entirely new material, proving, if nothing else, that they weren't just going to rest on their laurels, and were going to take up where they left off, continuing to produce exciting, interesting music. Apparently a new LP is on the way, so more live dates will probably follow, a must for anyone with honest interest in the band.

July came up with the interesting prospect of seeing Psychic TV play a 'secret' gig (as The Angels of Light) to a near empty Croydon Underground. On the previous occasions I'd seen PTV they'd always been dissappointing because of the sort of audience they attract, neo hippy druggie wanker types with no further interest in what PTV have set out to do except 'oh, man, they're really weird!' Few of this lot managed to get to this gig,

86 GIGS

and those that did weren't made all that welcome (the sight of Gen gobbing on one members of the audiences joint was one to remember!) So, an allround better gig took place, and tho' I can't say I'd go to see PTV at another major gig venue, I'd recommend anyone to try and catch them in similar circumstances to this. When they don't have to play up to any image, they can be ~~really~~ really special!

July ended with the Damned's Tenth Anniversary Celebrations, held in London's Finsbury Park, with the bands playing in a circus tent. In advance it all seemed like a great idea, but it wasn't until we actually got there that we found out how badly it had all been set up. It must be said, in the Damned's defence, that, altho' it was the bands idea, they had actually been out of the country recording their new LP whilst arrangements had been made, and had, as such, been unable to supervise what was going on. Anyway, a part from the major difficulty that the tent that the bands were playing in was far too small, and that the vast majority of the audience outside couldn't get a decent view of the proceedings, the whole affair, and the line up in particular, did seem like value for money. However, the first day was to prove disastrous. Due to several bands pulling out at the last moment, we got treated to two dire bands to begin the day. The Electric Bluebirds and Restless are both cacky and worthless, and deserve only to die very painfully. Main support of the first day were Damned friends, Dr & the Medics, who were also rather disappointing, altho' they did manage to pull one surprise out of their hat with a pretty good version of 'Paranoid' as their encore. Then, a short wait ensued until the Damned came on, with a new spectacular intro tape playing into 'Plan 9'. But, alas, the gig just never got off the ground. Both the band and the audience seemed fairly unenthusiastic, and I'm afraid that this one did just seem like 'going thru' the motions. In fact, on the train home, I was seriously considering giving the next day a miss, even tho' I already had a ticket. In the end, it was only the fact that the support bands on the next day (Pete Shelley, New Model Army, The Fall) were worth seeing that made me go. Pete Shelley began proceedings and from that moment on I knew I'd made the right decision, as the ex Buzzcock, backed by a proper band, and not computers as his records might suggest, produced a great, exciting set, including his own classics such as 'Homo Sapien' and 'Telephone Operator', and encoring with a magnificently noisy version of the Buzzcocks 'Something Goes Wrong Again'. The ~~xx~~ crowd also proved itself more receptive during this first band, so things were altogether looking up. Next on were the Fall, mentioned elsewhere, and sustaining the high level of energy, followed by New Model Army, who gave a reasonable set, even if they have lost what was left of their initial character now that Stuart Morrow is no longer with them. And then The Damned.... since the proceedings thus far had been pretty good, I resisted the temptation to leave early, and was treated for my faith. They played virtually the same set, but with so much more enthusiasm that ~~like~~ all the golden oldies they played actually seemed like the classics they are, and all the new material, some of it not even heard live before, was recieved just as well by a much better audience. But it was to be the second encore when all Hell broke lose, and that old favourite of the masses, Captain Sensible, joined in with all the fun onstage, insulting crowd and band alike, running thru 'Smash It Up' and 'We Love You', before it all came to an end, and an exhausted crowd was left to find its way home.

September witnessed two bands striving, perhaps, for the same ultimate goal, altho' from very different directions. With their latest LP, 'The Ungovernable Force' released just beforehand, Conflict played to a packed Electric Ballroom, admirably keeping door prices down to £2.00. A couple of dodgy support bands did little to interest me at first, but Conflicts' set was brilliant. Exciting, tight, fast, loud, but at all times very clear, they again proved themselves to be head and shoulders above the vast majority of Anarco bands. They've begun to recieve a lot of flak recently as your typical 'got IOP. mate' type has started to veer towards the obvious 'heavy bleedin' metal' acts that they all seem to be into suddenly, but I'm sure Conflict will come thru' all of this, cos they definately seem to have enough ideas and conviction to keep them going for a long while yet. (By the way, the above comments were not just a blind attack against Heavy Metal, but more against the morons who've suddenly got into it just cos it's become trendy in punk circles. There's nothing wrong with any type of music, so long as it's done honestly... read the lyrics to 'Mental Mania' on Conflicts album to see what I mean.....)

And at the other end of September came an ATV gig at the Clarendon. Moderately attended, and mostly consisting of unrecorded material, but still retaining the vital ingredient of originality that made the very first ATV line ups special. I suppose the closest comparison I could make on their current style is that it's somewhere along the same lines as The Fall, but a bit poppier, tho' not necessarily in a commercial sense. Hmm, I'm not making myself too clear here, methinks, but.... they were bloody good, that's all that really needs to be said, see them as soon as possible.

My first visit to the Town & Country Club was to witness Head of David blow both the Moodists and Nick Caves Dodgy Seeds well offstage. Problem was, most of the audience was too ignorant to realise what had happened, and so HOD recieved only moderate reaction whilst Old Man Cave, despite having been dead for at least two years, went down like the God he most definately isn't. All I can say is, if he's so intent in Kicking Against the Pricks, why did he lap up their applause so much at the Town & Country Club.

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At last, an opportunity to complete the Spizz interview also turned up when his latest band, SPIZZSEXUAL!, played at the Marquee, which is mentioned elsewhere in the actual Spizz feature, but I'll just say once more, Spizz is great, and Spizz is God....live, anyway!

The end of October took me to the Palais for the London date of the Residents 13th. Anniversary Tour. What more can I say? Quite a lot, really. The band themselves were great, performing material from every part of their career, from Duck Stab right up to date with music from The Big Bubble and their Great American Composers Series. Admirably aided on stage by guitarest Snakefinger, half the Residents played/sung, whilst two of them danced/mimed at the front of the stage. The whole set was unfortunately quiet, and the lighting could have been a lot better, but the overall show was good....But, but, but...the audience, oh, God, the audience! I thought no one could attract a worse audience than the one the Fall undeservedly get, but I was wrong. At the Residents, they were awful....half of them had beards, ferchrissakes!!! (and the blokes were just as bad...) No, seriously, I really would have thought that the magnificent amount of imagination put on show at a Residents gig would have been enough to please even the most ignorant of minds, but, no, I was wrong, and half the morons at the front of the stage promptly set about smoking funny substances, and pretending to be very weird, missing out completely on the fact that The Residents are so good and unique, that you don't need to use dope to enjoy 'em....unless you're a half witted imbecile who's very, very lazy.

November provided the last three interesting gigs of the year, all on off, and all pretty varied. First off, despite previous comments I'd made to various people about never paying extortionate prices to see a gig, I ate my words (lightly grilled, with tomatoes on top) and ~~fix~~ trundled off to Wembley to see Alice Cooper, and how wonderful it was! all the classic tunes, and all the spectacular effects. Alice Cooper may well be in his forties now, but he can still put most Rock bands, Cult et al, in their place. From 'Welcome to my Nightmare', thru 'Eighteen' (aided, cheekily, onstage with a pair of crutches!), 'Schools Out', and 'I Love the Dead' to the final encore of 'Elected' and 'Under My Wheels', the set was brilliant, and proved itself to be one of the very few gigs that was actually worth a tenner!

Two days later, and an elitist guest list place for Big Blacks' London debut at the Klub Foot. Bottom of the bill Nitzer Ebb proved themselves pointless once again, displaying their one (borrowed) idea on about ten (in)different songs, then going offstage, whilst anyone with sense stayed in the bar. Head of David then put some life into the proceedings, despite cacky PA, and gave us all a reason to leave the bar. (P.S. this was drummer Sharps' last gig with the band, so good luck for the future...) World Domination Enterprises next, and good they were, noisy, messy, not quite brilliant, but at least they're enthusiastic. And finally, Big Black. Well, they definately came up to expectations, proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that even drum machines can be fun! A lot of new material in the set, combined with more familiar goodies such as 'Kerosene' and 'Jordan, Minnesota', provided an action packed set, that was only disappointing in the fact that they didn't play 'Il Duce'. 'Still, one of Americas' finest imports for a long while.

And yet another two days later (a busy week, no doubt, my friends) off to the jolly old ULU we went to catch for the first time (despite several previous attempts) Flux! Admirably supported by the wondrous AR Kane (who I hope are destined for big things), Flux came on stage for their first gig in three years, playing a set lifted entirely from their 'Uncarved Block' lp. With a line up consisting of two guitarests, bass, trumpet, two vocalists, and millions of drummers, they played a short but enjoyable set in front of what singer Colin had described as 'the biggest Flux banner ever!'. A few stuck in '77 types hurled abuse, but most people in the packed hall thoroughly enjoyed the whole affair. And latest news is that they'll be playing a few more dates soon.

As December drew on, no more really interesting gigs held up their heads (except for Iggy, who got missed due to excessively low funds.) and this situation seems to have continued well into 1987, with good gigs becoming fewer and further inbetween, tho' things can, as they say, only get better.

Y'know, it's at times like this that I remember what Gary Levermore says. "Give us yer dosh", that's what he says. Now, this has got absolutely nothing to do with the above article, but one thing is for certain.... he does say it a lot!!! ... FIN!...

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EPIDEMIC

Epidemic

Oh no, not another local gig by EPIDEMIC (with the emphasis being on 'LOCAL')? Why do they remain so idle? They've been going long enough (& even had a spot in the first issue!), and although they've had their upsets with various line-up shifts, the current one (The best one since the original one, even better, as far as I'm concerned!) has been in existence LONG ENOUGH (for them to realise they ought to try & play elsewhere again, that is). They once got to the stage of playing support to bands such as 'English Dogs' at the infamous 100 Club, but with a departure or two from the camp around the same time, the enthusiasm seemed to plunge towards the downwards spiral. It's natural to get disheartened, but that was THEN & this is NOW...so, come on, the music's too good to be appreciated in mere Canterbury (& area) alone! It's completely demoralising to see it wedged in between a cacky, pseudo-free-form-jazz band & an equally cacky Clash/Redskins rip off (As they did on November 12th). What's more, is the fact they don't seem to mind being on such a bill at the art college! Disgusting! They're too, too, too...er, 'nice'!

The line-up is (now): Simon Fartbottom (Actually, this surname is a lie, but it might as well be true! Honest!) - Vox; Patrick - Bass; Simon - Drums; and Steve - Guitar & Ridiculous Poses (The result of long hair...). Together, they create a darn fine set of songs. Blending, I suppose, Ramones' moulded Rotten Roll, & the heavier edge of Motorhead. Too outstanding to be thrash; lively and, of course, energetic; and well constructed tunes throughout.... Definitely too good to forever remain on the dreaded LOCAL BAND SYNDROME!

Repertoire still includes 'Necrolatry' (the track featured on a flexidisc financed by & given away with GH.3....) and other gems (Why not?!), such as 'Living A Lie', 'G-Song', and 'Your Court'. Brilliant stuff!

To conclude this ramble, all I can suggest is that Epidemic BUCK THEIR IDEAS UP (As I type, in fact, rumour comes from Piggwill that they're, indeed, going to!) & anyone of you reading this GET IN TOUCH! Now! Ok?!

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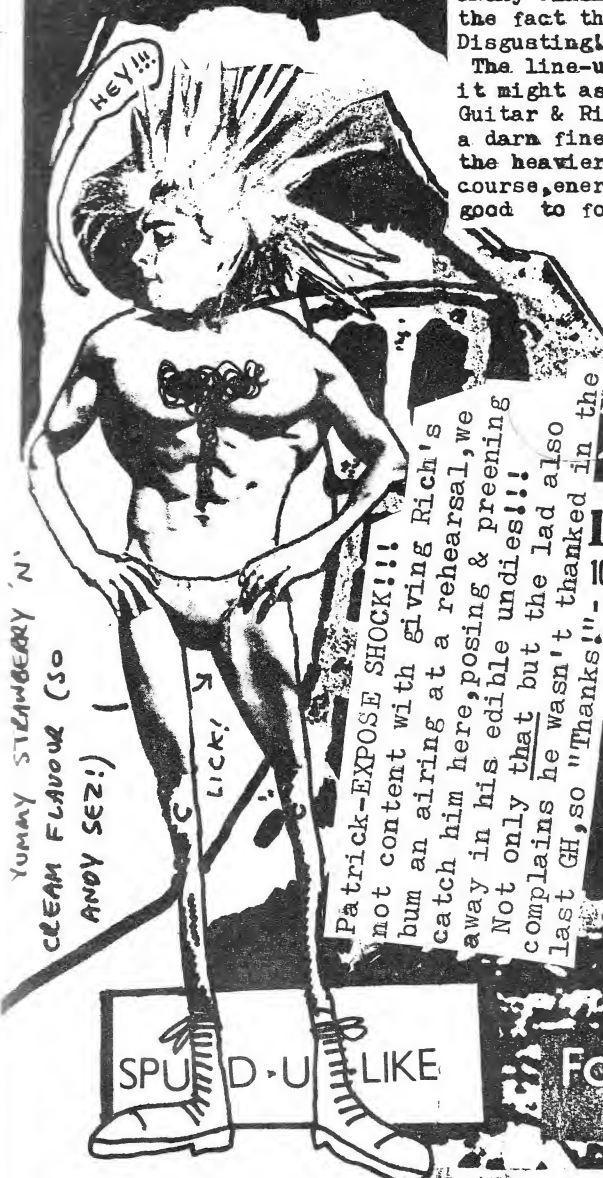
MARCH

29

Address is: Patrick,
12 St. Martins Terrace,
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(Enclose SAE)

For what we are about to receive
may God help us.





WHAT THE HELL'S
THIS DOLL GOTTA
DO WITH 'AND
ALSO THE TREES'...?

In a small gothic punk nightclub, apparently by day a cinema, the beer sells, or does not, for the equivalent of £3.00 a pint. In that same place, four particularly English, not particularly Gothic-punk people, sober and thirsty, waited. The four English, conspicuous by their coats due to a crippling financial inability to pay cloakroom charges, let alone those of alcohol, made themselves comfortable on the floor, attempting to look less English, or at least, less conspicuous. The music stopped as the band was announced and the crowd, shouting, moved towards the stage. Ric Gallup, so it seems, wanted to do the lights if he could get away from the Damned tour in England. Plunged, without warning, into total darkness from time to time, it became apparent that Ric hadn't made it. Horribly, it looked in the first few seconds like the p.a. hadn't made it either. Pleading for lights brought short-lived results, however, the p.a. without human intention, cured itself.

It interests me, this presentation of different language & culture and whether it changes anything. I watched the audience, poised, posed and calm for the entirety of a song, rapturous & noisy in applause in the interval before the next song, loving every moment, particularly the newer songs, 'Maps In Her Wrists & Arms', 'Virus Meadow', etc, but rarely showing appreciation until there was a silence in which the band could appreciate THEM. The front row devoted itself to worshipping Simon, in some cases fervour obliterating consciousness, although Simon didn't even notice.

Budge danced interestingly.

Even the Trees, who had been expecting a good gig, couldn't believe how many encores were requested of them. There became a man of double deed, living in the space between our heartbeats, just for that instant in which the Trees chose to create him. Sometimes, you can make anything you want to come to life; but it's a different thing again to make it live for someone else. In the peace afterwards I talked too much because they make me so happy I don't know what to do with myself. In the dressing room, the beer again failed to make an appearance. A lone bottle of Pernod sat waiting in an ice bucket. A contribution towards my drunkenness gratefully received. I've seen them sober & I've seen them drunk (me, that is!). What words are there? But, if you haven't seen them, you haven't lived. Pass the bottle.

---DEBBI---

TAKING A BLOWTORCH TO ROTTEN ROLE ARSEHOLES.... SOME OF US ARE STILL BURNING BURNT!!!

MR. ARROGANT himself, Johnno Incendiary Device (doubtful), was once kind enough to offer selling some of his a couple years ago, so taking him up on this, ten copies of no. 4. changed hands at some gig at the now gone 'Venue'. At the beginning of '86, after never hearing of them again (or seeing the debt repaid!), I reminded the lad of their whereabouts, only to be given the reply that he'd not sold them & would therefore return them if so desired. Being the chap I am, I thought it'd be nicer & generally cause less hassle to tell him to give 'em away.... which turned out to be just as well, as some few months later I found out the SHOCKING TRUTH behind his little story, thanks to somewhat more trustworthy parties. Truth to tell was the fact that he'd drunkenly spewed up all over them one night, & not content with only simply defacing a masterpiece (hmm!) he then went & muttered how wonderful an act it was (How I've come to know these secrets you'll never know... just believe me tho!), which I must admit, was pretty damn hard of him, really. Now, you may wonder why this little tale makes noteworthy mentioning? Well, thing is, that around same time, I'd taken on ten copies of his 'Incendiary 2' for selling (Naturally, before I discovered about the aforementioned!). However, after one traumatic night on the hard stuff known as Prune Juice, I entered my refuge and caught a little short, preceded to diarrhoea all over them. This would've been pretty moral had my crap been noticable on the pile of 'Incendiary's, but as it was, it wasn't, so I burnt the fuckers instead... arrogant, huh?! (Too true, they do fucken BURN!)

INCENDIARY

NO

ha!
ha!
ha!

I'M DROWNED...

THOSE MEN WHO'VE
TAKEN OVER SOBE
ARE EVIL... I
KNOW IT!

THIS COULD BE
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BIGGEST DISASTER
OF ALL SOBE:--
THE END OF
ANDY. P.

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ANDY. P. IS REALLY FAT!

ATV

ALTERNATIVE

T.V.

At a time when so many groups are desperately trying to cash in on any ties they may have had with the initial Punk movement of '77/'78, one group whose history set themselves so far ahead of most others have been reformed by their original mentor, and have begun to play live again, and to release new records. But, far from lingering in the past at all, they now produce a totally new set of music, in which the only similarities with

past are that the new songs are just as exciting, fresh and original as the ones that made the group popular when they first began.

Alternative T.V. are rock'n'roll in its purest form. They don't need to worry about the pressures that the 'music Business' usually exerts on people, because they are not looking towards it as a career. They look towards their music as something to enjoy, and as an outlet for their ideas, not just as a saleable commodity. Mark Perry, in particular, throughout his involvement in music, from the early days of 'Sniffing Glue' right up to date with the current ATV lineup, has always struck me as someone who has never cared about any 'outside influences', but has only ever been concerned with whatever ideas have struck him as important at that time. This has allowed ATV to develop and change totally independent of anything else, an asset which is rarely seen, and which has provided material which, even though I admit a fair deal of it hasn't been to my taste, has always been imaginative.

Anyway, on to the interview itself. This took place last October at manager Leighs' south London flat. Mark was very chatty, and said the most, but other comments are by bassist Steve, and Leigh. Alison (the drummer) was also present, but never got a chance to get a word in edgewise once Mark got going, and guitarist Protag was nowhere to be found. So, the last single, 'Victory', as good a place as any to start with. What was it about?

MARK. It's a bit corny, really, its' actual literal content, but I s'pose if it's got a story then it's the story of a sort of uprising, and the line about 'enjoying the violence' is the violence of revolution, y'know, there has to be some violence if there's to be a victory at the end. The reality of the world is that if you want to change things you've got to kill the people who obstruct it. You can't tell the Blacks in South Africa, like, 'Oh, don't plant bombs, if you hand out leaflets for the next 200 years something might change,' cos that's impossible. In situations like that it's unfortunately the only way to change peoples minds. It's sad, but it's the way in such a situation. But 'Victory' isn't about that really, well, it is in a way, but it's more about how you have to give up as an individual, y'know, it's 'the destruction of our lives', but it's 'a prelude to the victory of all time.'

Do you think your attitude towards such things has changed a lot over the past ten years or so.

MARK. Yeah, I used to be into a sort of false morality thing, like, antisexist and antiracist, but I think I'm much more of a realist now, cos, not saying that sexism and racism aren't bad or whatever, but some of the things that I used to worry about were such piddly little things, that in, sorta, world terms are very small and meaningless. It's like, ~~withxxxxxxx~~, if being a good person, being a caring person, isn't part of your life already, y'know, then I don't think you're gonna get it into your life by wearing a t shirt or a badge.

STEVE. Stuff like organised movements tends to become not a lot more than just middle class intellectuals arguing amongst themselves about things that are trivial except to them.

MARK. I'm not saying that I only care about myself, but things like nuclear weapons, I think they're just a part of the way that people are, whether its the 88mm gun that the Germans had, or the V weapons, or the Spitfire, human beings are always going for the ultimate weapon, so isolating nuclear weapons like CND do is fairly silly. I mean, look how many people have been killed in South Africa, or in the Middle East, and

ALTERNATIVE TV

ALTERNATIVE TV

they're all the same, but I do believe in the peace movement, but just about the whole war was wrong. Right, to do the subject completely. Are there any new bands around that you feel about most? MARK. There's a few around that I like but I tend not to listen to new bands, these days I don't really go to gigs now, so I miss out on them. I don't see us as a part of any movement, but there doesn't seem to be that much around.

STEVE. The press keep trying to come up with new movements, but they do things like that every year.

MARK. I think journalists see some years as special, like, '56, '66, '76, so they're trying to make out that something's gonna happen soon just cos it's now '86.

STEVE. Each year it just wants to be the last year to discover the fact if there is a scene developing, so that they can all say 'Oh, journalist X discovered that scene...'

LEIGH. It was like the term New Romantic, that was what they were talking about 1 or 2 years ago, y'know, fururists and all that sorta shit, it was all kinda journalist labels.

MARK. I think the biggest explosion this year has been with funk and soul, y'know. In a way there has been a new wave but it hasn't been in rock, it's been in black music. I mean, Sighe Spunk have tried to make out that they're something, but they're too showbiz, they're not grassroots or anything.... but then again, you don't realize that something has happened until it's happened, y'know what I mean, like, when I was doing 'Sniffin' Glue' I was doing articles on the Mothers of Invention and The Blue Oyster Cult, cos to me there was just a certain type of music that was sorta trashy, and that included Blue Oyster Cult, Iggy Pop, MC5, and also the then newer bands like the Ramones and Eddie and the Hotrods, and it all seemed to be getting back to the roots of rock'n'roll, you didn't think, 'Oh, this is the start of punk.' They were only sorta isolated things, it wasn't until later that you could turn around and say, 'Christ, look what's happened!' You don't sorta isolate yourself, everyone else tells you that you're the new movement. And then again, it wasn't just the music, it had to have all the media and all the clothes, out within all that the music could live up, but now, all these bands like the Jesus and Marychain, they're hardly gonna shock the nation cos it's just a musical thing, and the people who're getting into them know all that stuff already. Cos I mean, musically, punk was just terrible at the start, the Sex Pistols, the Clash, the Damned, they weren't doing anything musically, but what they did do was to knock out the walls to create a space where people like The Fall and Joy Division could happen. But you'll have to go pretty far now to shock people as much as all those bands did, and, really, I see things as going back to being a bit again.

What do you think of the way that the independant scene is being run at the moment?

MARK. Well, personally, I don't think that there ought to be an independant chart. It's just stupid, it's just trying to set up an alternative establishment. I always thought that charts were bad, cos they just treat music like it's a league championship, and I don't think that music should be in competition. But as soon as we got independant labels, they got a bloody chart!

STEVE. I think the setting up of independant labels was one of the most important things to come out of the punk movement, but, y'know, they're just there now, and they keep everyone happy, but they're not really doing anything challenging anymore.

MARK. The original idea of the independants was that they helped each other, y'know, they were in competition with each other, but at the same time, Stiff would help Chiswick and Chiswick would help us (Deptford Fun City). But now, like, Factory Records or Rough Trade, they're just like CBS, they're just trying to feather their own nests.

Going back to the subject of your last E.P., what was the idea behind the artwork you used on the cover (simply the words 'SEX' and 'LOVE' printed respectively on the front and back of the cover.)

MARK. The thing with the E.P. cover was that I just thought, like SEX is big red letters across the front cover looked really good, and the SEX/LOVE thing tied in quite nicely with the two main songs, like, Victory, where sex is pushed to a side, but love is still there, y'know, it's about education, you can't just stay in bed, there's a lot to do, and you've got to get out there and do it, and Revolution is reflecting on sex and that, y'know, what I mean, it's sex without love, and where you indulge in sex, but it's just not fulfilling cos there's no love. I actually do believe in sex quite a lot, and I don't think people should sell it in the way that it is, it's quite into people putting their sexuality across when you meet them, y'know, in their clothes, or in their hair,.... I like sexual music, y'know, that's what I like, like Iggy, Lou Reed, Jim Morrison, like, rock'n'roll is about sex, right from early Elvis onwards. I went through a few years of denying that in a way, cos I was reluctant to talk about physical things, but I think that I'm more confident now.

What do you think of the often levelled criticism that your lyrics are pessimistic.

MARK. Well,.... I think Victory is actually one of the most optimistic songs that I've ever written, and it does stand out,.... I don't think I'm pessimistic but I think I'm a realist. But, I mean, my own opinion about lyrics is that I'm not all that keen on hearing people sing about, like, good things, cos, y'know, if something good happens, you take it and enjoy it, but I think it's the darker side of things that you need to explore. With a lot of my songs, when I write them they sort of, explain something to me, and when I listen to them later, they explain my state of mind at the time I wrote them. I don't feel that I have to write about good things cos they must happen and they're good, so why question them. It's the bad things that happen that you have to question.

ALTERNATIVE ACTION



Do you get through material very quickly, cos the oldest song at the last gig seemed to go back only as far as the last E.P.
MARK. Well, we haven't really written any new songs for ages, but we did go through a period of writing a lot. But just recently we've all been on our holidays, so we haven't been rehearsing all that much, but we're getting back into the swing of things now so we'll probably be writing some more new stuff soon.

Since none of the band rely upon the group as their source of income, do you think its a good or bad thing not to be able to spend all your time working on the band.

MARK. I'm funny, I suppose, but I actually quite like the idea of working. Maybe not so much where I am at the moment, I wouldn't mind a change, but that's all. It's funny, cos, like, in the past year I've done more musically while I've been working than when I wasn't working, cos then I used to just sit around time wasting. But now I'm at work, in a way, I think it gives me more motivation to actually do something. I don't mind working for the money, cos I do like spending a lot of money, y'know, on records and videos and things, but I wouldn't go preaching to anyone else about it, it's just my choice that I work.

STEVE. I find that if you keep yourself busy all the time, you're able to sort out your priorities a lot better, so you don't waste your time, and it stops you being led.

What do you think of the fact that a lot of the material by the original ATV line up, and also issues of Sniffin' Glue, are now considered to be 'collectors items'.

MARK. Well, I don't know about it all really. To be quite honest, I haven't even actually got any copies of Sniffin' Glue myself anymore, and I've only got one ATV LP and two singles. I'm not the sort of person who indulges myself in what I've done before. I just don't really think about it, it's like it was all a different person. It all seems so far away from me now. In a way I find it quite funny that people are interested in things that were created by me, but I don't get big headed about it because it was just as much the fact that I was there at the right time as anything else.

Is there likely to be more new material released in the near future by the current line up.

LEIGH. Well, we're doing a record on Flux of Pink Indians new label, One Little Indian. That'll be a twelve inch E.P. again. We sorta found out about their new label, and we found out from a mutual friend that they were all big fans of ATV, so we got in touch with them.

MARK. I think this will be really good for us, cos they're really nice blokes. The production on their LP is great, and hopefully Derek, who did their production, will be able to produce our E.P. as well.

LEIGH. It's really good, cos they're getting lots of different types of bands on the new label, so it'll be really varied.

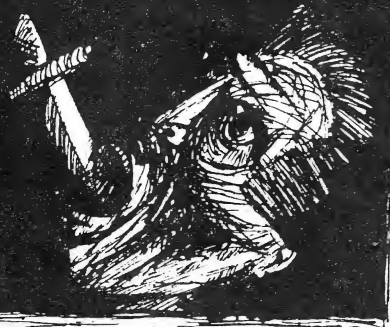
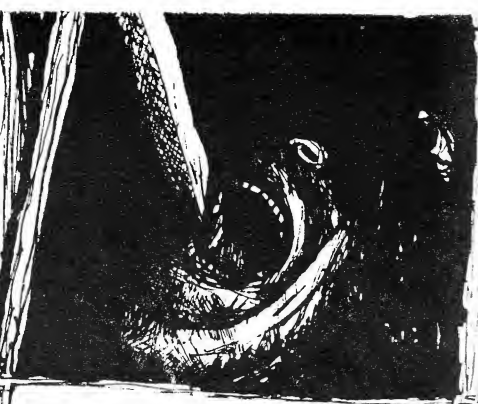
Why did you decide to go back to using the Alternative TV title for this line up when you got a new band together again.

MARK. 'Cos I think the reasons for not using Alternative TV as the name were not that important, y'know. We're not just trying to live off the old name, and Alternative TV is still about now what it was about in 1978. It's the title I use to put my words and my music out through. Just to change it to something else would be pretentious. And anyway, for the life of me, I could never think of any other band names. I've managed it twice and that's been really hard work. I mean, Alternative TV originally came about when me and Harry Bulovski were walking up St. Martins Lane looking at the theatres, and Harry said "I've never been to a theatre!", and I said, "Oh, it's just like an alternative to TV for some people." And that's where it came from, y'know 'ALTERNATIVE TV', spelt with an apostrophe in the middle of it, but we soon dropped that bit. That's how it all came about. I think it's a really good name.

...and also a convenient point to end the interview. The actual conversation continued a lot longer than this, although on a lot less formal basis. The whole band had been as friendly as we had hoped they would be, and had given us an interesting insight to their ideas. As I wrote in the introduction to this interview, ATV aren't a band who will linger in their own past, and neither will they stay too long in the same position. Their future plans at the time of writing this seem not too definite, but one thing is certain about them. Whatever they do will always be a product of 'NOW', whenever and where ever that is. Looking at ATV, whether at a gig or by listening to one of their records, don't look at the past, look as up to date as is possible, cos otherwise in a few years time you'll still be looking back, saying "I missed out on that, too...."

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strate the fine
art of **SWORD-
SWALLOWING!**



YAY!
CLAP CLAP CLAP
CHEER

BLONDIE vid ...

And I was feeling so smug as well; practically skipping out of WH Smiths, suitably fooled by the cover blurb about their 'Last & Best Concert', presuming it to be even better than the wild studio footage from the 'Eat To The Beat' video. Eleven tracks for a tenner? Magic!

Manure in fact, from start to finish, with only an occasional high spot (on Clem Burke's forehead) to enliven songs cruelly tainted by lack of drive & the oncoming end of the story. With a grating horn section prominent throughout & Stein's wilting guitar role propped up by some Eddy Martinez, they go through vaguely enticing motions; only achieving any results because Burke refused to lie down and give in; as well over the top as ever.

Debby mooches on in her dowdiest air stewardess gear, only a touch more impressive than what turns out to be star(s) of the show... our cretinously NWO WAVE AUDIENCE! (Whooooooo-woooooooo!!!) There seriously are moments when you wish that everyone-band, video team & audience could all be shot, one by one, in front of our malicious eyes. The quality of the video is dire, with that OGWT knack of alighting on the guitars & horns as they blast away the interest they might have built. Burke gets centre stage, Debby gets a look-in.

And the crowd? They're all OVER it?!?!?!?! Boring bloody imbeciles who heave themselves out of their seats periodically to punch the air. Revolting creatures with headbands, face glitter & even BLUE WIGS (!)! Truly, this is OFFICE GIRLS NIGHT OUT. They should have worked late.

'Rapture' thrashes uncontrollably inside its shattered seams, the appalling 'Island of Lost Souls' is naturally insipid, 'The Tide Is High' just flaps around.

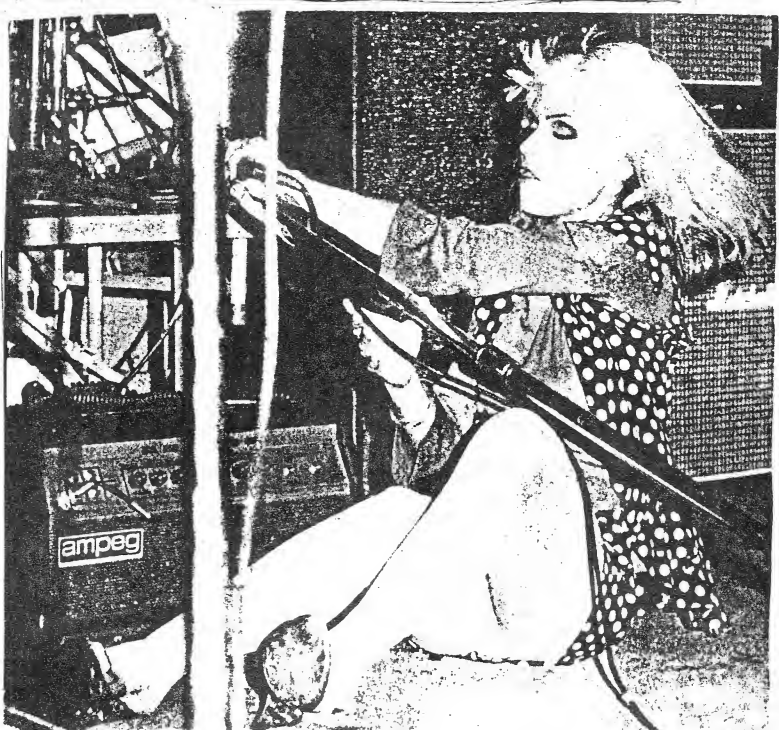
'Heart of Glass', but for grinding guest guitar, could almost be great, as 'Hanging On The Telephone' & 'Dreaming' clatter and whine. Even 'One Way Or Another' fails to ignite & it's no shock to be bored by 'War Child' or 'Start Me Up'. Another good hand, biting the dust that raised them.

Billed as the last gig, this is clearly from two nights, unless Burke had mastered the trick of changing his entire outfit while playing; Debby drifting into view during the last number, looking appalling in some stretchy thing, continues to flop miserably around the stage, like Hotlips from MASH, after a month in a sauna.

Without intending to do anything of the sort, the filmmakers have provided a weird glimpse behind the facade of a POP BAND, supposedly doing well. She's even miming during 'Call Me', as I can't believe any video could be that out of synch! The fatigue has clearly got to them. Debbie generates no feeling for the thing, the others cowering in the dimly lit stage. She's clearly pig sick of the whole charade, & you can't really blame her.

This video should never have been made, but I'm sort of glad it was, without being ghoulish, as I wanted Blondie to glow forever. Stunningly real. Down & out, in plaster of paris.

BLONDIE



© Andrew May 1986.

DEBS GIVES HER DRAWERS AN AIRING

(MM)

SATAN IS BORING!

OH YEH!

WELL MEBBE
I'D BETTER PAY
EM
PERSONAL
VISIT!

GREEN
LI...
HUH?

THUS

YUH LIL!...

HEX

WASH
FASH

AS THINGS
SEEK THIS
BORING

BIN TEKKIN MY NAME IN VEIN I
HEEYUR!?

SAY! WOT
KINDA
FENDER
IZZIS SPOSED
T'BE

GOAT THE GIG

SHIT
HEAD

WAYS USETA
BLACK SABBATH!

PRETTY LUCKY YA
SHOWED UP ANYWAY SATAN
OUR LIGHT SHOW WAS UP THE
SHOOT 'N' YOU MAKE
A PRETTY NEAT
BACKDROP

DUHH!!

SONIC
YOUTH

© 86
SAV

YUP! EVEN

JESUS LOVES THE SONICS

I'D GIVE MY SOUL TO BE WHERE
I WAS A YEAR AGO.

IF I HAD
A SOUL
LEFT TO
GIVE.

The Sweat On My Skin

I was hoping that we'd have another interview in this issue but, since there hasn't been the opportunity to pin them down in the past half a year, you'll have to make do with the following waffle that comprises a discography, photos, & various quotes. It's a shame that they've not been over in a while really because, not only would we have got an interview, but they'd also have helped relieve the boredom that's been hanging on the musical front like fungi from Pigswill's undergarments. Had it not been for the Big Black, Head of David, & Dave Howard Singers gigs in the meantime, I think I'd have been reduced to a poor state by now. Truly. However, as I write, Sonic Youth are preparing for a visit in June that will coincide with the release of a new lp which was to be called 'Kitty Magic' (Er, yeah... hmmm) but will now go under the guise of 'Sister' (Although even this title is debatable!). Gawd knows what it'll be like, but I'm quite certain that it will be pretty darn wowville (Thanks to Peter Noble for this word!); after all, Sonic Youth are Sonic Youth, and that's that! Also, for release around the same time, is Lea Renaldo's solo effort - 'From Here To Infinity' 10"-which features, apparently, a lock-groove technique throughout (Don't ask me how we'll be supposed to play it!). This was originally promised by BLAST FIRST RECORDS for a January kick-off, so I hope this won't be setting a standard for the Sonic's lp?! Likewise, there will be some gigs to promote the 10", in places such as the Virgin Megastore, etc., commencing about a week before the Sonic attack, & aided by drummer, Steve Shelley. Be there!

Going back to the proposed 'Sister', or whatever 'tis to be called in the end, I've discovered that a lot of people have been worried since the direction 'E.V.O.L.' chose to undertake, but whilst - as already stated - I don't know what the newie will be like, you ought to just pay respect to the fact that Sonic Youth aren't going to stay in one place, rooted to stagnancy. If you want the past, just play their older records, hokay? Simple, huh?!

Anyway, let's now take a dive into all of their releases, contributions to compilations, etc. & other sterf...

First off, the singles...

'Death Valley '69' b/w 'Brave Men Run' 7" format only. Released in 84 on Iridescence Records (USA). Vocal addition by Lydia Lunch, and production assisted by Clint Ruin of Foetus/Wiseblood infamy. Not sure how many were pressed exactly, but it now appears quite hard to get hold of anyway.

'Death Valley '69' b/w 'I Dreamed I Dream', 'Inhuman', 'Brother James' & 'Satan Is Boring' 12". Released in 85 on Homestead Records (HMS 016) in the USA, & Blast First in the UK (BFFP 1). This version of 'Death Valley '69' taken from the 'Bad Moon Rising' lp & still vocally enhanced by the hollering of Lydia Lunch. Better production makes this version more powerful, & overtly the definitive release.

Meanwhile, the four b-side tracks, in their chronological order, came from the first, eponymously titled lp from 82; the 'Confusion Is Sex' lp from 83; 'Kill Yr Idols' lp from 83 (as well! Busy year!); & from the same sessions as 'Bad Moon Rising', although 'Satan Is Boring' was previously unreleased.

outh

SONIC YOUTH

Quatre musiciens new yorkais, dont trois jouent dans les grandes formations de GLENN BRANCA. Ils ont enregistré deux albums sur son label, NEUTRAL records: avancée cinglante des guitares répétitive en crescendo discipliné pour le premier, énergie rage, son brut et dissonances pour le second. Une reprise des STOCGES ("I wanna be your dog") et lors que KIM GORDON le bassiste chante, les tensions les noirceurs de LYDIA LUNCH.

"Nous sommes un groupe de rock, alors que GLENN BRANCA est un compositeur dirigeant un ensemble. Nos sources et nos influences viennent de plusieurs côtés à la fois, de la musique de Glenn, de musique classique, des gamelans balinaï, des minimalistes et des répétitifs comme REICH et Glass. C'est que la scène artistique de New York on ne peut l'ignorer, et du rock neuf, dit "hardcore". Nous tenons l'extrême énergie du rock. Nous flûtons de ce que nous vivons. Etats-Unis un mouvement musical basé sur l'énergie maximale, une chose qu'en 77, il ne

le rock hardcore est positif, il a une idéologie, une

(Over) Kill Yr Idols' 7" released in 85, in conjunction with 'Forced Exposure' fanzine (USA). Consists of two songs recorded at The Loft in Berlin, in 83, 'Making The Nature Scene' and 'I Killed Christgau With My Big Fuckin' Dick'. Relatively good quality, as far as live tracks go. Cat no.: FE-001. Possibly hard to obtain now?

'Flower' b/w 'Satan Is Boring' 12", released in 85. On 'Blast First Records' & very limited, as it was initially a promotional device for the 'proper' release. No details at all, as the sleeve and labels are BLACK! (Ooh, so gothic, huh?)

'Halloween' 12", released in 85, around the same time as the former. Incorporates the 'proper' 'Flower' release & b/w 'Halloween', on a groovy yellow-orange vinyl. (BFFP 3).

'Flower' b/w 'Rewolf' 7", released the same time as the former two! The version of 'Flower' here was edited (albeit, intentionally very badly!) for use by DJ's, as the 12" version was deemed offensive because of its 'improper' language! (It's ok having Diana Ross records, or whatever, played on Radio One, with their highly suggestive lyrics though, isn't it?). (7BFFP 3).

'Halloween II' 12", released soon after the other batch, around mid-85. The given title applies to the only track, whilst the b-side has an exclusive Savage Pencil etching on it. A number of this already limited record were also signed by Sav himself too. (BFFP 3...still!).

'Starpower' b/w 'Bubblegum' & 'Expressway' 12", released within the first half-year of 86. 'Starpower' is a straightforward lifting from the 'EVOL' lp, whilst 'Expressway' is an exclusive edited mix to the 12" only, and 'Bubblegum' comes from the cassette version of the said lp....confusing, huh! (BFFP 7).

'Starpower' b/w 'Bubblegum' 7". The 7" version of the aforementioned, 'cept without the additional 'Expressway'! The songs here are exactly the same length as the 12" ones, and a limited number came complete with an 'EVOL' poster & badge. (7BFFP 7).

And now, here it is, the albums...

'Sonic Youth'. Released in 82. The first pressing came on Neutral Records (NL), whilst the second pressing (and present, come to that) was licensed to Zensor Records (W. Germany), Cat no. ND01. Difference 'twixt the two is that Zensor's sleeve is a deluxe blue & black finish & the other one, white & black. Typically perhaps, however, the Neutral pressing is hard to get hold of now, & appears to have been deleted for about 2/3 years now.

Lp consists of five tracks, 'The Burning Spear', 'I Dreamed I Dream', 'She Is Not Alone', 'I Don't Want To Push It', & 'The Good & The Bad'. Only 'I Dreamed I Dream' appeared elsewhere...on the already noted 'Death Valley 69' 12".

'Confusion Is Sex'. Released in 83, and again on both Neutral & Zensor (M9 and ND02, respectively). No differences, as far as I know. Tracks: 'Inhuman', 'The World Looks Red', 'Confusion Is Next', 'Making The Nature Scene', 'Lee Is Free', 'She's In A Bad Mood', 'Protect Me You', 'Freezer Burn', 'I Wanna Be Your Dog', & 'Shaking Hell'. Of them all, 'Inhuman' was put onto the b-side of the 'Death Valley 69' 12", & 'World Looks Red' has since appeared in live format on several compilation releases. Also, 'Shaking Hell' & 'Protect Me You' were re-recorded for the following 'Kill Yr Idols' lp.

'Kill Yr Idols'. Released in late 83, on Zensor Records only (EP 10). Contains five tracks: 'Protect Me You', 'Shaking Hell', 'Kill Yr Idols', 'Brother James', & 'Early American'. The first two tracks are taken directly from the previous lp, whilst 'Kill Yr Idols' has since appeared in live format on a compilation lp.

BRA

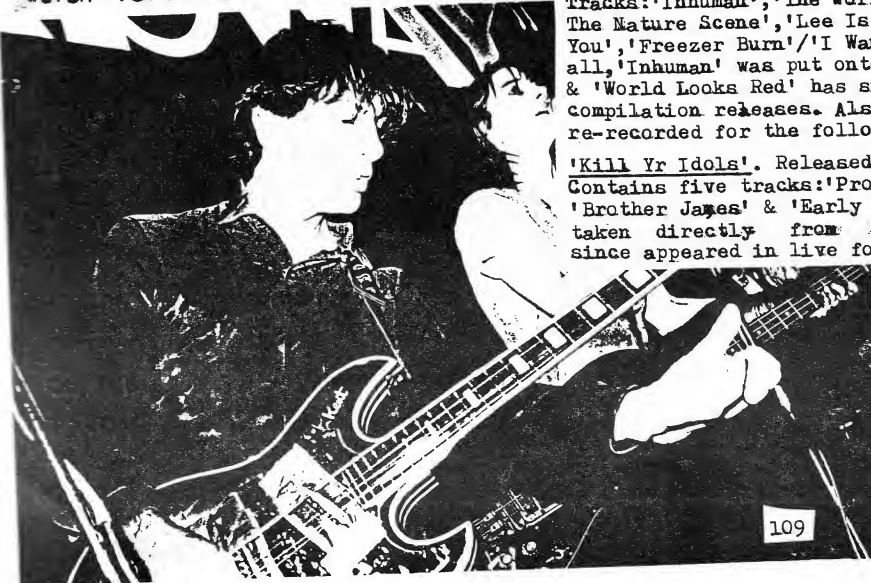
maga

NEUTRAL
WAVE
MAGAZINE

SONIC YOUTH

"Confusion Is Sex"
Neutral Records

The kind of stuff "hip" rock critics cream in their jeans about as they fall over each other espousing how important this mix of atonal T.G.-like industrial sound coupled with a rumbling dirge rock sound is. Trouble is, it is great. So call me a fuckin' "hip" rock critic—this is great shit, mucho better than their first LP. One band to watch for...



"In L.A., which is a very conservative police state, there always was a reason for animosity between kids and the police, whatever adults. And, after a while, these groups that initially were imitating English punk, started mutating. Hardcore brought the East & West coasts together. That just wasn't happening before. Even in '77, when it was all new."

(Thurston Moore on the accusation that punk started with the Sex Pistols & that they inspired it all.)

"Our music comes natural to us, but it's not as if we haven't been working at it & refining it. And taking into consideration that we're still using guitars, we've come up against a real anti-guitar trend." (Lee Renaldo)

"I think it's a reaction to synthesizers, but basically we don't care what we use. It depends how you use it." (Kim Gordon)

"We do weird things with them too. We don't play our guitars. I mean, we still hold them in our hands but we pretty much use tuning that we make up. We put things under the strings & get weird effects from them. There seems to be so much room for expansion with the guitar; into terms that people haven't even tried." (Thurston)

"A lot of kids in America now are interested in Manson. I think what's going down, despite all his madness, his warnings of the American system & the way it mirrors all that shit, hold true. His warnings are coming true. I think it's very serious. We feel funny about 'Death Valley' in a way because people are connecting it with Manson in a way that we didn't want. We tried to get much more of an ambiguity there... the whole scope of things beyond him, coming out of the desert."

Reagan has this big death rap going on now. He's saying these talks in Geneva are considering 'The Final Peace'. When he says that, the first thing that comes into my mind is total annihilation." (Thurston)

"'Society Is A Hole' seemed like a real punk/hardcore sentiment, but put in a more romantic way that you wouldn't expect. The sentiment 'society sucks' was all over America three years ago... all the songs were 'society sucks', 'the system sucks' but I always liked listening to them, these whole streams of them. 'Society Is A Hole' seemed to deal with the same sentiments in a more Romantic way. More removed. There's the same naivety about the social structure... the same emotion... it's just more ambiguous." (Thurston)

quotes mainly lifted from Tom Vague's old interview, but all from magazines/fanzines that don't deserve a mention.... Ooh, I'm so disrespectful, aren't I?!

NOTE: If anybody can help supply additional SONIX releases information, I'd really appreciate it, thanks muchly! Also, photos, fanzines, & other stuff is welcome too. Am prepared to pay for yr goods! See ya's down th' front then....

SONIC YOUTH

SONIX

BIG BLACK - Black & green

SONIC YOUTH: EVOL - Black & red

BIG STICK - as on cover of 12" black & white

BRIGHTON BEACH - Savage pencil design, Ltd edition for 2nd BB. gig 2 sided! (M) only.

BLAST FIRST - Ltd edition. 8" size (from first page of first Vague-Monkies) surrounded by group names. black & red (M) only

FLOWER - as on cover of 12" black & white (M) & (L)



ALL T SHIRTS ON WHITE £4.00 each (including p+p)
From SONIC LIFE
429 HARROW RD
LONDON W10.
cheques payable to SONIC LIFE



Who Needs Music....

In the beginning there was light and it was a Good Light; pretty damn impressive as lights go in fact, illuminating every pore that ravaged the face of contemptible Uncle Fred Perry as he strolled irritably around William Caxton's study. In this clear, brilliant, emulsifying light Uncle Fred suddenly smashed his fist repeatedly into the face of Caxton's young lute playing apprentice, annoyed by the lacklustre noise. Grabbing the instrument he strummed shiftily for a few seconds, then threw it back at the hapless wretch.

"There's three chords," he roared, "now form a band."

Outside the window Malcolm McLaren scratched his ego and mused. He was just nineteen years of age.

Caxton, flustered and afraid, watched as Uncle Fred made his way over, deception etched into every groove of his scarred, Bushellian head. He fished contemptuously inside his voluminous trousers before finally locating and extricating his monumental contribution to mankind. "There's three articles," he said, flinging scrappy pages onto Caxton's desk. "Now start a fanzine."

Comics as we know and appraise the Titan made a fairly ignominious entrance to these shores, reputedly serving as ballast on American ships during Whirled Whore Toots. ("Let them read trash," grunted Eisenhower, as the conflict raged.) It's been uphill ever since.

Largely divided between post-Disney characters, war, romance and later sci-fi drivel, there were only a few lobotomised superhero characters pottering about, none of which really stand the test of time, but all of which make for nostalgic sweetness. As with tv here in the 60's, so the 60's there lent itself well to an expansion of the comics industry which had all but died creatively.

Comics were crap, churned out to an insatiable market of morons, with one main exception...the EC house of publishing.

EC stories, mainly social horror stories, are now as wild and terrifying as the sight of Morrissey dancing with a french tickler on his nose, but in pre-McCaskill days these caused the proverbial ructions amongst parents with thick hornrim spectacles and creaking corsets. So afraid were they that they might be the next victim of their axe wielding offspring that news-vendors had their stalls overturned and torched in the streets and questions were asked in the House ('Where's that bally wine?'). Comic publishers learnt their lesson swiftly and re-emerged squeaky clean. They had their own smut-free Comic Code and preferred to remain a rather flaccid bastion of establishment ideas, content to squirt milk into the eyes of its easily suckled readership. And my, didn't they just love it. American children (with all the horrors that that entails) and retarded soldier boys lapped them up.



Gradually superheroes and their more nomadic ilk of adventurers began to find favour, most notably with Marvel's opening series of major characters - Captain America, Hulk, Fantastic Four, Spiderman, Iron Man, The Avengers and Daredevil. DC (who'll receive little coverage in this article - purely a personal, opinionated view) had Superman, Batman, Wonderwoman and Flash to name but four dreary bastards. These comics began taking on hitherto (as we intellectuals will insist on saying) unprompted diversified thought patterns and damn me if these self-same characters (with the exception of Flash) don't still exist today! Rule One: Never destroy a potential money spinner.

intransigent clock of creativity...er, clocked! Everything ran smoothly, everything flowed sleepily & whilst being a thrill to devour, they did nothing up top. Until the Seventies...and the late Seventies at that if we're being totally honest (Which I am. Dib, dib...) It was when those in charge finally realised that here was an art form, rather than merely an entertainment vehicle, that comics began to earn their reputation. Wallowing was still the main key until certain ideas changed it all (and these examples following are personally subjective. Definite targets are impossible), but let us be ever forgiving. Marvel comics (I'm ignoring DC here, as I have never fully liked their thinner, lighter style. Take it as read that just as many people would reverse that opinion)



(LOVE & ROCKETS: Indispensable, clandestine and currently going overground!)

Those of us old enough to keep quiet about it probably gained our first encounter through the black & white reprints offered up in the weekly British comics, Wham, Cor, Smash, Pow, Fantastic or Terrific, although I can still recall trembling with fear & bulging with self confidence whilst nicking masses of the actual imports from the local newsagent's racks, but we only saw the big wigs.

concentrated on building up their bank balance, & shifting units. A JOB WELL DONE, time & time again, which began steadily running out of steam. The early adventurous spirit, which resulted in the more childish approach of endless fights, had run aground in a surfeit on overly ambitious characterisation & intricate plots which were strangling their creations.



(IRON MAN: Generally a tedious bastard. He was not alone.)

Both story-lines & artwork were shoddy affairs, with the exception of one Jack Kirby (more on him & Marvel's disgusting characteristic's later...), as too few people were doing too much. It took them two or three years to get fully mobile, to start developing the characters involved, instead of sticking facile costumed clowns in 'exciting situations'. Readers flocked, shepherds were shocked & the

We find the better comics when we step outside the norm, as Norman-patron saint of comics was no slouch; wherever he walked, ideas frothed at his feet. For me, it was Man-Thing, formerly in Astonishing Tales & Fear, horror titles supposedly: a medium generally constipated for ideas but free

of the rapid repetition of the hero titles. Steve Gerber's Man-Thing was a force to be reckoned with. An empathic swamp creature ("He who knows fear burns at the Man-Thing's touch") he ended up abrim with other people's emotions, trundling dispiritedly around the Everglades with an occasional wart-like friend. Regardless of the 'action', regardless of anything else inside it, there was a 'mood' which pervaded the comic, and that was the first step towards adulthood.

It was in this comic (Giant Size 4), that Gerber properly introduced his other grand design-Howard The Duck: a furious, wise-cracking fowl, trapped in a world he never made, forced to stomp around the country smiling weakly in the face of adversity, with his human girlfriend Beverley in tow.



Smoking cheap cigars, prone to outbursts of profanity & outrage, Howard reluctantly stood for President (ousted, the fallguy for a smear campaign); bellicose, belligerent and bored, he is one of Marvel's best loved 'heroes' & was meant to be a movie star in his own right! Unfortunately, the film's dire. In this series, Gerber used left wing (no pun intended. Well, not much...) ideals and situations of the underdog oppressed to highlight America's viler side. He succeeded admirably but quit both series, claiming that Man-Thing was sapping him mentally (a subsequent team 'apparently' found the same thing) & over arguments with Marvel on Howard about rights & conditions. On Marvel's side it can only be said that Gerber was often late with his work. However, his stand convinced others to do likewise & with this increase in their rights & their impetus behind the scheme of things came an immediate increase in quality. The superheroes still ruled (When won't they?) but the input changed. Kids could still lose themselves in the adventures whilst us grown up types (lights pipe & puts feet up on the wife) could continue

to immerse ourselves. (I fully expect to be doing so some 20 years hence.) Nobody needed to 'write down'.

Gerber went off to work for an Independent company, with Jack Kirby, the man who Marvel owe more to than anyone else, who gave the Marvel Universe it's visual identity, who singlehandedly helped shape the world of modern comics more than any one other person, living or dead. Frank Miller, (Daredevil, Ronin, Dark Knight, Elektra), in an article for ace American mag, Comics Journal, recently wrote:

"I said 'Jack Kirby' at a cocktail party hosted by Marvel Comics this past summer. The group of artists, writers & retailers with whom I'd been chatting with looked at their feet, split up & wandered off to find more pleasant conversation.

I did not say 'AIDS', I said 'Jack Kirby'.

On the telephone the other day I mentioned Jack Kirby to a cartoonist who makes a six figure income by writing & drawing the adventures of super-heroes who were brought to life by Jack Kirby. The cartoonist mumbled something I didn't understand & changed the subject.

Suddenly, almost nobody seems comfortable with the subject of Jack Kirby. Let me tell you about him...."

And he does, with passion, conviction and reverence. Would that other bastards were similarly inclined, Marvel basically are shit scared that Kirby will take them to court to finally establish his right (so far granted to everyone else but him) to own past work & to have his contribution fully recognised for what it is. More simply, he wants to be able to pass on his work as heirlooms to his grandchildren. A kind, wise, honest old man, he doesn't want to go to court because he doesn't see why he should have to. Marvel have taken advantage of that, & there is much speculation that the tiny changes going on in the original creations of his might just be being made because in a couple of years all those early creations will have their copyrights examined in court anyway. Suddenly we realise Thor has a beard, costumes are changing everywhere (most notably the biggest money-maker, Spiderman), the Fantastic Four have the She-Hulk replacing Thing. It all seems rather dirty. The Comics Journal,

reprinting the contract which has been offered Kirby (and was recently described by one comic great, well versed in law himself, as the "utmost morally corrupt document I have ever seen") has led the case against Marvel in many ways. Such has been the interest that now Marvel finds itself embarrassed by tv shows in the States about the situation. Out of a staggering 10,000 pages that Kirby drew for them, they are generously offering to return an astonishing eighty eight! He also loses any rights he had to anything, including, as Miller points out, the right to be considered a human being...and treated as such.



This latest typhoon, in a toilet bowl, all of their own making, has sent Marvel's reputation to its lowest ebb, not particularly high after it's 'Secret Wars' debacle, a follow up to the highly successful 'Secret Wars 1' series, which included virtually all of Marvel's super-heroes united in one cause. So successful was this that Marvel instantly chased the cash-dragon, right into squalid waters. Of stunning mundanity, the follow up linked up with so many other titles that it cost an arm & a cramp-ridden leg to keep up with it....even I wasn't stupid enough to fall for that one.

Marvel are justifiably a laughing stock & they'll have more flak to contend with (or I'm a Blow Monkeys fan), with their 'New Marvel Universe' which has been dreamt up for the 1986 '25th Anniversary', a party not many will wish to attend. True, X-Men continues to do the business for them, Daredevil in Frank Miller's hands storms along, & their Marvel Universe, Saga of The Marvel Universe & Various Index Series, all released to form a cohesive fund of information (& all very good too) is bringing in the dollars, but their general trend is one of desperation. Whilst their New Mutants title, & the engaging title saga, Power Pack, breaks new ground, they have gone somewhat off in a drunken direction. The Mutants which have made quite a wide appearance throughout comics recently (I myself am one, granted the power to waste time & money) would have seemed the perfect base on which to build possibilities. Still, Marvel knows best....& I'll swear I can almost feel their cheeks burning from here.

What has helped the comics industry in more ways than anything else in achieving 100% Mental Proclivity is the 'Direct Sales' trend, whereby specialist shops shift heaps of the titles which otherwise wouldn't survive on everyday newsstands & kiddies corners Stateside. These naturally tend to be far more imaginative & compelling than their mainstream brethren. As with the punk placenta of '79/80, it is the Indie sector which has the real goods. Better in terms of printing, colour, freshness & overall content. DC are improving their quotient steadily. Marvel have largely gone after the cash yet again. What is it with those people? Endless mini-series have been slung out.

In fact, there are clearly too many titles around now, & many will go to the wall. (One last chance to see who can piss the highest, then bankruptcy.)

Over here, we've had the punk-like shennigans of '2000 AD' to warm the colles of our heart, & the monthly magazine 'Warrior', which eventually died a sad death in quicksand, but which gave us the immortal 'V For Vendetta', soon to be redone (& completed this time) on DC comics. This is just one of the many superb titles handled by England's Alan Moore. He might look like a Steve Hillage groupie but he's definitely im-



WORKMEN: Alan Moore, UK's finest, shows the Americans how it's done. Miller agrees.

pressive. 'V For Vendetta' can only be compared to the Prisoner for its eerie self-contained vision. It is everything I've never thought of. He is the man in contemporary comics, alongside the great American talent, Frank Miller. Both of them taking comics they've never seen, & probably never dared go before. He is Norman Bates with a sense of purpose & a change of heart. He is Walter Raleigh without the flares.

There are even some who believe the Blood of Turin to be one of his old pyana tops.) And with such agents as these, these comics stand before you like so many tempting morsels.

But, why am I dribbling so? PUT IT THIS WAY. You have the heart of a child but the brain of an adult. You see what is around you & you know what you would prefer. You stand aside even as you get involved. You keep the flames of desire burning & once past a certain stage, you know you can never turn back.

Put simply, once you hit twenty-five you are either automation until late middle age when the fatigue of non-living can then snap you out of reality, out of cosy acceptance of the 'situation' instead, concentrating on your own needs) or you will have passed thru the brain dead barrier. Many people have an interest outside their 'working' life, outside of a steady 'relationship', but more often than not that is all it is—an interest, then you would have as many which prod the mind as pencils, hopefully inclining towards 'education'. Comics are hardly the one, the saviour of saviours. They are simply one of the most divergent sources of intrigue, stimulation & ultimate delight & wonder that I have encountered. Comics provide all things necessary to keep the soul alive.

PUT IT ANOTHER WAY. Comics, like music, what people have lost an active interest in before 25 remember; check the next day you go to for proof of that, can keep your mind in a state it is not necessarily supposed to be in; forever questioning, forever tantalised, forever innocent, forever yearning. Forever working. Never festering. Always anticipating. Other interests help pass the time. Comics magnify time. Comics lead you onto the next time, thru different areas. It isn't a fix, it isn't a paraphrase, it isn't something where you grow contentedly, knowing there's nothing there. It is if you let it be of course. Anytime can be that harmless, that pointless, that safely, that poisonous but comics are not static. You receive your input from other people's imagination but depending on how you handle your source material, you can always take it to heart or dispose of it with a fury. 'Comics' itself is a genre, made up more than anything else in terms of a genre of 'entertainment'. Comics as a whole offers more divergence under one umbrella than you'll find in music or art or literature, other than a human being. Comics are a relationship of imagination that belongs to you & which carries on to infinity. You have to work at it to make it what that is all you have to do. Once you forget about it, you lose.

NOW GET THIS, you cute bastards. I could n't give a shit what you or anyone else thinks about it at all. There is another article about comics in VAMPIRE telling a briefest of the brief history of comics. (Actually, going by Fou's snort-soaked words at the ULL-Flux gag, there won't be a comic article after all-Richo) That isn't important. I'm simply going to sprawl thru a few examples & then whack you around the head at the end of this. You take what you want & you'll understandably get all you deserve. Whatever that might happen to be.

ADOLESCENT RAD/OACTIVE BLACKBELT HAMSTERS (Eclipse)

Oh yeah, fun-time, or not, as the case most certainly is. The joys of any alphabetical list (this selection purely a selfish one but representative of variety for all that) is a certain confusion. You'll find out later about Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. This was the immediate rip-off and it's partially interesting; generally dross. There are plenty of others, & they are:

ADULT THERMO-NUCLEAR SAMAURI ELEPHANTS.
COLD-BLOODED CHAMELEON COMMANDOS. (sounds good!)
GERIATRIC GANGRENE JUJITSU GERBILS (not so good?).
NAIVE INTERDIMENSIONAL COMMANDO KOALAS.
PRE-TEEN DIRTY GEMS KING KU RANGEROOS. (bollocks!)

TEENAGE NEW WAVE SAMAURI CHEER-LEADERS.
BUT, let's ignore all that. Let's dig deep into the shifting morass of good & bad, remembering that, unlike a crap record, there can be one or two things in an otherwise feeble issue which make it worth treasuring. In none of the following interest you in any way, don't worry, it just means that you're living slowly. Your sensibility dressing gown is hanging on your door.

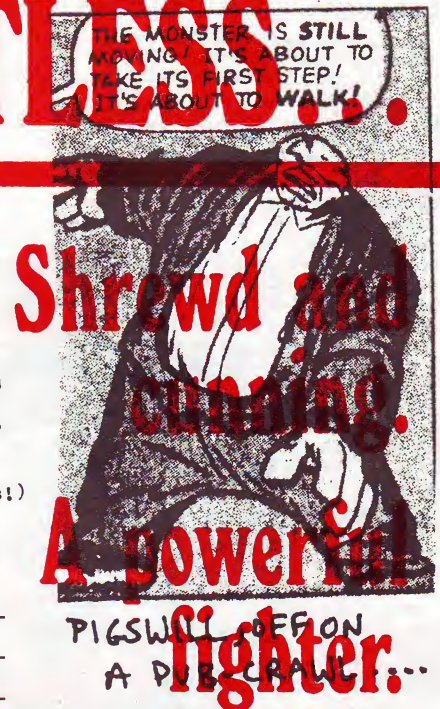
ALPHA FLIGHT/AVENGERS/WEST COAST AVENGERS (All Marvel)

Nothing to get steamed up about, and always variable. Currently, you'll find some neat returns to 'old-fashioned' principles in The Avengers, art-wise; a return to quite claustrophobic surroundings compared to much of today's artwork which has a free, almost empty, feeling about it—sketchily drawn characters, pastel shades, hardly the best way to cover up yawning dialogue, but it's what kids want, isn't it? These three comics are aimed more at the young uns than some of the others. They work on one level only & your more experienced reader has to stoop to continue with it. THE AVENGERS and their splinter group usually bounce off each other well to provide background interest in what are generally fairly mundane tales of good against bad. ALPHA FLIGHT, an altogether more run bunch of characters, work in a similar way but keep you awake enough.

All three of these can be picked up in local newsagents for 40p. In the comic shops, the import copies arrive up to 3 months earlier & cost an extra 15p (minimum) & are essential if you ensure you get the lot. The three titles as such effort on your part.

AMAZING SPIDERMAN/PETER PARKER SPECTACULAR SPIDERMAN/WEB OF SPIDERMAN/MARVEL TALES FEATURING THE SENSATIONAL SPIDERMAN (Again, all Marvel)

You might say that the old web-slinger was popular! And it's easy to see why. Not a goody two shoes in the accepted sense; an outsider, an anti-hero, he makes a beguiling proposition in his alter-ego, Peter Parker, as much as his costumed character. Unlike many of the superhero types, he isn't fabulously wealthy. He has to work to support himself & there can't help but be a more real life feel to him. He's often handled in a witty or sad manner which helps. Check out the Web Of Spiderman series where he comes to England & Ireland. You couldn't wish for a more stereotyped set of images! (Peter Parker, wondering how to tip a bell-boy; 'Damn, is a farthing more than a shilling?'; 'What the heck is a 'pob'?'; 'A farthing for luck's sake!'; 'Normally, these comics have a certain finesse & a recreating vulnerability, heroism, and action that the first three mentioned sorely lack.



The best detective the world has ever seen.

Try in a couple of months, and he'll be generally available, to see issue 208. The Russian styled cover is breathtakingly beautiful. The story ain't bad either. A crazy, Russian, and tough, well handled. Superheroes with brains and guts.

ANY OF THE JUDGE DREDD 2000AD SERIES (Eagle)

Too many to mention & many beautiful back-issues for you to pick up. Try for 2000AD MONTHLY if you can, it's Alan Moore's 'Skizz' back-up tale. He makes 'BT' seem like a joke.

what price?

TURN...

THE MIGHTY THOR (Marvel)

Ah, now here's a wily knave! Ever since Walt Simonson (second division compared to Moore & Miller, alongside Howard Chaykin, who made AMERICAN FLAGG so memorable; a comic which isn't worth your attention now, which is why I've ignored it). TGOR is an unusual comic in that what was once a phenomenally boring character in the 70's is now a great creation where anything is possible & that's usually what you get. The Thunder God, usually a thunderous bore, is now a jaunty, troubled character. Get in there!

DAKOTA NORTH (Marvel)

The undiscovered gem at present in the Marvel stable. They themselves don't know what to do with a story about a female detective who roams the fashion world, & recently heralded it as 'Hardware and underwear' (Yeccccchhi), which would justifiably put off anyone, but it's GREAT! The characters are superb; sarcastic, fleet of mouth, & fully believable. You start to loathe & care about your favourites from the word go. The action is good; just the wrong side of plausible to start off with, but soon the corrected & the underplayed, understated feel to the whole thing is glorious. Got a thrashing in the fanzine reviews, but they'll eat their words. Prickly, bottle-necked violence and humour. (Now cancelled!)

THE NEW MARVEL UNIVERSE (8 titles)

We'll get onto these in a minute, if you don't mind!

LOVE & ROCKETS (Fantagraphics)

Alan Moore himself recently summed up this tribute to Mexico's ultimate punk girls (!) like so:

"...and while the rockets in these stories seem not to work at all & the love only occasionally, the stories themselves work like a dream..."

"The Brothers Hernandez have synthesised a lurid & fascinating world out of Steve Ditko's paranoid skyline & the more shadowy & garbage-filled corners of Gasoline Alley, populating it with obsessed adventurers, indifferent dinosaurs, beautiful women with claw-hammers. There are skinheads, stigmatics, and monsters, & mechanics, bandadores, & billionaires with horns. Down in the Barrio everyone eats junk food, & wants to be a superhero, but Ultimax is all washed up, there's something wrong with the Castle Radium and BEM. The Horror is on the loose again. The pure & essential crackle of comicbooks at their best runs thru these pages."

That's his way of saying they're rather good, actually.

JOHNNY NEMO (Strange Days)

An anti-hero of megalithic proportions; like Bogart in one of Lydon's suits. More than a crafty debt is paid to 2000AD again but that don't matter a sprat daddio, because Nemo is such a vicious sod. A veritable Eastwood derivative as much as anything else. A mohicamed private eye who drinks & smokes himself into regular transplant status, has a great line in dismissive dialogue & dispenses justice in his own way (often with a flame thrower). Back up feature could almost be Halo Jones from 2000AD, crossed with Fahrenheit 651, or whatever it was called. Both are fascinating, both should be treasured. (Alas, this too has perished!)

V FOR VENDETTA (DC)

This isn't out yet, unlike THE WATCHMEN (Also DC). But it should be immaculate. It's a '1984', but more believable, with a suspicious heroic character ('V') who is fighting back. Unlike most stories, nothing is known about this man, if it is a man! We don't even know if we can trust it. We certainly can't help having heart attacks over the eerily brilliant story-telling & superb artwork. V FOR VENDETTA is going to become a way of life. Alan Moore, despite his appalling

hairstyle (Steve Hillage after a battle with Charles II), is the best thing to happen in comics for ages (I think we've got that message, Mick-Ed). Consequently, his peers applaud him & he now gets to turn Batman & Superman upside down. His 'Swamp Thing' (DC) turns people's eyes to jelly (OBTAIN IT). His 'Halo Jones', reprinted by Titan Books, is a constant source of delight. Much of his work, which has appeared in 2000AD (unavoidable British weekly, now down on its luck, story-wise) is reprinted in various 2000AD colour reprints.

Anything with Alan Moore's involvement will show you comics at their best (Interpreter Skizz is most astonishing) & most imaginative. And V FOR VENDETTA was the best of the lot. V FOR VENDETTA was unfinished. It'll be about 2 years before us poor bastards find out what happened next. The torture will be beautiful!

ELECTRIC WARRIOR (DC)

A sci-fi scenario, filched it would appear likely, from 2000AD (Virtually everyone else does so), worth looking at only to see what expensive rubbish looks like. Nice thugs do not collapsing synapses save.

INCREDIBLE HULK (Marvel)

Oh dear. Whilst occasionally drawn well there isn't really much you can do with the thinking man's walking, 'talking' bogey is there? As they prove month after month after month, year after year, after year, after.... AAAARRRRGGGGHHHHH (Splits trousers in solidarity).

CEREBUS (Aardvark-Vanheine)

A classic thru & thru, drawn in rich black & white with atmospheric & quality that surely has served as an inspiration to some of the better names who work for the most prestigious companies. Dave Sim for god knows how many years has ensured that CEREBUS remains a non-patronising vehicle for great characters, amusing sagas, and a whole litany of easily parodied characters from other places. Cerebus truly an Aardvark amongst men, is a creature with problems too numerous to mention. The comic, where sometimes nothing happens at all (& therein lies part of the appeal) is worked out along different lines to other comics. You even get the best letters section possible with Dave Sim, a tetchy bastard at the best of times delivering ruthlessly curt responses. We!



(LOVE AND ROCKETS; Alan Moore is right again.)



not even up to issue 100, but Sim has a skeleton of the first 300 issues planned (by which time he'll be in his what...late forties?). It's always worth looking out for & you'll have to go into the comics shops to find it. News, gents, should you ask for the 'Cerebus The Aardvark please' will have their colleagues sit you down & hand you tea whilst they sneak off to the phone & dial a three digit number.

SCOUT (Eclipse)

Pacey and dynamic, with rather solid colour, an occasionally hamfisted story of Red Indian turned soldier, turned mutineer, now pursued by his old chums. Has a talking chipmunk as a companion (!). Storyline currently deteriorating.

CLASSIC X-MEN (X-FACTOR and X-MEN) Marvel

Classic? Depends on your stance (I'm sitting down so I don't count). These are reprints of the highly prized issues which made X-MEN one of the most popular titles ever, & even more highly priced. Single original issues can go for anything up to £90. (Comic collecting isn't cheap). The current X-Men series still has them drooling in the aisles, and the X-Factor series, nothing to be ashamed of, but hardly the work of great minds, is the original X-men off on some sort of private crusade to save mutants (A recurring theme in some comics). The X-Men saga, from the issues currently being reprinted onwards are the 'New X-Men' (why they're still called X-Men, with women members is beyond me). Still, anything which involves the psychotic character, Wolverine, is generally worth acquiring. How to cause pain with a nice line in dry wit.

that in mind when I finally get to Marvel's Big Media Boom move, their 'New Universe' titles, because this beats them all. It isn't noticeably invigorating compared to any other comics, it just glides by quite powerfully with that piquant difference.

DALGODA (Fantagraphics)

The dog-man who came to Earth from outer space to seek help for his war-afflicted planet. He appears to have been too late & wanders around now with delicate delineation magnifying scrupulously witty writing. A consistent delight.

FLESH & BONES (Featuring Dalgoda) & (Comix Journal)

Another fine thing indeed! Dalgoda, originally on Fantagraphics, even here on Eclipso. I don't know what that means, anything. Beautifully drawn, dead clever, the tale of Dalgoda the dog-man a space traveller with a mission. Soundly dozy? It's SKEWER! You don't even know he's a dog, but for the fact he's such a nice character to this people around him. This is backed up by 'The Mojave Saga' written by someone English, wine, Alan Moore, the other big writer next to Frank Miller. It's a humorous tale, originally in Britain's monthly Warrior magazine. Which brings us to...

GRIMJACK (First)

Anything (especially ECLIPSO on first) will be ok. This is a shipboard in the gutter served by the wonderful Brian Pollard. Part-mercenary, part-Jacobite, part-Bashlebox from the land of Cynobur. Where Multiverses meet. Cross the street sometimes you've crossed a dimension. The laws of physics change from block to block. Magic works over here. Science over there. Leads to get the job done. (You have him to do your bidding). A colorful album. Was it red, said, into that brandy punch at monthly.

NEW MUTANTS/POWER PACK (Marvel)

Two very bold moves from Marvel, it has to be said. The former, a bristling, tense, densely packed series with genuinely inventive artwork but dodgy stories, & the latter with the offputting central theme of children with power. Both have to be grappled with, both eventually satisfying.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (Marvel)

Strange. Here is a chap who represents all that is supposed to be fine about America, when the country patently isn't. Here is a man with a costume which should enthrall & delight the artists but doesn't. Here is a man wracked with problems that he never learns about because it's action all the way. Here is a man whose recent appearance in a Daredevil issue was genuinely one of the most moving things I've witnessed in comics. Here is a comic which shows to what ludicrous depths (under an ordinary writer's hands) the spectacular aspects of the biz can go, because Marvel has the fucking brainpower to realise what a potentially superb series this could be. Marvel Comics at its very, very best. A standard luck cap. You deserve better. A dreadful comic (despite some excellent covers).

DAREDEVIL (Marvel)

Words cannot express.....

THE NEW MARVEL UNIVERSE (Marvel)

(Cracked trumpet is put to lips & a pallid fanfare erupts). What a load of crap. After all the fuss & rumours & built up to this whole operation we were left wondering what would be happening. After all the promise was promising... New Heroes, New Legends, New Universe. However, it's hard to be intrigued by characters who aren't wholly unique, by a long chain of also seems fairly peculiar having a universe which isn't new. Much of this is old news.

STARBAND, STOKERS, INC., SPY, SPITFIRE, & ST. FORCE are all, ok, that kind-type

1961 — THE MARVEL UNIVERSE



1986 — THE NEW UNIVERSE!

IT ALL BEGINS THIS SUMMER.

THEN M.U.: in space no one can sell you ice-cream)

STRIKE FORCE MORTURI (Marvel)

Ordinary folk, like you & me, are offered the chance of supreme fame if they join this elite band of heroes (their powers bestowed upon them), who are asked to sacrifice themselves for Earth, with all their actions monitored for the ultimate form of Soap Opera. They only have a year to live, by which time their powers will burn them out in hawk-like fashion. They are Earth's front-line defence against a devious alien attack. This comic is different in the Marvel arsenal because people actually die, & plenty of them. Bear

(TEENAGE



GRIMJACK: Evil bastard.

Felix A. Laird/Brad W. Fisher et al
DARK KNIGHT (DC)

It's gawn now. Unless you're spectacularly thick you'll have heard about this one. The team responsible for the classic Daredevil issues (Frank Miller & Klaus Janson) came together to create a saga of Batman returning to Gotham at a late age, when most people figured he'd never existed in the first place... just a legend, to deal with the crime situation that was getting out of control. His methods were drastic. Brilliantly conceived, wriggling with vicious verbal wit, and third with giggling humour & blessed with a grand twist at the end of the four issue saga, it was magnificently scripted & drawn. You couldn't ask for anything better. You do, however, get spin-offs in the humour vein. The rather dismal 'CLINT: The Hamster Triumphant' (on 'Eclipse'), one of the current crop of animalistic comics that are spreading like wildfire, & the far more interesting and advanced 'GNATRA: The Dark Emet Returns' (Prelude Graphics). Something like 'Dark Knight' deserves a classay lampooning if it's going to get any, & this is the one.

modern phenomenon.)

cont



DAREDEVIL: The closest thing to orgasm....

comics & rather feeble things which have teams or individuals with special powers, of whom secrets & facts will be leaked & learnt as time goes by. All well & good, if someone remembers to wake us up now & then. There's no real point trying to justify clichés. I certainly shalln't bother.

MERC: Of the first issues of all & this appeared to be the best. He's a mercenary (snappy title, huh?), & like all these comics they're based in real time, so we'll see this crusty bugger AGE. He's a tricky blighter, & the storyline has got twists aplenty, worthy of a slumbering Moore or Miller, but it isn't the best. This is...

JUSTICE: He's a Justice Warrior from another planet who's landed on Earth, blithely slaughtering anyone he judges evil who crosses his path. The dialogue & action is fast & frothy. The character so justifiably right, if too quick to move & act, that you can't help but feel sympathy for him. It genuinely will be interesting following what really will be adventures!

NIGHTMASK: And this is the weirdo one. A guy trapped & intrigued by dreams. Dreams which killed his parents. Look out for it. It may come to nothing, but at least it's trying.

THE 'NAM (Marvel)

This series, planned to last as long as the war, is along with STRIKEFORCE MORITIV 11 (Is that right?—Ed)—ample proof that the 'new' Marvel Universe is poorly produced pap. 'Nam has a weary feel to it, a sense of futility, superbly handled. It's well worth staying with.

SAMAURI PENGUIN (Slave Labor)

Well, what do you think?

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES (Forget!)

Now, if you thought that, you'd be wrong. This is a story-telling done with all the options left open. There's heroic characters (wise-cracking turtles), handy sword-work, & odd drawing styles. Turtles has become something of a phenomenon (grabbing all the attention, alongside Love & Rockets, until WATCHMAN & DARK KNIGHT came along).

FANTASTIC FOUR (Marvel)

Five now. But no matter. A good comic with occasional scintillating segments & wry humour. But it doesn't matter. It's time characters like these died.

HOWARD THE DUCK (Marvel)

Wankers! What has been done to Howard over the past few years, when anything has, is disgusting. Howard was the finest 70's creation. A wisecracking fowl trapped on Earth. He was what Moore & Miller are doing now, but way back then. Now he is something faintly embarrassing. The movie adaption is apparently a total disaster, & the comics which have crent out is far from enticing. It's enough to give anyone a bad name. Howard The Duck (the original series) was like early Adam & The Ants. Do you get the idea? Howard The Duck is now like 'Prince Charming', & all the way down to 'Strip'. A tragic decline. But money talks, right? Only in this case, it doesn't.

WATCHMEN (DC)

Alan Moore! (Who?—Ed) Come on Alan Moore, your time should have been up a couple of years ago! How this man manages to keep going with quality work is an inspiration to us all & a damning indictment of how crap or woefully inadequate other comic writers are generally by comparison. This takes a different slant in its 12 issue series. A former band of Superheroes are now being knocked off. One of them is

fighting back. In between what will surely be a crafty climax, like Nigel Lawson coming against your leg, we learn many, many things but if you're not prepared to shell out to be impressed, I'm not telling you. Beautiful work. Compulsive viewing, so to speak.

ELEKTRA ASSASIN (Epic/Marvel)

Hmm. Painted artwork with adult content. Miller and Mazzucelli, this time with a character out of the daredevil series, now dead. This concentrates, dramatically, on her early years, & is drawn like the inside of someone's brain. As it should be. I don't know exactly what's going on, & that's the idea. Once this eight issue series has actually finished, it'll be fun going back thru to see what did actually occur! It is advanced work with compelling ideas. All it lacks is obvious plays, which is why it's so good.

The same pair have just done the DAREDEVIL GRAPHIC NOVEL, which hardly features DD at all. Again, it's beautifully crafted but ultimately wasteful as nothing happens to convince you of the merit of the scheme. It's an attractive nothing. A very attractive bag of partially revealed em-

otions. Nothing was developed. Nothing strictly necessary. A bit of a bugger, what? (We'd been waiting for it for some time.)

Fanzines in the comic area are indistinguishable, especially the bigger ones which carry news sections about forthcoming releases. They also carry vast reviews sections, & mention other more letters-based fanzines where readers/fans contribute their ideas & occasionally some woe! artwork (mainly from the penis-envy brigade).

THOSE WORTH A SCALP OR TWO...

FANTASY ADVERTISER (UK): ENORMOUS, with thought out articles, comprehensive news sections, never enough treviews, but a riotous letters section & some sci-fi stuff. Britain's best by a mile.

SPEAKEASY (UK): Heavy on news but one-dimensional; the question & answer interviews & news bias leaves them no chance to develop personality (something they steadfastly refuse to accept, despite their lack of critical powers).

COMICS JOURNAL: AMERICA's finest, with academic bent, often truculent, but supremely cocky, beautifully written & large you'll need several teams of muskies to get the thing home. Hated the establishment (especially as they have SPEARHEADED the campaign to suppress Kirby), it is the Vague/WME of the comics scene.

COMIC FEATURE: Childish American thing aimed at the younger market. Still worth buying if there's nothing else available. **AMAZING HEROES:** Essential for anyone who wants to get in there & not miss anything. Tons of news, fastidiously accurate & comprehensive, with good letters & reviews section.

COMICS INTERVIEW: Just what it says. A bit stilted but often illuminating, including interviews with writers, artists, fans (Robert Culp & an old Blue Movie star hardly makes for a great celebrity section though), shop owners & indexers.

Comics, you will be relieved to learn are much like anything else; music, music or even music in particular, in that you get out of them what you put in, or pull out, or feel, or dream. It's simply the most relevant modern art form, crossing visual & written stimuli like a novel crossed with a film, providing backroom activity for the senses, but available consistently, month after month, year after year! So get o-



& ransack the shops, cursing the profiteering wretches who charge so much for back-issues, & groan at the sight of all the fat smug prats blocking the aisles.

These rotund specimens, before they nip home to wank over their Gloria Hunniford memorabilia, will insist on airing their great knowledge, & the fact of how hip they are; of how they've just bought 50 copies of the latest issues of this & that. Some people, like any other area, appreciate things only for what they can make out of it, they can't live for the thing itself. **BASTARDS!** It brings out a healthy malicious streak in anyone who has a heart.

So there you have it. I loathe the sort of record review which ends with 'Buy it!', 'Get involved!', 'support it!', etc., which shows a remarkable lack of cutting thought, so my final flourish will be more unctuous still. Comics can give anyone anything. They provide something nothing else can. If you can't consider, for all your potential scepticism that

there might be something there you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You too could cross boundaries like getting on roller skates. Blatant refusal to accept the existence of something that could easily improve your life simply heralds that speedy appointment with senile dementia. You ought to value your mental stability & the new challenges out there. You ought to be racing down to the shops already, false dentures flapping in anticipation. You must christen your nose 'Endeavour'. **NOW PUT IT THIS WAY...** pay up. You won't find everything you want immediately & you'll pick up some dross along the way but that's what happens if you give lifts to Simple Minds.

It's funny, he said without a trace of a smile, how there's everything there and it's just WAITING. But unlike Hyndley or Brady, comics don't deserve to be chopped into little pieces & flushed unceremoniously down the lav.

Okay? **NOW SOD OFF.**

...MICKY MOUSER...

AND SO THE CASE OF THE SPICE OF DEATH WAS CLEARED UP. I INCARCERATED SID CAFE IN MY PRIVATE PRISON. HE'S STILL THERE, WORKING ON A CURE THAT PROBABLY DOESN'T EXIST. I'M STILL HERE. SMOKING MORE THAN EVER, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW OTHER PEOPLE GET TO SLEEP AT NIGHT...

AND THE DEATH-JUNKIES ARE STILL OUT ON THE STREET, WAITING FOR THE NEXT DEATH-TRIP THAT WILL NEVER COME, WAITING LIKE HUNGRY PHANTOMS TO BE TORN AND SCATTERED BY THE ROTTEN WIND OF DECAY AND HOPELESSNESS THAT HOWLS THROUGH THE SLUMLANDS OF EVERY CITY ON THE PLANET...

BUT THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM...



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(er... d'ya think i'll get away with this, Andy?!!)

COMICS STOP PRESS.....

Just a few titles to announce, nothing to get too irate about (where's the bloody point? roar the readers oafishly), which have popped up since last I wracked my typewriter.

SAMURAI PENGUIN I rather foolishly dismissed last issue

SAMURAI PENGUIN I rather foolishly dismissed last time round without so much as delving further than the simple tones and vast wastelands of space but it's actually hilarious and, I gather, not too likely to reappear. I've managed to find two copies, which I'll kill to preserve.

A similar fate awaits anyone daft enough to attempt collaring my FAT NINJA (a man who only fights when he's hungry). Both of these are black and white, both titles based on a strict understanding of the elegant style required to bring purely visual jokes off well.

ARISTOCRATIC XTRATERRESTRIAL TIME? TRAVELLING THIEVES isn't anywhere near so hot. It's been widely promoted by the Comics Interview mag, which also publishes this. Nepotism! And it's okay. The blue mohicaned Fred suggests the long haired Bianca shifts her 'cute little ass'. 'I may be cute,' she snorts, 'but the only little ass round here...'

It's not a story of wilddepth or brilliance but it amuses now and again.

VORTEX, is a compilation title from...surprise, surprise...Vortex publishing, also known for their Mr X and something new we'll get to in a moment. Some issues include the work of those supremely indispensable Hernandez Brothers that make Love and Rockets the battleground of botulism that it is. Issue 7's cover should be reprinted here to give you an idea.

And here comes Kelvin Mace, Vortex's latest hero. A huge man, of unwieldy facial proportions, he's a mean old bastard in the private eye line where results can best be obtained by making Clint Eastwood look like Shirley Temple. First issue in b & w, second in colour. Both magnetic.

MURC, from Marvel's New Universe, is getting worse by the month. Ignore my previous tolerance. WIMP OUT!!!

MOONSHADOW. The latter covers of this twelve part series has featured comments from well known names, in an obvious attempt to boost sales of a rather weird idea.

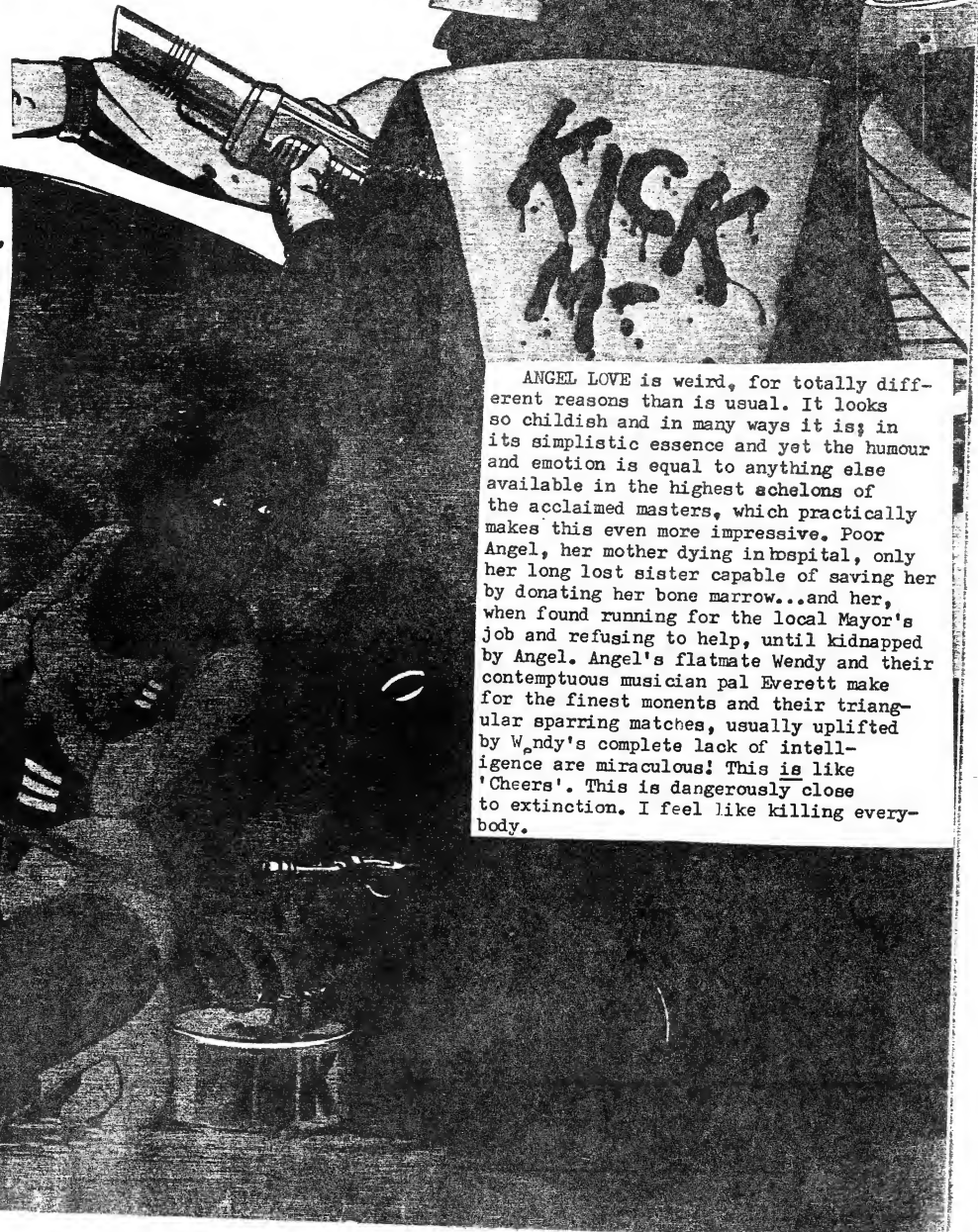
"Beautiful, original, haunting," gushes Ray Bradbury. "Full of wisdom, wit and reverence for life," Denny O'Neil suggests. "It's lovely," Frank Miller agrees. "It makes you feel better about comics." "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandee." (James Cagney.)

It's labelled as a fairy tale for adults, which means it isn't restricted in anyway and manages to build up an intriguing sense of mental adventure as it wends it merry way along. I haven't managed to find all the issues so I'm still fairly in the dark but it has such luminous qualities visually that only a dead donkey would turn its nose up.

FASHION IN ACTION have so far had two specials (a winter and summer) since leaving the rear portions of Scout where they first appeared. This increase of space has increased their excellence and feelings of fury that this isn't a regular title. Supposedly fashionable women going round dishing out destruction, only when required.

ANGEL LOVE is weird, for totally different reasons than is usual. It looks so childish and in many ways it is; in its simplistic essence and yet the humour and emotion is equal to anything else available in the highest echelons of the acclaimed masters, which practically makes this even more impressive. Poor Angel, her mother dying in hospital, only her long lost sister capable of saving her by donating her bone marrow...and her, when found running for the local Mayor's job and refusing to help, until kidnapped by Angel. Angel's flatmate Wendy and their contemptuous musician pal Everett make for the finest moments and their triangular sparring matches, usually uplifted by Wendy's complete lack of intelligence are miraculous! This is like 'Cheers'. This is dangerously close to extinction. I feel like killing everybody.

PORT



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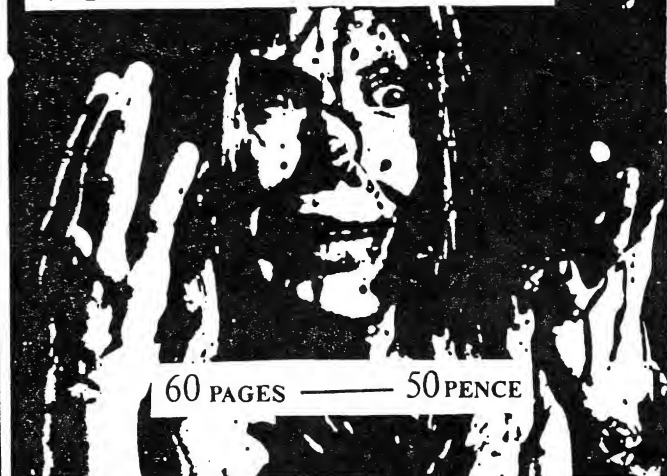
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FOURTH DIMENSION RECORDS

FOURTH DIMENSION is run by me (Richol), and comprises two basic functions. The first is the label, which has so far brought out vinyl, flexis, and mail-order cassette releases, and the second is the distribution service, which at a negotiable commission rate, will take on fanzines, tapes and records.

Releases on the label so far have included a Persian Flowers dbl-A-sided 7"; compilation tapes that mainly offer exclusive material by an array of GH-type (ie, a WIDE RANGE!) bands such as Head of David, Playground, The Fifteenth, Ausgang, Perfect Daze, Sonic Youth, Portion Control, Bushido, Spizz, etc.; the debut Playground cassette package, 'Final'; the Ausgang 'Bad Hand' flexi; and more. More details can be obtained on request, concerning prices/availability/deletions/etc., and are also included on the regular catalogues that are centred around the distributed produce.

Imminent releases are also planned, and should be completed or in their final stages by the time you read this. These include an exclusive AUSGANG A GO GO demo's cassette lp, a compilation lp, and a dbl-tape package. Also, a 'shaping up' process is underway whilst I write, and this will incorporate, hopefully, more carefully planned designs, a logo, and maybe sufficient backing to produce fairly regular vinyl output.

As stated, full details will be given on request, and/or a copy of the latest catalogue can be sent. Send a SAE though please.

Also, I wholeheartedly welcome ALL demos (for GH purposes as well, of course!), and samples of product for distribution service consideration. (By the by, commission is primarily taken because of catalogue printing costs, and not for a profits own sake basis).

WRITE FOR FURTHER DETAILS NOW!!!

Fourth Dimension,
c/a
7 Wentworth Gardens,
Bullockstone,
Herne Bay,
Kent. CT6 7TT.

FOURTH DIMENSION RECORDS & DISTRIBUTION

ENCOUNTERS OF THE BLURRED KIND
Or, 'The Unmaking Of Stephen King'
By Mick Mercer.

I am appalled. Not just mildly peeved or somewhat disappointed but genuinely APPALLED. Stephen King, so long a giant in the more unpredictable field of modern fiction, has suddenly chosen to reveal himself as an out-sized ham, a complete bloody sham!

"But being what I do, and what I am, I cannot find it in my heart to wish you pleasant dreams."

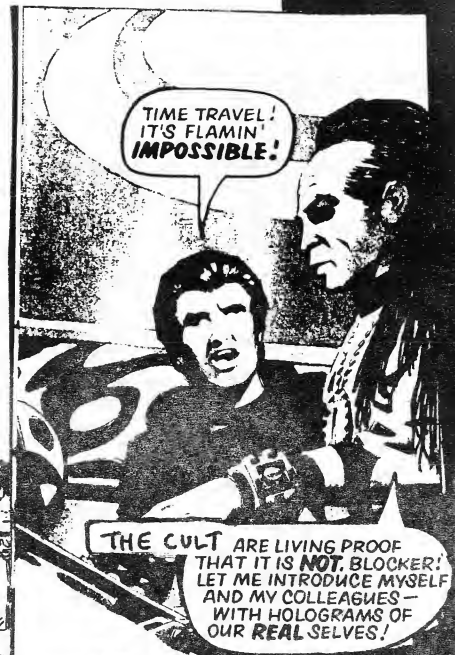
And camp with it! A couple of years ago I would have crept further under the duvet and wondered how the hell I was going to reach the bedroom light. Now I just think of Orson Welles wasting his talent handling cheap alcohol adverts.

Everyone knows of this 'horror' writer, even if they haven't sufficient brainpower or resolve to tackle his work (too snooty by far, some people). Over the years the successful works have tumbled from his fingers, some translating to the widest of all possible screens; "The Shining" and "Carrie" making this transition well, "Cujo" and "Christine" too odious to mention, and it cannot be denied that his reputation has stabilised into that of a respected or accepted figure. Even his comparatively gormless early works are being uncovered for public consumption, though laborious tales like 'Thinner' would do nothing to enhance anyone's reputation.

Better by far to get your nose into 'Night Shift' or 'Different Seasons' and then, when hooked, to pretend you're not in the least bit affected by 'Pet Sematary' or overly impressed by his epic 'The Stand'. Say what you will, but no-one can accuse King of dabbling in Vincent Price Slew My Father territory.

He's certainly prolific. Every now & then,

AND
DISTRIBUTION



BUT I A
RETURN
YOU PAI
YOU

NO...NO
...NO! AM I
GOING MAD?

as you wade knee-deep in Dick Francis novels, fighting your way to the Post Office counter for stamps, a new King title reaches over and delivers a paralysing blow. Instinctively you investigate your pockets for the right amount, fail to find it, make a pathetic job of hiding it behind a Frederick Forsythe Saga and vow to return as soon as possible. Well in the case of "Danse Macabre", his latest, I shouldn't bother. I wouldn't even consider petty theft, for King's analysis of 'horror, terror and the supernatural in films, television and books' is one grand scheme which doesn't get off the runway at all.

It is the test of a good writer that their more fractured forms should be as interesting, though naturally different, as the main body of their work. King should certainly be entertaining. Why else would he continue using that appalling ex-intellectual Teenage Zombi Glenn Campbell photo on the flyleaf of his

hardbacks? (Pretty terrifying in itself!) But, unfortunately, the book lurches and lurches, pauses to squat awhile, then gently moulders until the final appendixes are wrenched out.

His early pre-amble is simple enough, hastily pointing out the obvious difficulties inherent in subjective analyses, a ploy otherwise known as 'leaving all exits open'.



IS ARDENI DEAD? FIND OUT IN NEXT WEEK'S CONCLUDING EPISODE!

His new number one bestseller

STEPHEN KING

"Get on another, more potent, level," he whispers, as we by-pass the 'gross-out' section. "The work of horror is a dance - a moving rhythmic search." Remember that snippet, we'll be rejoining his world later.

Here either bluffing or lost for a rigid structure because, as the book sails wearily by, all that comes through is a very obvious selection of ideas, with favourite encounters picked out.

He mutters about 'phobic pressure-points' and of horror writing deserving 'art' status because it goes beyond art and

replaces art anyway. He does you know....

"I believe we are all alone," he continues, his paper soggy by now, & that is the

general level of discovery on this voyage. ('NOT A WORD') He never considers many of us might like that solitude. OH NO, horror writers will be about their forms of horror, in a world where 'genuine' horror is an over-grown in society because....(here it comes)... "wakes up horrors to help us cope with the real ones". Stephen King really stooped as low as to say that? I

Now admittedly he appears a fairly docile fellow, but can he truly believe that some subconscious alliance exists between writers where they are all anxious to wrap some protective exo-skeleton around their addled audiences? Premature, presumptuous and patronising, Stephen dear. Most of us cope very nicely thank you.

He flounders amiably, totally out of his depth. There is one particularly outrageous incident he puts forward, in advance of some unexplained argument, which other people would have been far too embarrassed to admit to. At the tender age of seven King apparently encountered genuine terror when the manager of his local cinema interrupted some highly involving meridian serial to announce that The Goddam Russians had launched Sputnik, thereby beating The Goddam Yankees into space. The way King tells it this had a catastrophic effect, not just on the mewling infants but the whole of the country; the beginning of the dismantling of America's famous dream, which Manson and Vietnam would effectively polish off between them. Americans, let it be said, are often VERY STRANGE PEOPLE INDEED. (We're 'eccentric', they're 'implausibly thick'?)

Then again, in the wake of that repulsive bastard McCarthy I suppose they could be gullible enough for anything. Some of them still choose to believe that the police really did shoot Dillinger! Some of them voted for Reagan, and King, bless his tousled little head, reckons Oswald did for Kennedy, alone.

The 'meat' of this book is not that interesting anyway, a lethargic sense of hazy gazing at pulp fiction, horror fiction, radio, tv and film. King admits that having to differentiate

author of Christine and Pet Sematary

STEPHEN KING

between any genres, like sci-fi and fantasy, is a phenomenally boring idea, the idea "not really interesting unless those involved are drunk or graduate students - two states of roughly similar incompetence", but how does he then feel of experts like himself stumbling so pathetically to find articulacy outside their usual environment? He has no overall themes to deliver here; unless luxuriating in your own nostalgia counts?

Frequently he appears quite mad. Whilst trotting out

that old chestnut about watching horror films compensates for our baser instincts (cooking programmes no doubt mask our secret longing for obesity) he reaches the subject of 'Freaks'... a cult classic made in 1932 and not given full distribution there then, or shown in its full format here for thirty years, "in the UK, the country that gave us, among other things, Johnny Rotten, Sid Vicious, The Snivelling Shits, and the charming custom of 'paki-bashing'."

Er, Hello! (Taps the side of King's head.) Is anybody there?

And then his subjective nature falls down badly at quality control with 'Psycho' getting the obligatory mention. Yes, 'Psycho' is scary, in a sophisticated eerie manner, but 'Birds' is more frightening. 'Birds' is a nightmare in broad daylight. Similarly he chooses to chastise The Amityville Horror for reasons known only to himself as anyone can see that both that and his own work share the exact same ingredients in the flesh-creeping department.

It's entertaining enough, with King rummaging contentedly through his old memories but that is nowhere near good enough, and the lengthy dissection of some modern horror fiction is another dismal idea because second hand accounts, re-located in this new context, achieve nothing. Chill factor Zero. None of it really explains his approach either, just where he

appropriated ideas.

I'm savagely disappointed, but I'm not surprised. Any attempt to cover subh a battlefield would be as brave as it is foolhardy. It isn't on paper that these ideas ferment best, it's as books and films exist to exploit, like culturally acceptable parasites - in our minds. Yes, that thriving, convincing, reviving sense of the purely personal ghost. Real fear is what you can't tell people, not what you can. FEAR, quite simply, is your best, and worst, kept secrets.

King, crasser than ever now it turns out many of his ideas are simply old ground already covered (an extension built, a spry patio, added some spotlights...) in 'Outer Limits' and 'The Twilight Zone', finally grinds to a welcome halt, with this;

"But it's not a hunt. It's a dance. And sometimes they turn off the lights in the ballroom. But we'll dance anyway, you and I. Even in the dark. Especially in the dark. May I have the pleasure?"

You must be fucking joking!

THE
horror at an unfil

PET SEM
THE HOUSE
FELT RIGHT, TO

Rambling, old, unsmart and family could settle; the child The far-horizoned, rolling hills a world away from the city fume chok

Only the occasional big truck grinding up through the gradients, growled out an in But behind the house and a just a carefully cleared pa generations of local children innocence of the young, taking pets for burial. The simple li their story: Marta Our Pet R Ever Lived, Smucky The

A sad place maybe, but safe. Sleep into your dreams, to slippery with fear

UK £2.75

fini

RICHO IN RAMPANT NECROPHILIAC EXPOSE

Well, there you have it. Another Beast in your hands, writhing about and chewing fingertips. Whilst you caress it, you must also remember that only I have the ability to control it, and all the while it stands as thus, I'm prepared to go to any lengths to draw blood from anyone who dares stand in my way, or in the way of anything else that I consider important. This, in no way, is meant to imply my standing upon a soapbox or pedestal either, but more like a mountain. At the same time, I don't consider my opinions any more valid than the next man's... Well, unless I disagree with him anyway.

Now, whilst you try & roll these sentences into some form of sense, I suggest you ought to start saving your pennies up for the next issue. It will appear sometime around June/July and will be the first in a series of our "Two Monthly-ish Assault!" range. As ever, misinterpretation will generally be dealt with a sawn-off or deaf ears, but if you really want to make us laugh, feel quite free to post it in. Remember, my personal 'wants' motivate me fair considerably, and presently these include my desires for a two month holiday in US; a word processor; three or four crates of Mezcal; and an eight-track studio... so, the 'want' to get GH out on a regular basis & onto WHSmiths' status is a wise move in order to achieve these.

Moving onto a coupla points I'd like to raise now... Why is it that fanzines seem to steer clear of interviewing (or attempting to...) LARGER bands? Furthermore, why is it that so many people don't think they ought to? It's another one of those niggling inhibitions that fanzines seem to, 1/Get lumbered with & 2/Impose upon themselves. I've had my fair amount of stick for features by The Damned, Ramones, etc. before, but it should all become a little clearer now... maybe. I mean, why shouldn't we go out & try interview/feature anyone we want to, huh? Reasons differ as to why we'd like to/try to feature certain bands, but believe me, status doesn't come into it AT ALL. I couldn't give a damn whether a band is in the charts, or whether they've only had two practices ever, because I like what I like, for various reasons... and that's that! Fanzines that simply stick to their little 'indie' confines of fizzy-pop-brigade bands, or whatever, are playing by some unwritten rule & are, generally, completely uninteresting. These are the sorta 'zines that breed the very same divisions they usually claim to despise! It makes me SICK.

The second point is aimed on a more local basis, and namely, towards EPIDEMIC. I'd just like to thank them, on behalf of PLAYGROUND, for getting to our recent gig in Ashford, after all, it was only

about 10 miles away from Canterbury! That's the sort of support & respect that we've come to expect really, especially after all I/we have ever done for them (ie, financed a flexi-disc, arranged a coupla gigs for them, plugged them to other zines, travelled to most of their gigs, etc) has been taken into consideration.

I was hoping that I'd do an interview with 'em in the next issue, to try & raise a few points mentioned in this issue's page of 'Jeering up', but what's the good... There's a helluva lot of other bands that deserve our space moreso, anyway.

On this note, I'll leave you... bearing in mind that Gary Levermore doesn't say that very much at all (well, not until your wallet's dry, at any rate!)....

'Til next time then, my cherubs...

RICHO-xxx

MEMBERS OF THE
TIME-CONTROL ARE
RECRUITED FROM
EVERY ERA! WE TRY
TO PREVENT MAJOR
TIME-QUAKES-
DISASTROUS
ALTERATIONS TO THE
PATTERN OF TIME!

Leather Nun in Deutschland

...by Frank

NOTE: The next issue will carry a sorta 'CLASSIFIEDS' section, so if you've got an item for sale, want to publicise yr. distribution service, advertise a release, want gothic nymphettes to scribe to you, or want to pass a message on to some other unfortunate reader, send in yr. contribution, no longer than 50 words, NOW! It's a free service, so make some use of it, bearing in mind that GH circulation is on the increase (around 2000, next ish!), ok! Any piece longer than the fifty words max. will be edited, so tough boobies!

NEXT ISH. OF GH OUT IN JUNE/JULY... ABOUT 32 PAGES OF:- THE MISSION, FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM, ROSE OF AVALANCHE, GHOST DANCE, THE SISTERHOOD, SISTERS OF MERCY OBITUARY, and interviews with THE ESKIMOS... that really crazy & macho bunch of Mission fans who wouldn't, quite simply, last two minutes at a SLAYER gig. SEND £10.00 NOW (INCLUDES P. & P.) AND RECEIVE SUPER FOLD-OUT IGLOO AND IMITATION BEAR-SKIN SOCKS!!! Address elsewhere, WIMPS!

THERE HAS BEEN NO STATEMENT.

THERE HAS BEEN NO MESSAGE.

LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN

DAVE HOWARD

ALL THIS ISSUE STRESSES, IS THAT THE MISSION, BANSHEES, CULT, etc SHOULD BE HANGING FROM THE SAME RAFTERS AS DURAN DURAN, SPANDAU,

ELAB. THEIR ROTTEN CARCASSES ARE ONLY FIT FOR THE GERM-RIDDEN SCAVENGERS THAT FEED FROM THEM. ALL THE WHILE WE HAVE SONIC YOUTH, BUTTHOLE SURFERS, NAKED RAYGUN, DAVE HOWARD SINGERS, SLAYER,

THE STUPIDS, AUSGANG (A GO GO), BREAKING CIRCUS, HEAD OF DAVID, WIFE, VERY THINGS, BAD DRESS SENSE, SWANS, THE CURE, BIG BLACK, FLUX, SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, REVOLTING COCKS? LIVE SKULL, BASTARD KESTRELS,

GOVERNMENT ISSUE, CYNDI LAUPER, BADLAND, etc. YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE FOR SUCKING ON FOSSILS. MUSIC ISN'T EVERYTHING, BUT THE LINE BETWEEN GOOD & BAD IS.

IF YOU WANT MORE THAN MUSIC THOUGH, LOOK ELSEWHERE...CUZ I SURE AS HELL WON'T MISS YA!

KING-HELL

PHOTO: ANTONIO GUTIERREZ - VALENCIA, SPAIN - 1986



WAYNE HUSKY, HAVING THROWN HIS WIFE ASIDE, SENDS EVERYONE TO SLEEP WITH A rendition OF ONE OF HIS SONGS....

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO MANY WHO DESERVE THE KNIFE...

BUT YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD ANYWAY

NEXT ISSUE: PROBABLY HAVE INTERVIEWS, THINGS, & other bits ON wire, A.R. Kane, sonic Youth, Butthole Surfers, ATAVISIC, and also the trees, Venus Fly Trap, THE STUPIDS, Badland, beastie boys, ETC. (ON SALE AROUND JUNE/JULY...write for price details, etc.)